TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH EDITION OF THE

GOLDEN WREATH.

250 Favorite Songs and Exercises.

Sarella Belle Bell's

Contracts

Sept 26th

A.D. 1873

THE

GOLDEN WREATH:

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

FAVORITE MELODIES,

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

SCHOOLS, SEMINARIES, SELECT CLASSES, &c.

ALSO, A COMPLETE COURSE OF

Elementary Instructions, upon the Pestalozzian System,

WITH NUMEROUS EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE.

BY L. O. EMERSON.

NEW EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED

BOSTON:

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PREFACE.

In presenting the 'GOLDEN WREATH' to the public, the editors would call attention to its superior merit, and briefly enumerate the peculiar features which they hope will prove acceptable and eventually establish it as a text-book in every school, and make it a favorite wherever a volume of music is desired either for instruction or recreation.

An examination of its primary studies and exercises is first invited. These, commencing with the simplest rudiments, are arranged in a manner which is both easy of comprehension and sufficiently progressive to lead the scholar, in a comparatively short space of time, to that point, from whence it will be easy at any period to proceed to the complete mastery of vocal music. The lessons are rendered unusually attractive by the introduction of manual exercises designed to accompany them, and which, by developing the muscular system, and to establish that physical condition necessary to successful vocal training.

In adopting the studies embraced in this volume the scholar therefore need not sacrifice health to progress, (as is too often the case) but by uniting vocal with physical exercise, gain increased strength and profit. The manual exercises, also, add a new attraction to the studies, enlist more readily the attention of the pupil, and cause the music-lesson to be awaited and engaged in with unusual interest. And this combination of entertainment and development, in the publishers' opinion, makes the book the best that can be adopted for public or private tuition.

The music contained in the "Golden Wreath" is exceedingly well suited to the class of minds it is designed to reach. The compiler has duly considered the wants of childhood, and presented a style of music fully adapted to the buoyancy and vivacity of youth. He has also inserted many pieces, which, from their beauty of melody, have become "familiar in our mouths as household words," and are sung and played everywhere. In previous works of this kind, many of these popular songs have been omitted, because they were copyrighted and owned by persons who would not permit them to be thus used. But the editor of the "Golden Wreath" having made special arrangements with various publishers, many of the well-known pieces not found in other juvenile books, are contained in this.

In some instances, new words have been adapted to favorite airs, while in other cases the original words have been retained, even at the risk of affording the over-fastidious ground for fault-finding. For the publishers are well aware that the objection has occasionally been raised against some of these very pieces, that they were "common," "unrefined," and "unclassical." In answer to this, they would simply say that although several pieces herein contained, notwithstanding their immense popularity, may not be deemed the best adapted for the drawing-room, still they can see no valid reason for excluding the same from a work whose main object is to obtain an opportunity for instructing the young, by first attracting and amusing them. And the publishers are convinced that they have not erred in admitting pieces of this character, by the fact, that there is nothing immoral or improper in their sentiments or expressions. And they feel confident that they will be supported in this position by every person who does not expect in a child, a man's comprehension and a scholar's taste

The music contained in the "Golden Wreath" is suited to all occasions. It includes many of the best sacred melodies for the young, songs and hymns for the school-room, and selections for juvenile gatherings, anniversaries, social parties, and the family circle. The volume also includes the principal national airs, among which are "Hail Columbia," "Star-Spangled Banner," "Our Flag is There," and others.

The main points of superiority in the "Golden Wreath," which constitute it the best book of vocal instruction and collection of music for the young, may be briefly summed up as follows:—

1. The simplicity of the introductory course of instruction, and the combination of vocal and physical exercises for the consistent development of the system.

2. The appropriateness and excellence of the rudiments, the progressive character of the elementary lessons, and the selections, — which are adapted equally to the unskilful and the more advanced pupil.

3. The great variety and excellence of the music. For the editor has had access to such extensive collections of music, that he has been enabled to insert some really good pieces for every occasion.

4 The fact that it is the largest collection of music ever published at so small a price; for its contents could not be purchased in sheet form for less than one hundred times its present cost.

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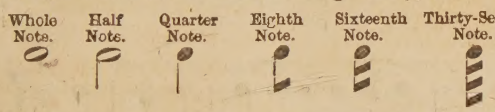
PRINCIPLES OF MUSICAL NOTATION.

§ 1. MUSIC is represented by certain characters called NOTES, of which we have the following variety, viz.:



§ 2. Notes have no positive, only a relative length.

THE RELATIVE VALUE OF NOTES ILLUSTRATED.

One Whole Note is equal to

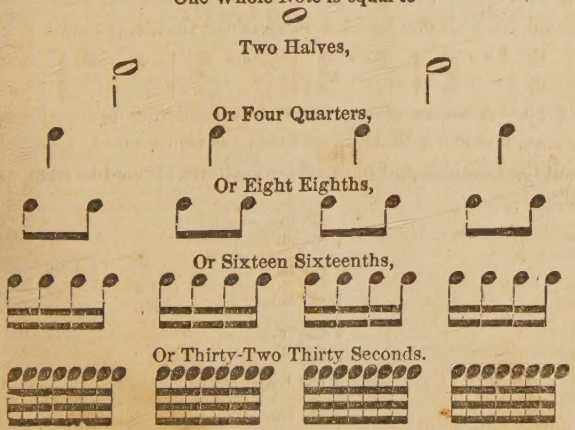
Two Halves,

Or Four Quarters,

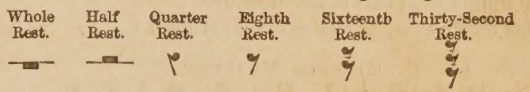
Or Eight Eighths,

Or Sixteen Sixteenths,

Or Thirty-Two Thirty Seconds.

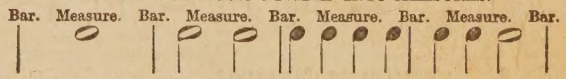


§ 3. Characters indicating silence, are also used. These are called RESTS. Every note has its corresponding Rest.



Music is divided into equal parts, called MEASURES, which are separated from each other by perpendicular lines called BARS.

EXAMPLE OF MUSIC DIVIDED INTO MEASURES.



§ 5. There are four kinds of Measure used in music, each kind deriving its name from the number of parts into which it is divided. Thus, a measure having two parts, is called DOUBLE MEASURE, and is indicated by the figure 2 A measure having three parts, is called TRIPLE MEASURE, and is indicated by the figure 3. A measure having four parts, is called QUADRUPLE MEASURE, and is indicated by the figure 4. A measure having six parts, is called SEXTUPLE MEASURE, and is indicated by the figure 6.

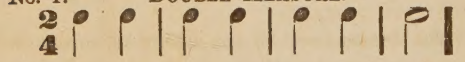
§ 6. The kind of measure in which a piece of music is written, is indicated at the beginning, by figures written in the form of a fraction. thus:

$\frac{2}{2}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{6}{8}$ &c.

The upper figure shows the number of parts into which the measure is divided, and the lower figure shows what kind of note will fill each part of the measure.

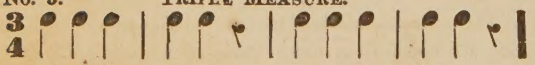
Sing the following Exercises to the syllable La.

No. 1. DOUBLE MEASURE.



No 2.

No. 3. TRIPLE MEASURE.



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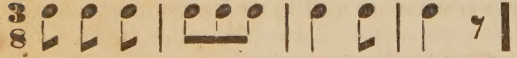
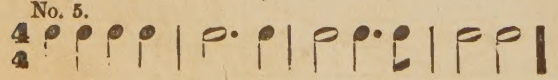


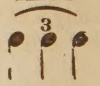
§ 7 A DOT, (𝅗𝅥•) adds one-half to the length of any note; for example, a dotted half note is equal to three quarters; a dotted quarter is equal to three eighths, &c.

No. 5.

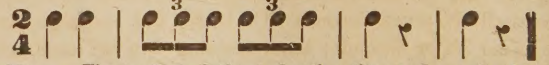


§ 8. A TRIPLET is three notes grouped together, over which the figure 3 is placed, to be sung in the time of two of the same name.

TRIPLET.

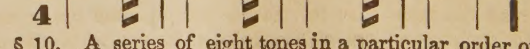


No. 6.



NOTE. The matter relative to beating time and questioning the pupils, is left wholly to the teacher.

§ 9. When two dots are placed after notes or rests, the second dot adds one half the value of the first, e. g.:



§ 10. A series of eight tones in a particular order of succession, is called a SCALE, and may be represented, together with the syllables and numerals, which are applied to each, as follows:

8 Do.
7 Si.
6 La.
5 Sol.
4 Fa.
3 Mi.
2 Re.
1 Do.

§ 11. The difference of pitch, or distance between any two tones, is called an INTERVAL. Example, from 1 to 2, from 1 to 5

§ 12. The distance from any tone to that one degree higher or lower, is called a SECOND; as from 1 to 2, from 2 to 3, from 4 to 5.

§ 13. As the Scale is composed of eight tones, there must necessarily be seven Seconds. Of these, five are large, and are called Major Seconds; the remaining two are small, and are called Minor Seconds.

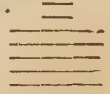
§ 14. The Minor Seconds occur between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, or their corresponding syllables Mi and Fa and Si and Do. The remaining Seconds are Major.

TO THE TEACHER. Let the teacher bear in mind the importance of requiring a thorough knowledge of the particular order of Seconds, as it will greatly facilitate transposition.

§ 15. The PITCH of tones is represented upon the Staff, which consists of five parallel lines, which, as also the Spaces between them are called degrees, and are reckoned from the lowest upwards.

EXAMPLE.

When more than nine degrees are wanted, short lines above and below the staff are used, called added lines, e. g.

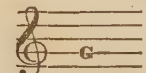


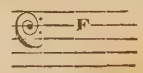
§ 16. The first seven letters of the alphabet are used in naming the degrees of the staff; by these letters the abstract pitch of tones is determined.

§ 17. The arrangement of the letters upon the staff is determined by a character called a CLEF, of which there are two, viz: the Treble or G Clef, and the Bass or F Clef.

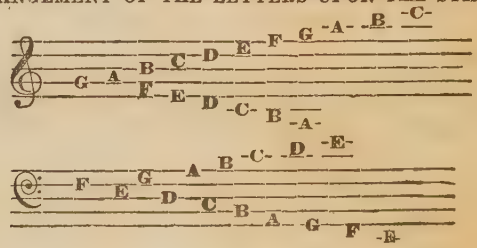
The determines G to be upon the second line, and the places F upon the fourth line.

EXAMPLE.

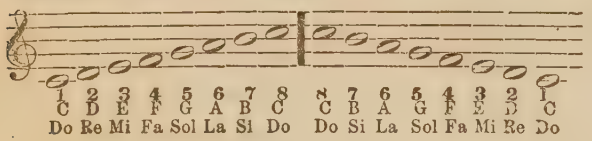
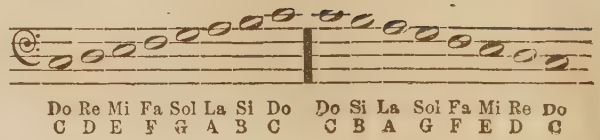




ARRANGEMENT OF THE LETTERS UPON THE STAFF.



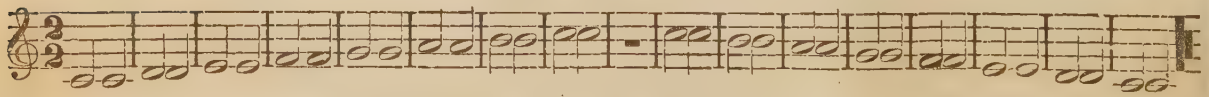
The SCALE is represented upon the staff as follows. The first tone being by common consent, written upon the letter C. It is therefore said to be in the key of C.



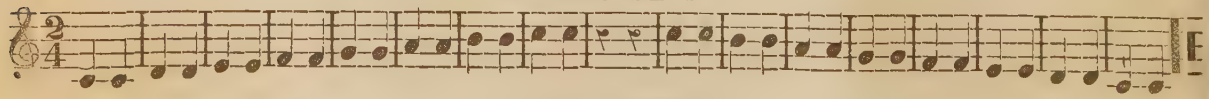
PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

Double measure is accented on the first part.

EXERCISE 1



EXERCISE 2.



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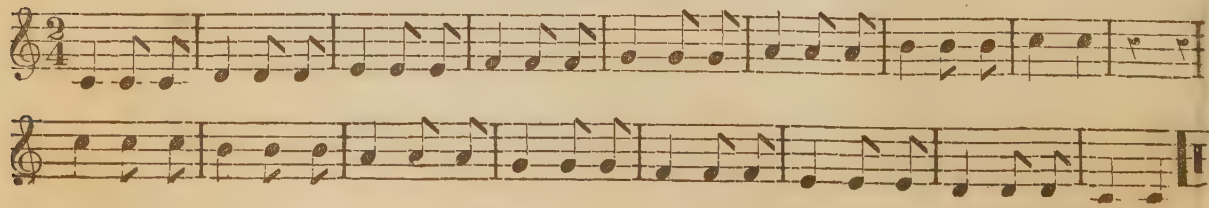

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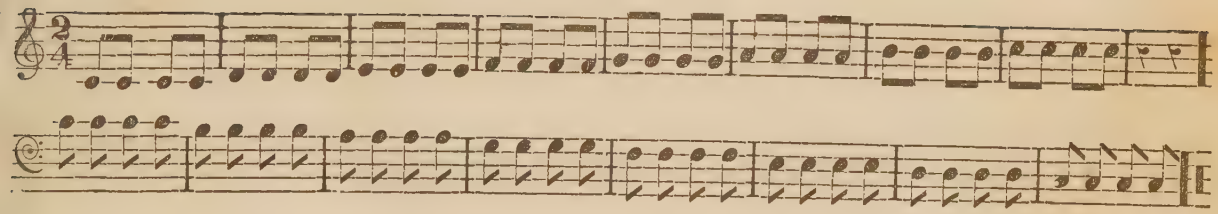
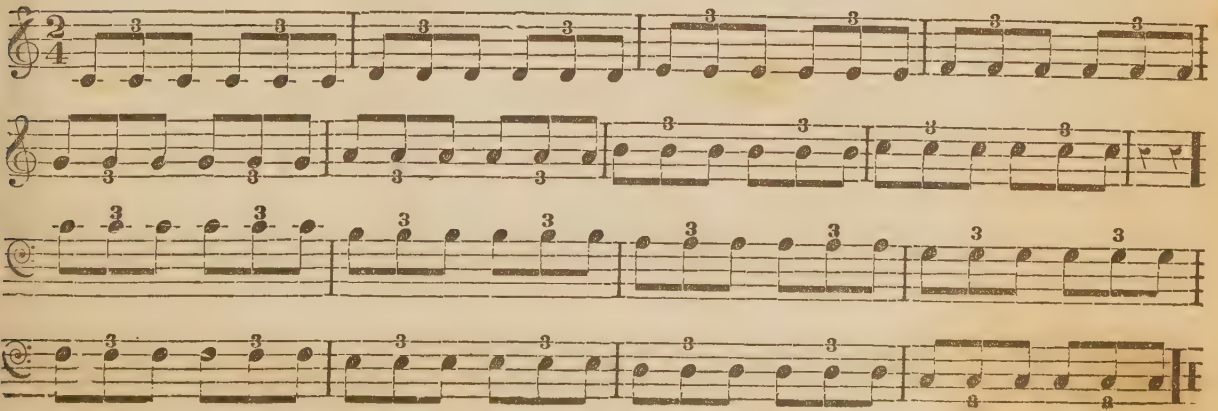
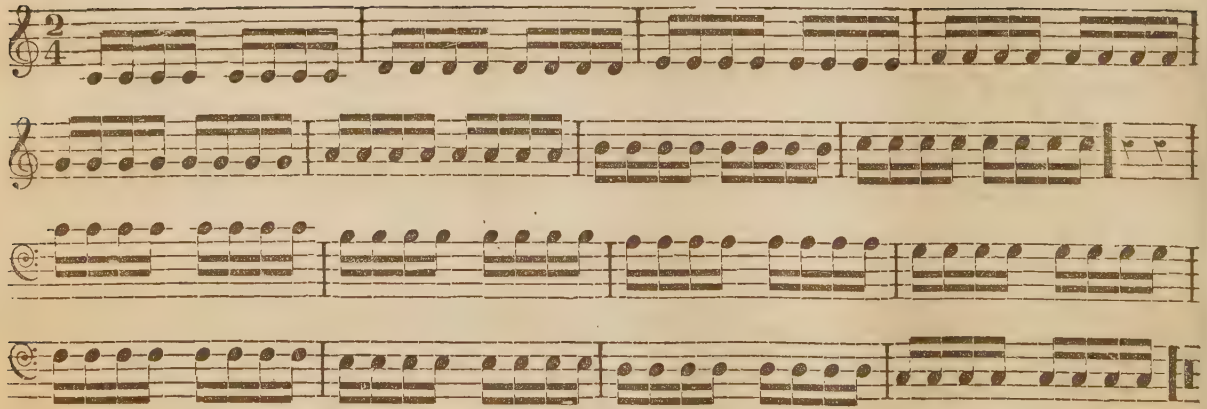


EXERCISE 5.



EXERCISE 6



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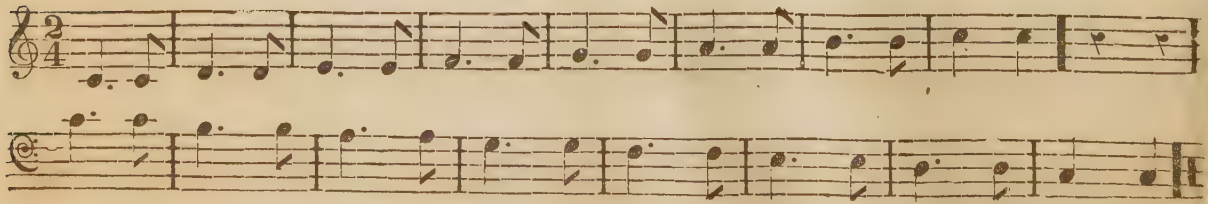
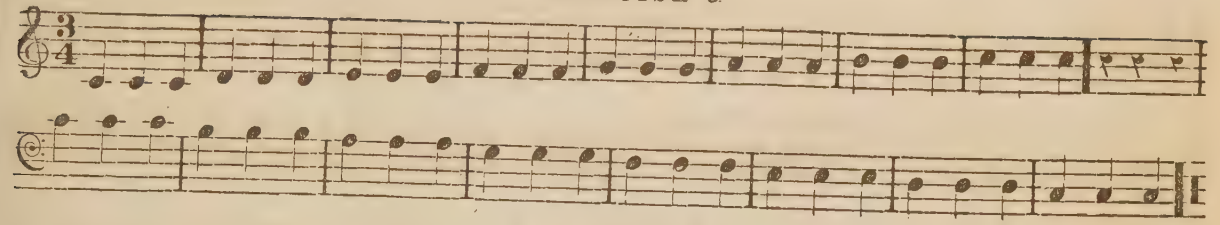
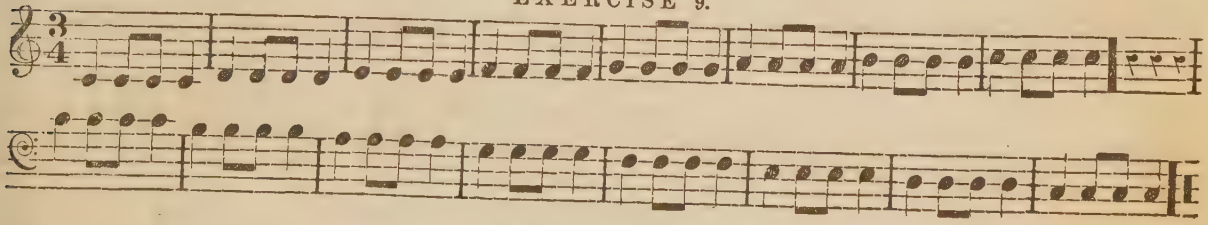


Triple measure is accented on the first part.

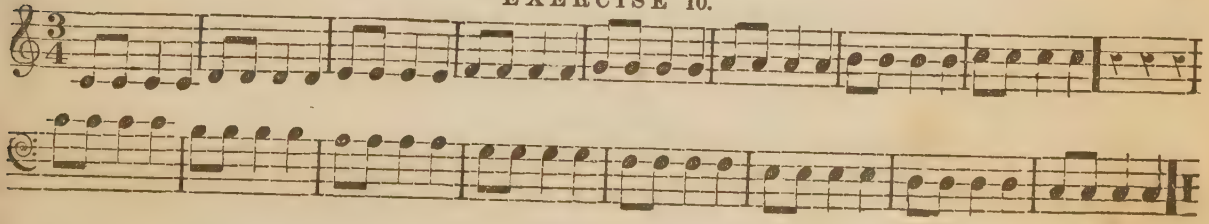
EXERCISE 8.



EXERCISE 9.

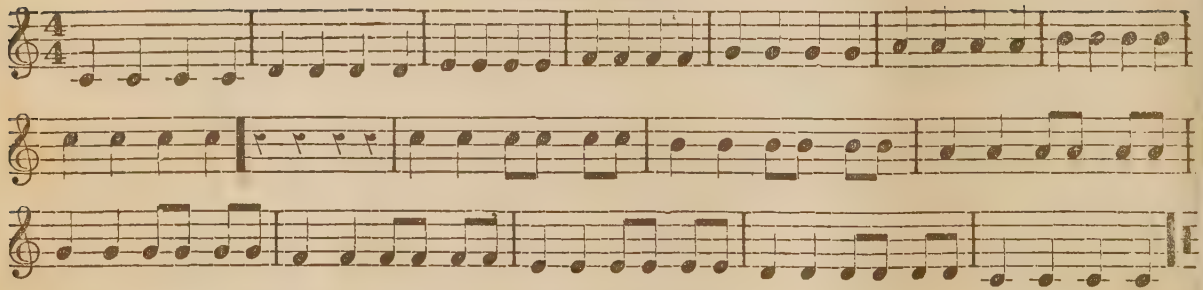


EXERCISE 10.

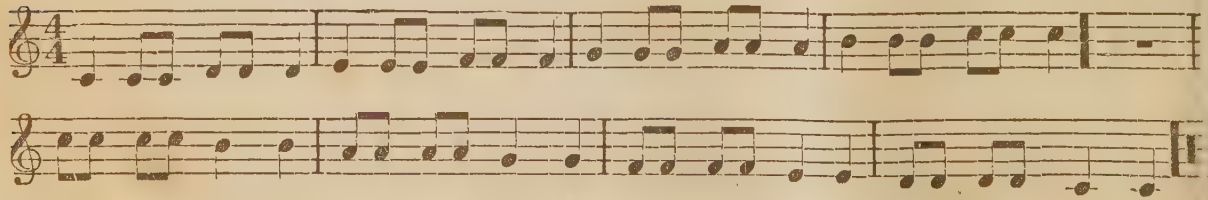


Quadruple measure is accented on the first and third parts.

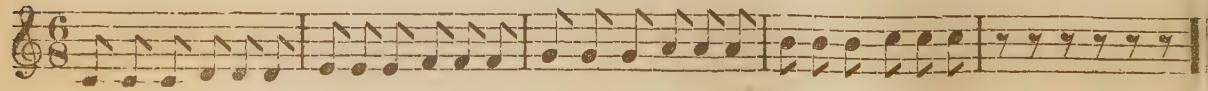
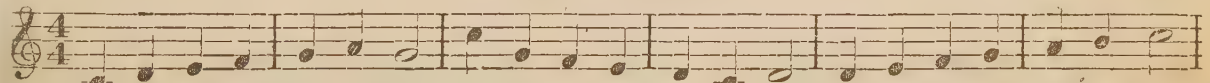
EXERCISE 11.



EXERCISE 12.



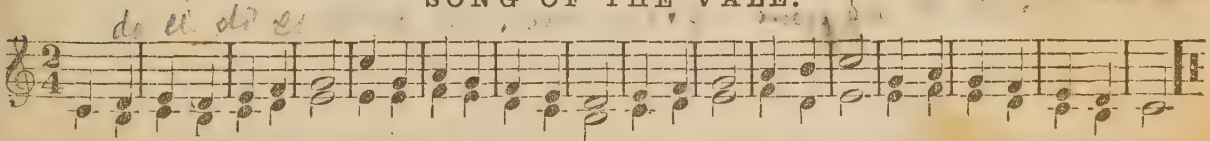
Sextuple measure is accented on the first and fourth parts.

EXERCISE 13.

EXERCISE 14.

1. Haste thee, winter, haste a - way, Far too long has been thy stay, Far too long thy winds have roared,
2. Haste thee, winter, haste a - way, Let me feel the spring-tide ray; Let the fields be green a - gain,
3. Haste thee, winter, haste a - way, Let the Spring come bright and gay, Let the chilling breezes flee,

Snows have beat and rains have poured, Haste thee, winter, haste a - way, Far too long has been thy stay.
Quickly end thy drea-ry reign; Haste thee, winter, haste a - way, Far too long has been thy stay.
Wea-ry win - ter, haste from me; Haste thee, winter, haste a - way, Far too long has been thy stay

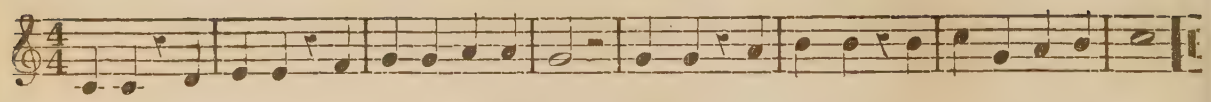
EXERCISE 15.

SONG OF THE VALE.

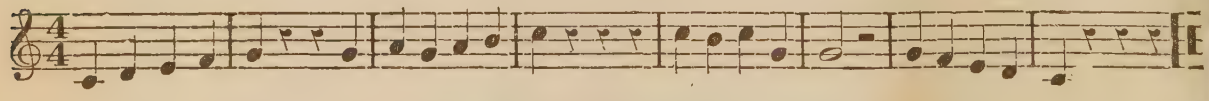


1. In the qui-et peaceful vale, Where the flow'rs their sweets exhale, Blithe and gay, every day, I have joys that can-not fail.
2. There a sil-ver streamlet flows, O'er its pebbly bed it goes Hastening by, mer - ri - ly, While the busnes round it close.

EXERCISE 16.

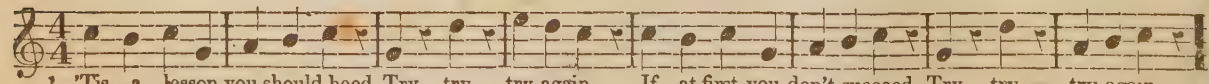


EXERCISE 17.



EXERCISE 18.

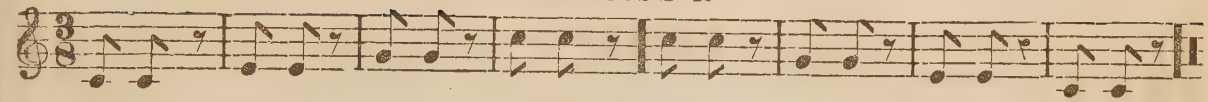
EXERCISE 19.



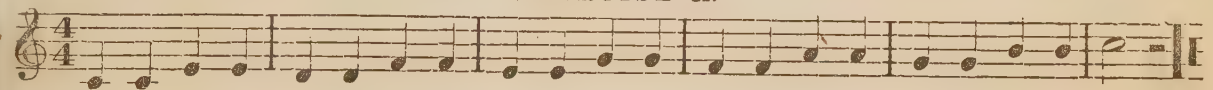
1. 'Tis a lesson you should heed, Try, try, try again, If at first you don't succeed, Try, try, try again,
2. Once or twice tho' you should fail, Try, try, try again, If at last you should prevail, Try, try, try again;
3. If you find your task is hard, Try, try, try again, Time will bring you your reward, Try, try, try again;

Then your courage should appear, For, if you will persevere, You shall conquer never fear, Try, try, try again.
If we strive 'tis no disgrace, Tho' we may not win the race, What should you do in that case, Try, try, try again.
All that other folks can do, Why with patience may not you? Only keep this rule in view, Try, try, try again.

EXERCISE 20

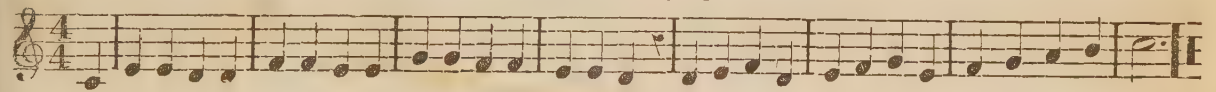


EXERCISE 21.

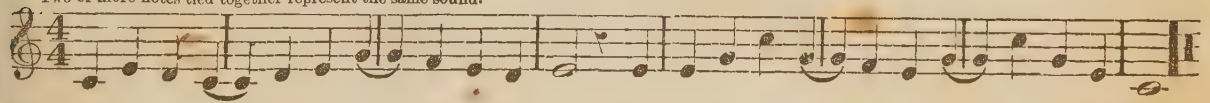


§ 20. A piece of music may commence with either part of the measure. When there is a deficiency in the first measure, it must be made up in the last.

EXERCISE 22.

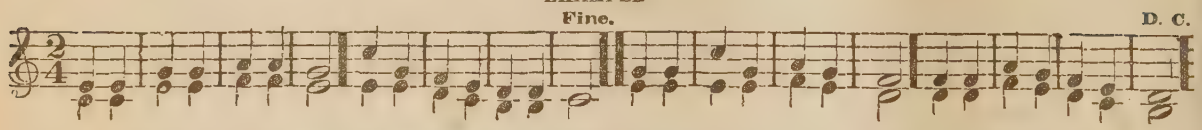


Two or more notes tied together represent the same sound.

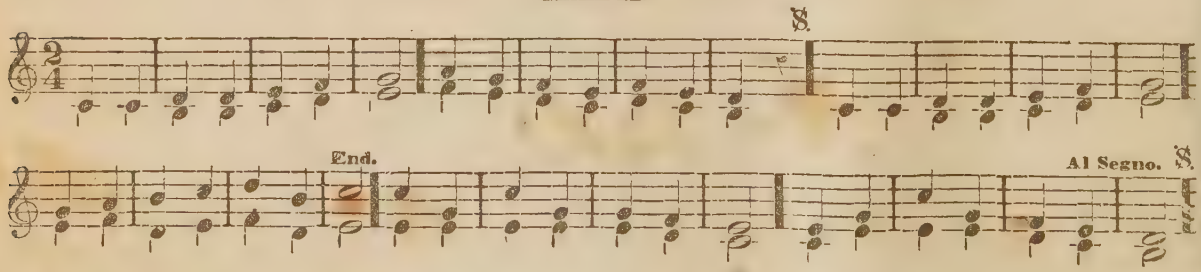
EXERCISE 23.

§ 22. In a piece where there is a succession of triplets, it is usual to omit the figure after the first one.

EXAMPLE.

§ 23. D. C. The abbreviations of DA CAPO, mean begin again and end with the word *Fine* or *End.*

EXAMPLE

§ 24. Sometimes it is necessary to go back to the commencement of the second strain, instead of to the beginning. This is expressed thus: AL SEGNO, $. meaning go back to Sign.

EXAMPLE.



§ 25. The SLUR ⌒ is made like the tie, but is placed over or under notes on different degrees, indicating that they are sung to one syllable.

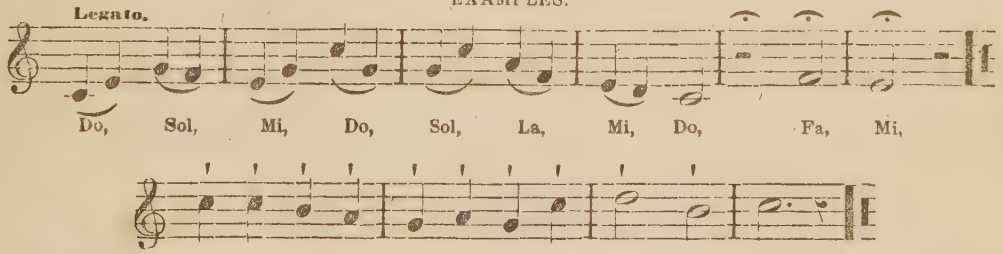
§ 56. DOTS across the staff, thus: indicate that the music is to be repeated.

§ 27. A HOLD 𝄐 placed over a note indicates a prolongation of tone, if over a rest, a prolongation of silence.

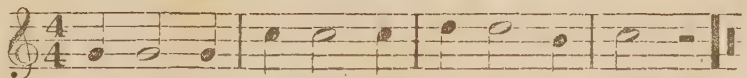
§ 28. When a passage is to be performed in a smooth, gliding and connected manner, the term LEGATO, or TIE ⌒ is used.

§ 29. When a series of notes are performed in a short, pointed, and detached manner, it is said to be STACCATO.

EXAMPLES.



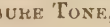
§ 30. When a note embraces two parts of a measure, the first unaccented and the second accented, it is said to be SYNCOPATED, e. g.:



§ 31. The performance of music lacks variety and becomes tedious, if we always sing with the same degree of power; to give variety, we sometimes sing loudly, softly, and at other times with a medium degree of force.

§ 32. PIANO, means soft, abbreviated thus, *P.* PIANISSIMO, means very soft, abbreviated thus, *PP.* MEZZO, means medium, abbreviated thus, *M.* MEZZO PIANO, means middling soft, abbreviated thus, *MP.* MEZZO FORTE, means middling loud, abbreviated thus, *MF.* FORTE, means loud, abbreviated thus, *F.* FORTISSIMO, means very loud, abbreviated thus, *FF.*

§ 33. A very sudden crescendo, is called a PRESSURE TONE, <. A very sudden diminuendo, is called an EXPLOSIVE TONE, >.

§ 34. A tone begun softly and gradually increased in power, is called a CRESCENDO, marked CRES. or  . An inversion of the Crescendo is called a DIMINUENDO, marked DIM. or . A gradual increase of tone, immediately followed by a gradual diminish, is called a SWELL, .

§ 35. A DOUBLE BAR, ‖ or ‖ shows the end of a strain of music, or a line of poetry.

A BRACE { is used to connect the parts designed to move together. A CLOSE ‖ denotes the end of a piece of music.

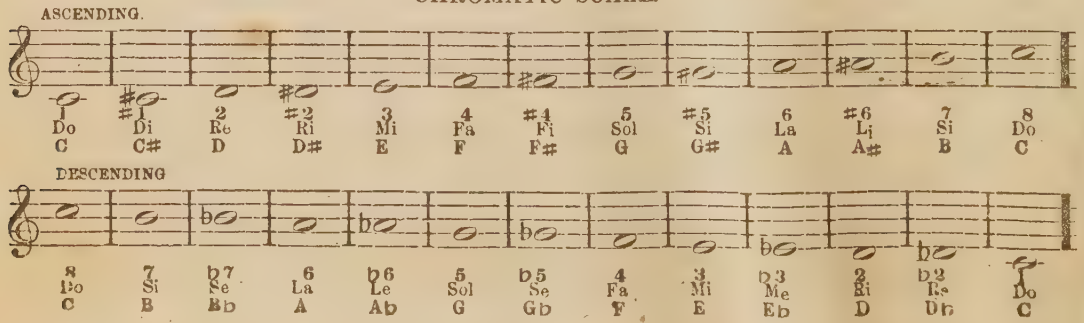
CHROMATICS.

§ 36. Between the tones of the scale which form the interval of a Major Second, an intermediate tone may be introduced. This is sometimes called a CHROMATIC TONE. Intermediate tones may therefore occur between 1 and 2, 2 and 3, 4 and 5 and 6, 6 and 7.

§ 37. The Minor Second is an indivisible interval; accordingly there are twelve tones, which with the first one repeated form a new Scale of thirteen tones, which is called the CHROMATIC SCALE, and from which the eight-tone Scale, to distinguish it, is called the DIATONIC SCALE.

§ 38. Instead of forming an additional number of degrees for the purpose of representing the intermediate tones, it is customary to represent them on the same degrees on which the Diatonic tones are represented, by prefixing to the letters or numerals a qualifying sign, called a Sharp, (♯) or a Flat, (♭) as follows:

CHROMATIC SCALE.



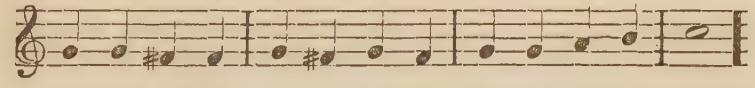
§ 39 In speaking of the numerals applied to the tones of the Chromatic Scale, we say, Sharp One, Flat Two, &c. In speaking of the letters, we say, C Sharp, D Flat, &c.

§ 40. A Sharp (♯) is the sign of elevation.

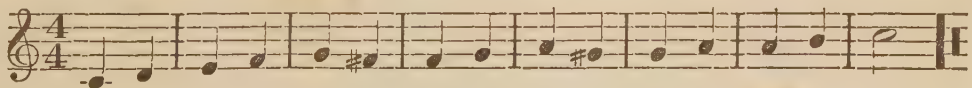
§ 41. A Flat (♭) is the sign of depression.

§ 42. The sharped notes are said to lead to, or resolve into the next above; and the flatted into the next below.

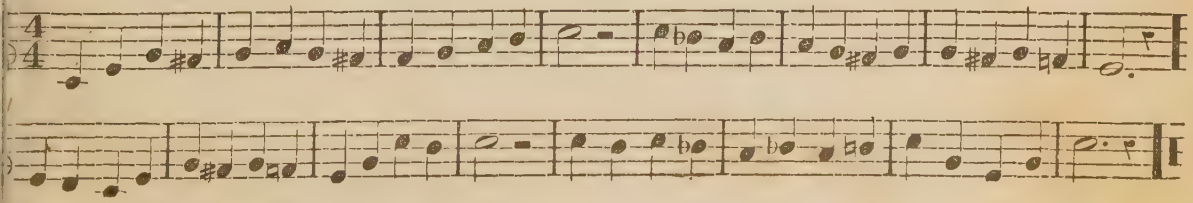
§ 43 The influence of a ♯ or ♭ extends through the measure where it appears, unless counteracted by a Natural, (♮) which restores the original pitch of the note, e. g.:



§ 44. A Sharp or Flat extends its influence through more than one measure, when not intercepted by a note on another degree, e. g.:



§ 45. A Natural (♮) is used to contradict or to take away the power of a flat or sharp,

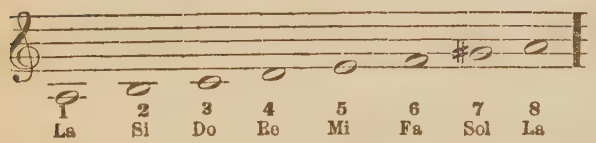


§ 46. Besides the Diatonic and Chromatic Scales already introduced, there is another Scale called the MINOR SCALE. Hence there are three Scales, viz.: the MAJOR, CHROMATIC and MINOR. There are but three Scales, although they may be written in various keys.

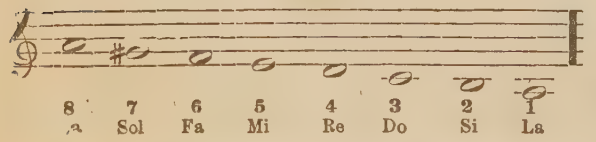
§ 47. The Minor Scale consists of eight tones, commencing with the sixth of the Major Scale. Its order of succession is as follows, to wit:

MINOR SCALE.

ASCENDING.



DESCENDING.



§ 48. The interval formed by the introduction of G♯ is called an augmented or Sharp Second.

TO THE TEACHER. Require the scholars to analyze, and give the names place and number of Seconds in the Minor Scale.

§ 49. The Minor Scale in the key of A, is called the relative of the Major Scale of C, because the letters and syllables correspond. And it is said to be in the key of A Minor.

THE TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE

IT CONSISTS IN CHANGING THE PLACE OF ONE, OR THE KEY OF THE SCALE.

§ 50. A scale is in the key of the letter which is taken as One.

§ 51. When C is taken as One, the scale is said to be in its natural position, because the intervals are right without any alteration.

§ 52. If C be taken as One or basis of a scale, it is called the Scale or key of C, if D, key of D, &c.

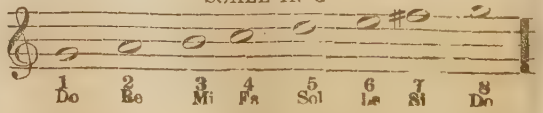
§ 53. If any other letter than C be taken as One, the Scale is said to be TRANSPOSED or changed.

§ 54. In transposing the Scale, we must preserve or retain the order of intervals, as in the Scale of C; i. e. from 3 to 4 and from 7 to 8, must be Minor Seconds; all the others Major.

§ 55. To accomplish this, we must use some of the Chromatic or intermediate tones, in the place of the Diatonic.

§ 56. The first transposition is from C to G i. e. G is taken as One, or the basis of the Scale.

SCALE IN G



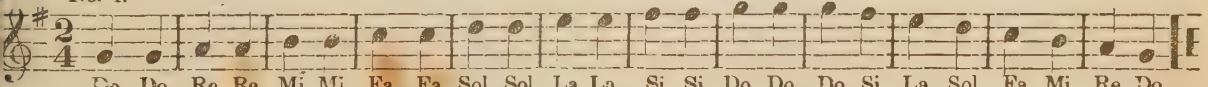
§ 57. The pupil will observe in the transposition to G, that ve have made use of F♯ or (♯4,) instead of F, for the Seventh. Why? Because the interval from six to seven must be a Major Second, and from seven to eight a Minor Second. Hence, sharp four transposes a Fifth, and F♯ is said to be the note of transposition from C to G.

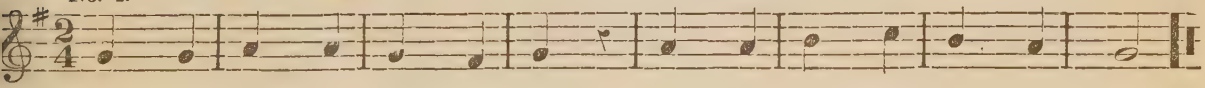
§ 58. The same method is followed in all the transpositions by sharps

§ 59. In every succeeding transposition, an additional sharp will be required between the sixth and seventh, for the reasons given in the transposition from C to G.

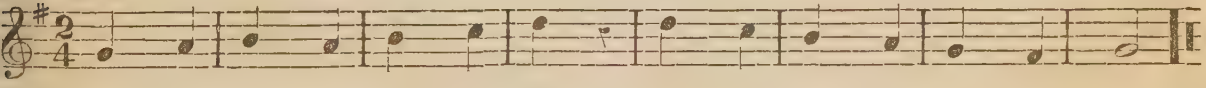
§ 60. The sharps or flats used in transposition, are written immediately after the clefs, at the commencement of a piece of music, and are called the SIGNATURE, meaning sign of the key, e. g.:

EXERCISES IN THE KEY OF G.

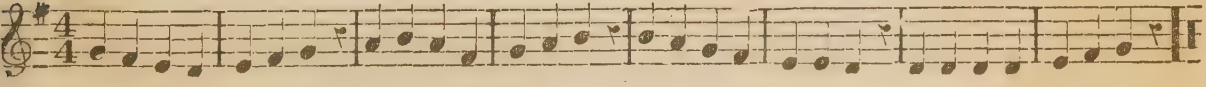
No. 1.

No. 2.



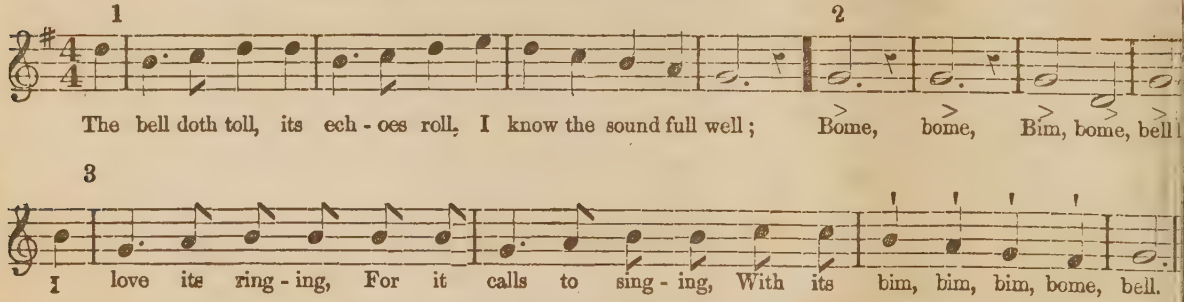
No. 3.



No. 4.

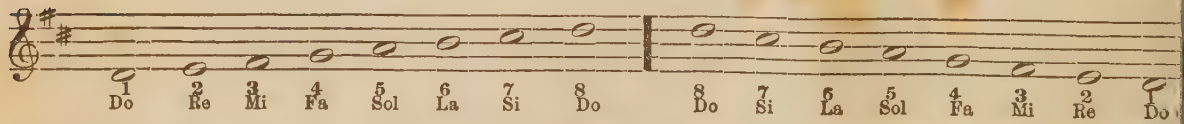


No. 5. **THE BELL DOTH TOLL. Round for three voices.**

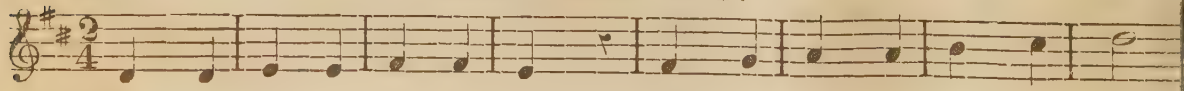

1
2
The bell doth toll, its ech - oes roll, I know the sound full well; Bome, bome, Bim, bome, bell!
3
I love its ring - ing, For it calls to sing - ing, With its bim, bim, bim, bome, bell.

SECOND TRANSPOSITION BY SHARPS,

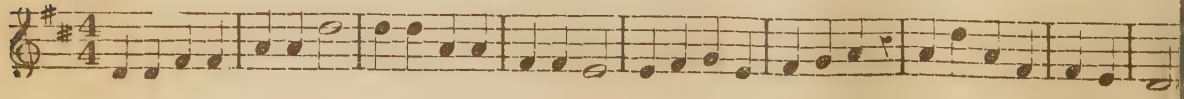
From G to D. Signature two Sharps. (##)

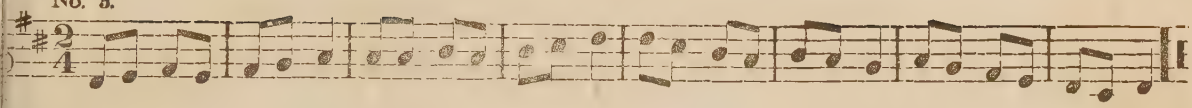


No. 1. **EXERCISES IN D.**

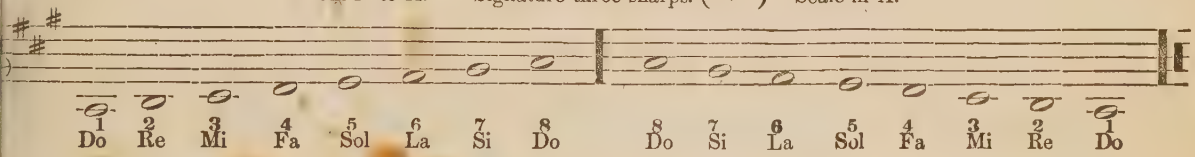


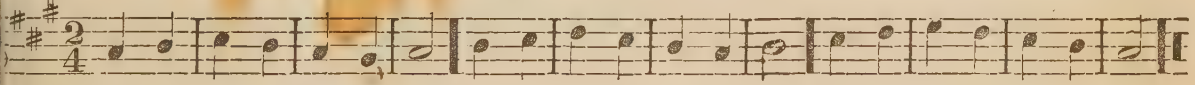
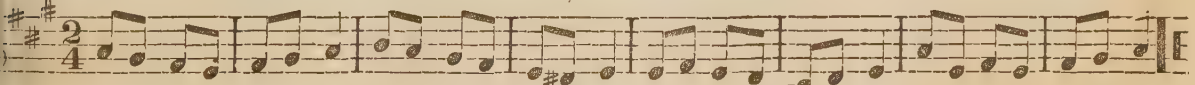
No. 2



No. 3.

THIRD TRANSPOSITION BY SHARPS.

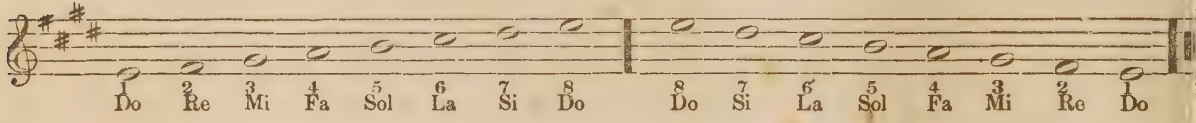
From D to A. Signature three sharps. (###) Scale in A.



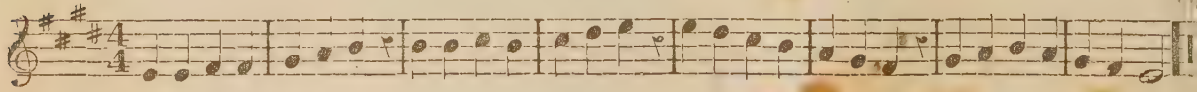
No. 1. EXERCISES IN A.

No. 2.

No. 3

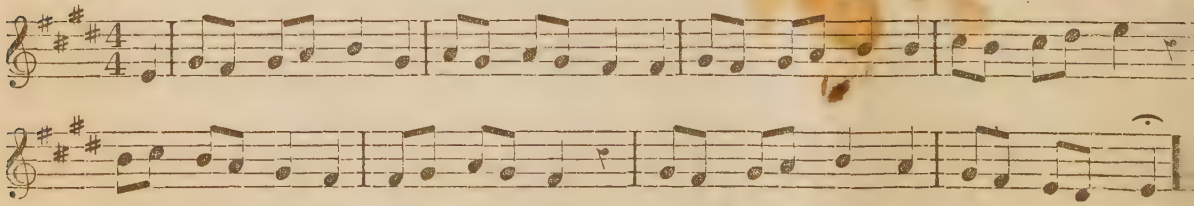
FOURTH TRANSPOSITION BY SHARPS.

From A to E. Signature four Sharps. (####) Scale in E.



No. 1. EXERCISES IN E.

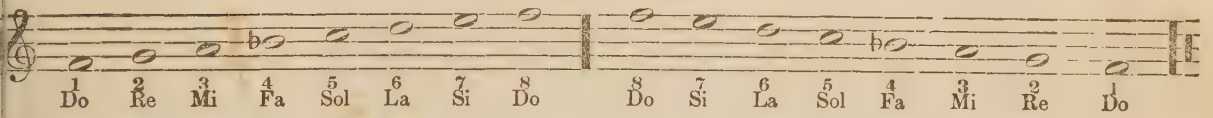


No. 2.

A Double Sharp (×) has the same effect upon a note previously sharped, as a sharp has in the first place.

EXAMPLE.

FIRST TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE BY FLATS

From C to F. Scale in F

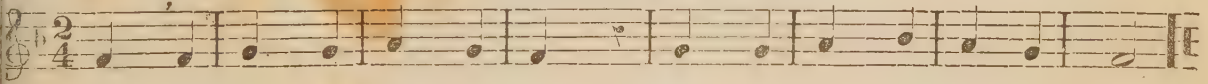


§ 61. In transposing to F, (See diagram above,) it is necessary to use B ♭ (7) instead of B, for *four*, Why? Because he interval from three to four should be a minor second, and from four to five a major second. Hence flat seven transposes a *fourth*, and B♭ is the note of transposition from C to F.

§ 62. In every succeeding transposition an additional flat will be required between 3 and 4, for the reasons given in the ransposition from C to F.

EXERCISES IN F.

No. 1.



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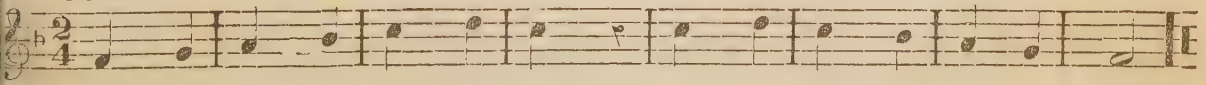
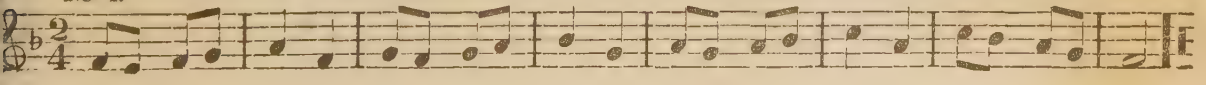
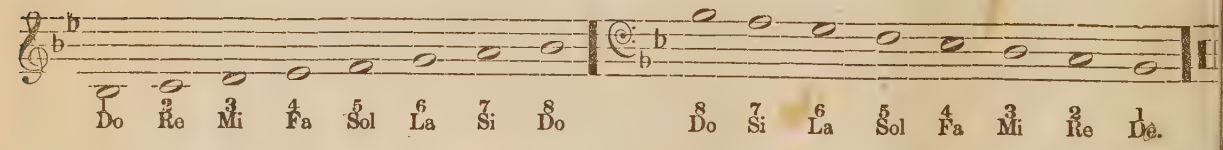


No. 3.

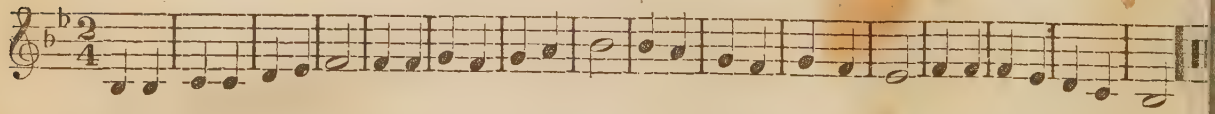
No. 4.

SECOND TRANSPOSITION BY FLATS

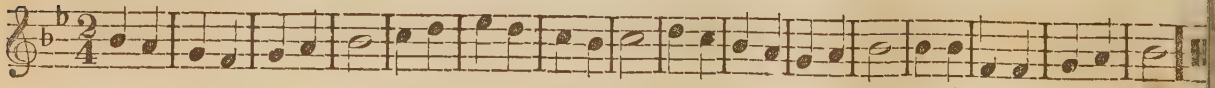
From F to B♭. Signature two Flats. (♭♭) Scale in B♭



No. 1.

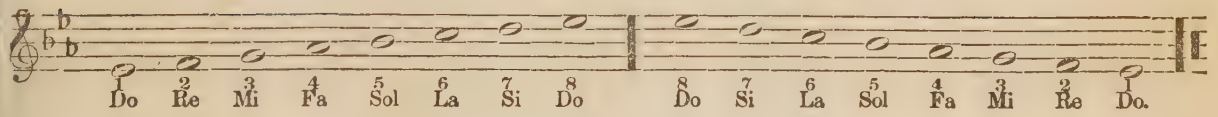
EXERCISES IN B♭



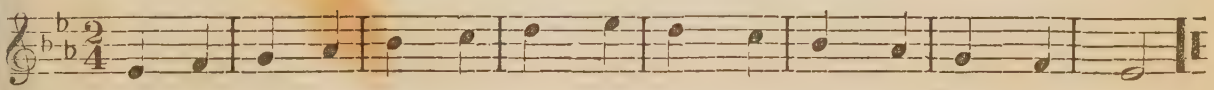
No. 2.

No. 3.

THIRD TRANSPOSITION BY FLATS

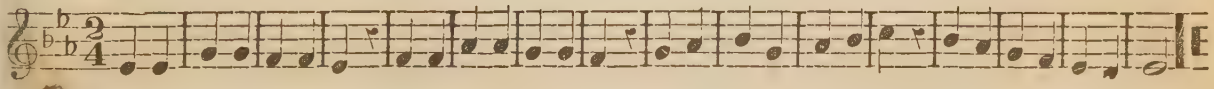
From B♭ to E♭. Signature (♭♭♭) Scale in E♭.



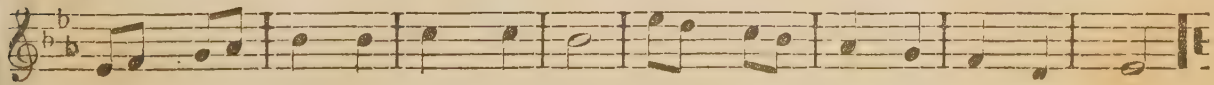
No. 1. EXERCISES IN E♭.

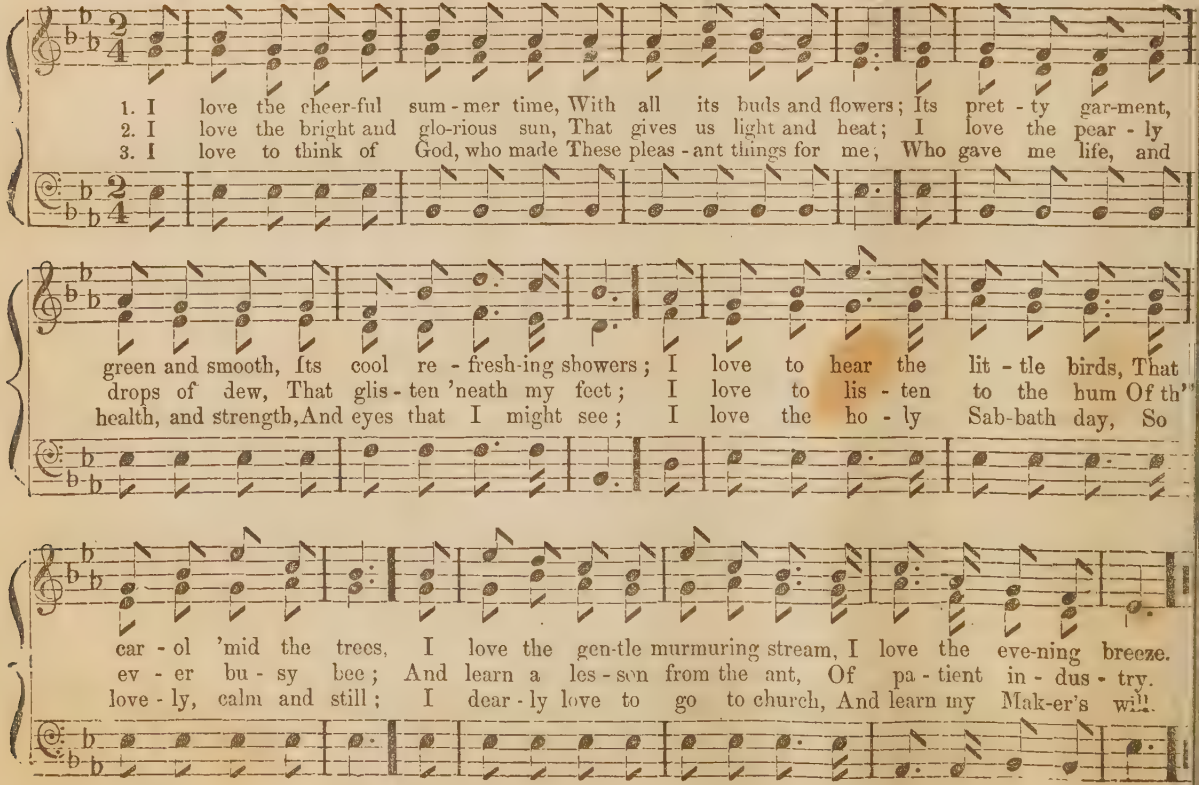


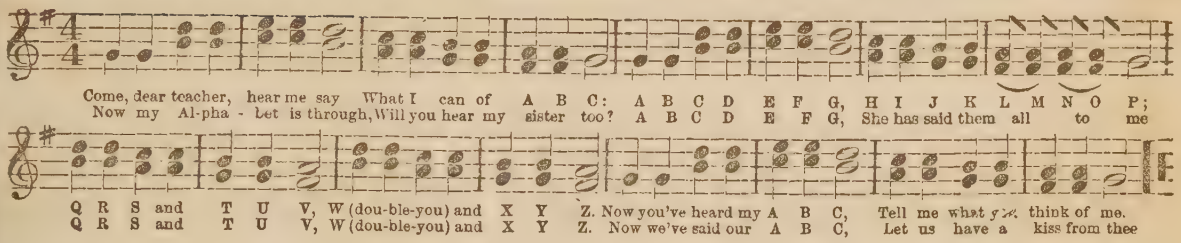
No. 2.



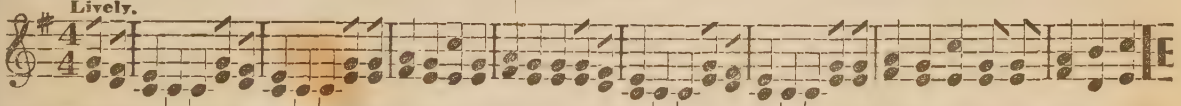
No. 3.




1. I love the cheer-ful sum - mer time, With all its buds and flowers; Its pret - ty gar-ment,
2. I love the bright and glo-rious sun, That gives us light and heat; I love the pear - ly
3. I love to think of God, who made These pleas - ant things for me; Who gave me life, and
green and smooth, Its cool re - fresh-ing showers; I love to hear the lit - tle birds, That
drops of dew, That glis - ten 'neath my feet; I love to lis - ten to the hum Of th'
health, and strength, And eyes that I might see; I love the ho - ly Sab-bath day, So
car - ol 'mid the trees, I love the gen-tle murmuring stream, I love the eve-ning breeze.
ev - er bu - sy bee; And learn a les - son from the ant, Of pa - tient in - dus - try.
love - ly, calm and still; I dear - ly love to go to church, And learn my Mak-er's will.


Come, dear teacher, hear me say What I can of A B C: A B C D E F G, H I J K L M N O P;
Now my Al-pha - bet is through, Will you hear my sister too? A B C D E F G, She has said them all to me
Q R S and T U V, W (dou-ble-you) and X Y Z. Now you've heard my A B C, Tell me what you think of me.
Q R S and T U V, W (dou-ble-you) and X Y Z. Now we've said our A B C, Let us have a kiss from thee

CLAP, CLAP, HURRAH.

Words and Music by W. H. WALKER.

Lively.
Hold the right hand up, hold the left hand up; Whirl the fingers briskly, clap, clap, clap;
Little boy, wake up from your drowsy nap;
See the blacksmith strike while the iron is hot;

To the eastward point, to the westward point;
Fold your arms behind you, heads upright.
See the drummer drum on his big bass drum!
Let us step together—left foot, right.

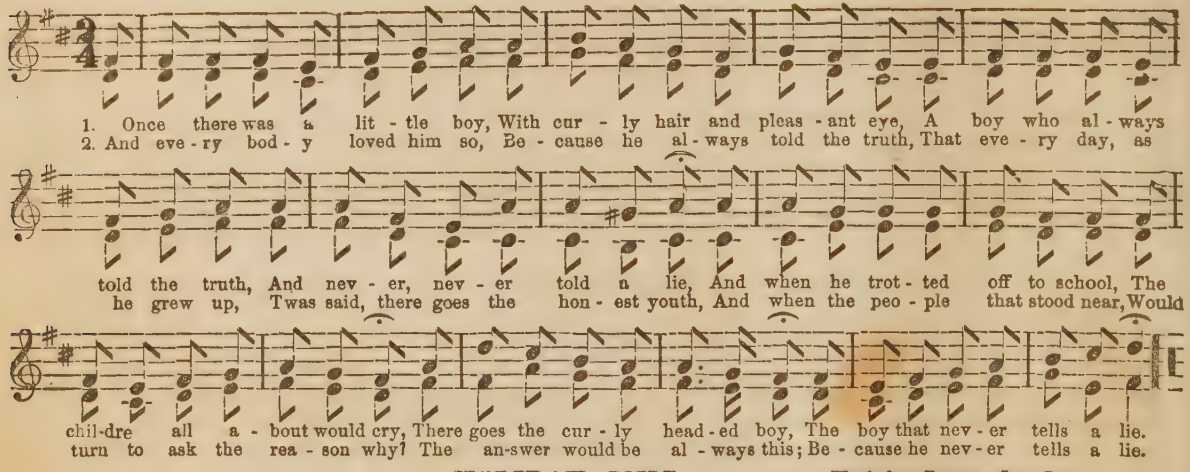
Here we all stand up clapping merrily;
Let the arms extend *—clap once again.†
See the sawer saw ‡ at the big wood-pile;
How it makes the blood move through each vein!

Let us seated be, and our arms fold up,
Then again clap merrily, merrily O!
See the schoolgirl washing her hands and face,
For to school all clean she loves to go.

Now we rise again and our hands stretch up,
Back and forward quickly the elbows draw; §
See the schoolboy driving his hoop along,—
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!—Hurrah! Hurrah! ‖

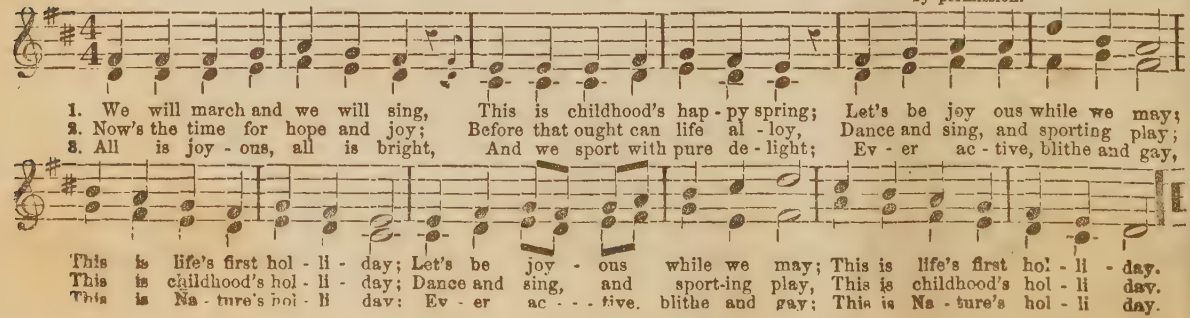
* Horizontally, to the *left* and *right*.
† Keep the arms perfectly straight, and swing them *upwards* till they meet over the head.
‡ Bend the body over slightly, then move the hands and arms with great force in imitation of the *wood-sawer*. This movement expands the chest
§ Stand perfectly erect, shut the hands, and throw the elbows back suddenly as far as you can, then forward, till the arms are straight.
‖ Swing the right hand, in the usual way

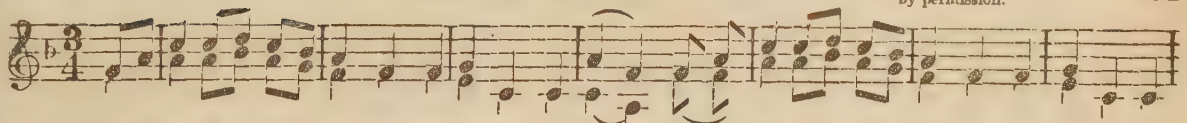
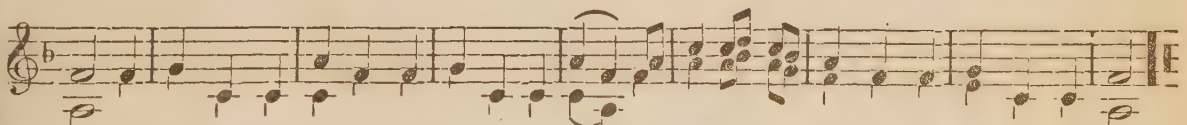
N. B.—As soon as the *Hurrah* is over, give the *Triple Applause*: i. e. all *clap* briskly, then stop; *clap* again briskly, then stop; *clap* once more briskly, then stop. The teacher can hold up one hand as a signal for stopping.

THE HONEST BOY

1. Once there was a lit - tle boy, With cur - ly hair and pleas - ant eye, A boy who al - ways
told the truth, And nev - er, nev - er told a lie, And when he trot - ted off to school, The
chil-dre all a - bout would cry, There goes the cur - ly head-ed boy, The boy that nev - er tells a lie.
2. And eve - ry bod - y loved him so, Be - cause he al - ways told the truth, That eve - ry day, as
he grew up, Twas said, there goes the hon - est youth, And when the peo - ple that stood near, Would
turn to ask the rea - son why? The an-swer would be al - ways this; Be - cause he nev - er tells a lie.

HOLIDAY SONG.

Words from EXERCISE SONG BOOK, by permission.


1. We will march and we will sing, This is childhood's hap - py spring; Let's be joy ous while we may;
2. Now's the time for hope and joy; Before that ought can life al - loy, Dance and sing, and sporting play;
3. All is joy - ous, all is bright, And we sport with pure de - light; Ev - er ac - tive, blithe and gay,
This is life's first hol - li - day; Let's be joy - ous while we may; This is life's first hol - li - day.
This is childhood's hol - li - day; Dance and sing, and sport-ing play, This is childhood's hol - li day.
This is Na - ture's hol - li day; Ev - er ac - - - tive, blithe and gay; This is Na - ture's hol - li day.

Words from the "Exercise Song Book," by permission.

2

Our hands and our faces so nice and so clean,
And moving our fingers so nimbly are seen ;
Our hands on our heads next we'll prettily place,
Then some arcs of a circle our elbows shall trace.

3

Our hands on our shoulders is next in our rule,
And well do we place them, obedient in school ;
We'll give them a toss up and down in the air,
And count one, two, three, four, while shaking them there.

4

Our next true position is right about face,
With arms horizontal all true to their place ;
We'll clap once, again once, then 1, 2, 3, 4,
Then hands by our sides hanging true as before.

5

Now left about face we will turn us once more,
And step out true time with our feet on the floor ;
When wearied with standing our arms we'll stretch out,
And then we will twirl them so swiftly about.

NOTE. The scholars may stand during the singing of this song, and make motions with their hands, &c., corresponding to the words. The first exercise commences on the last line of the first verse. The arcs of a circle are made by moving the elbows up and down, at the utterance of each syllable, while the hands are upon the head.

SEE THE STARS ARE COMING.

Words from the "Exercise Song book" by permission.

CHILD.

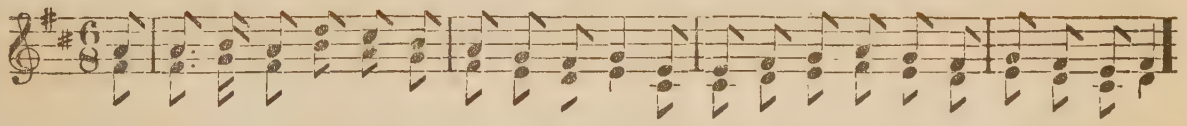
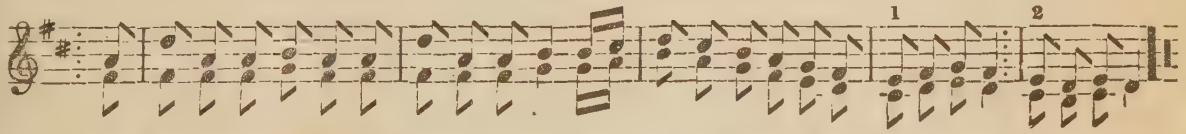
See, the stars are com-ing, In the fair blue skies! Mother, look, they brighten, Are they an-gels'
Moth-er, if I stu dy, Sure he'll let me know Why the stars he kind-led, O'er our earth to

p

MOTHER.

eyes? Are they an-gels' eyes? No, my child, the lus-tre Of the stars is given,
glow, O'er our earth to glow. Child, what God has finished, Has a glo-rious aim,

p

Like the hues of flow-ers, By the God of heaven, By the God of heaven
Thine it is to wor-ship, Thine to love his name, Thine to love his name

1. There came to my win-dow One morn-ing in spring, A sweet lit - tle rob - in ; She came there to sing ;

The tune that she sang, It was pret-ti - er far Than ev - er I heard On the flute or guitar.

2

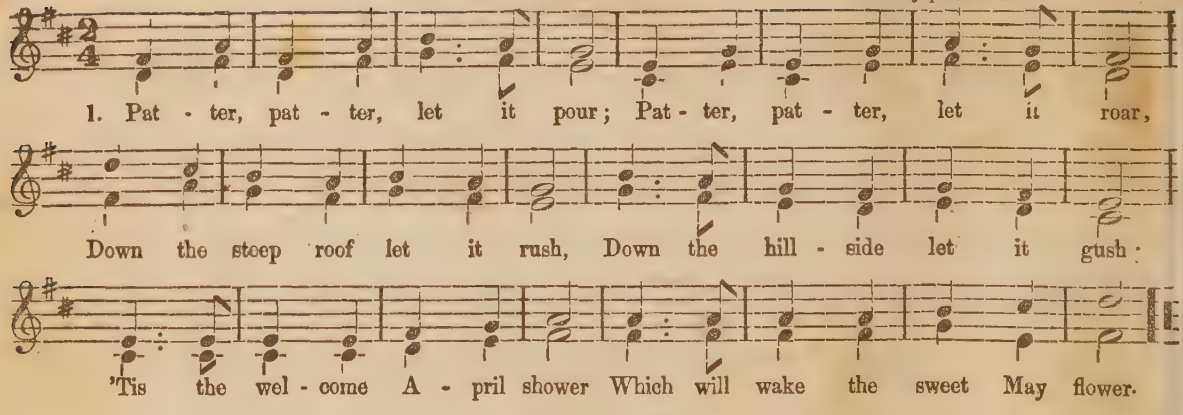
Her wings she was spreading,
To soar far away ;
Then resting a moment,
Seemed sweetly to say,
"O happy, how happy
This world seems to be!"
Awake, little girl,
And be happy with me."

3

But just as she finished
Her beautiful song,
A thoughtless young man
With his gun came along ;
He killed, and he carried
My robin away ;
She'll never sing more
At the break of the day.

APRIL SHOWER.

Words from EXERCISE SONG BOOK by permission.


1. Pat - ter, pat - ter, let it pour; Pat - ter, pat - ter, let it roar,
Down the steep roof let it rush, Down the hill - side let it gush:
'Tis the wel - come A - pril shower Which will wake the sweet May flower.

2

Patter, patter, let it pour;
Patter, patter, let it roar,
Let the gaudy lightings flash,
Let the headlong thunder dash,
'Tis the welcome April shower,
Which will make the sweet May flower.

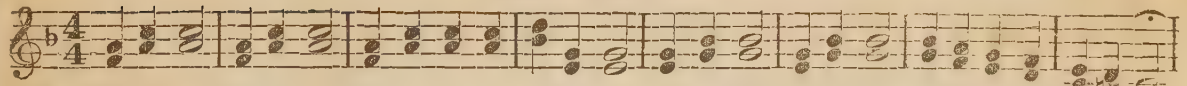
3

Patter, patter, let it pour,
Patter, patter, let it roar,
Soon the clouds will burst away,
Soon will shine the bright spring day
Soon the welcome April shower,
Will awake the sweet May flower

NOTE.— At the words "Patter, patter," &c., let the scholars imitate rain, by striking the ends of their finger-nails on their desks irregularly, which will make a beautiful imitation of rain pouring down on the roof of a building. At the words "rush, gush, flash, dash," &c., at the end of the third and fourth lines, the hands may all be brought together with a clap; the fingers then continue to imitate rain till the last line of each verse, when the hands will be raised upward, and wave up and down in time.

HERE WE STAND.

(Adapted to Physical Action.)

From EXERCISE SONG BOOK, by permission

1. Here we stand, hand in hand, Read-y for our ex-er-cise; Heads upright, with delight sparkling in our laughing eyes!
2. Right hand up, left hand up; Whirling see our fin-gers go! Fold-ed now, let us bow gent-ly to each oth-er so!
3. Eastward point, westward point; Left hand Nadir, Zenith right; Forward fold, backward fold; arms a-kimbo, chest upright;
4. Seated now, smooth your brow, Then drum lightly on your crown, O, what fun! every one driving off each surly frown!
5. Quickly stand, lungs expand, Backward let our shoulders go! Life and health, comfort, wealth, we can thus improve, you know;
6. Both hands meet, then retreat; Clasp, then whirl them round and round; Right hand fold, left hand fold; Let's shake hands, like brothers * bound!

Singing cheeri-ly, cheeri-ly, cheeri-ly; Clapping merrily, mer-ri-ly, merrily; One, two, three, don't you see Where scholars love to be?

CHILDREN GO.

(Sing to the air above.)

1

Children, go,
To and fro,
In a merry, pretty row,
Footsteps light,
Faces bright;
'Tis a happy sight.
Swiftly turning round and round,
Do not look upon the ground—
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

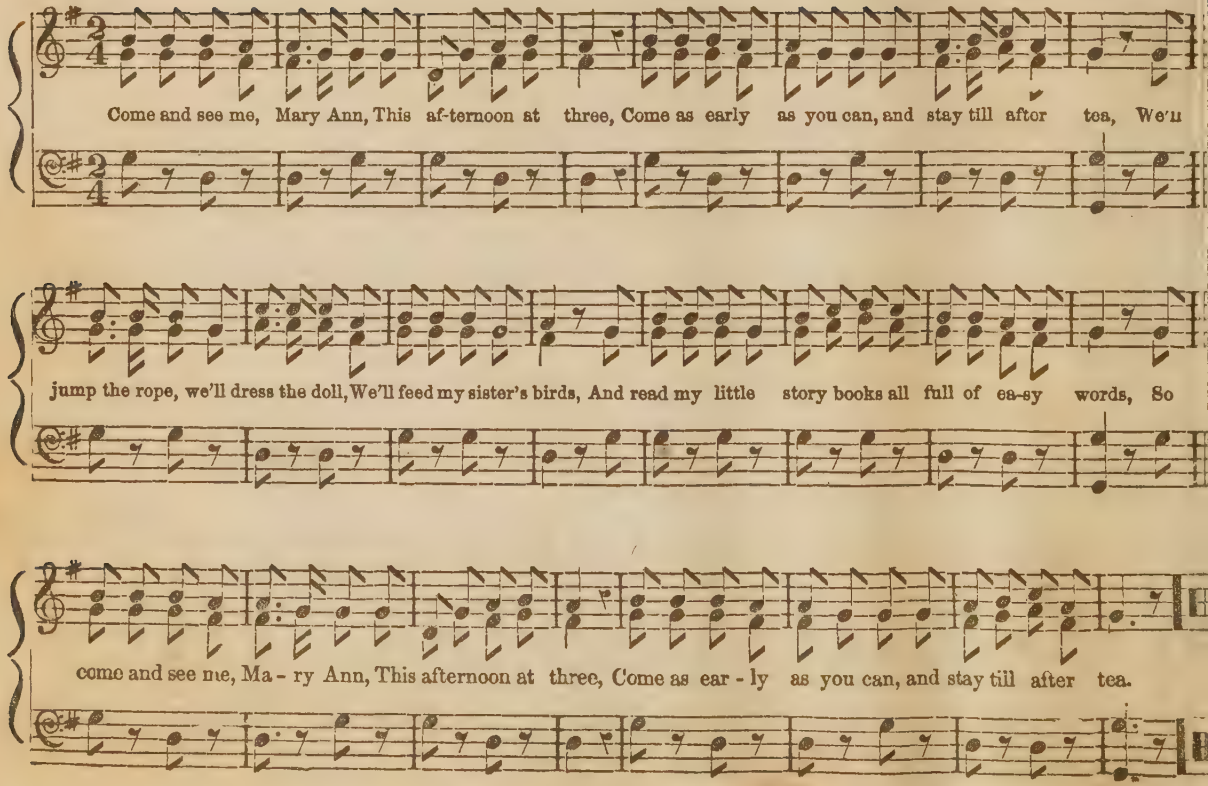
2

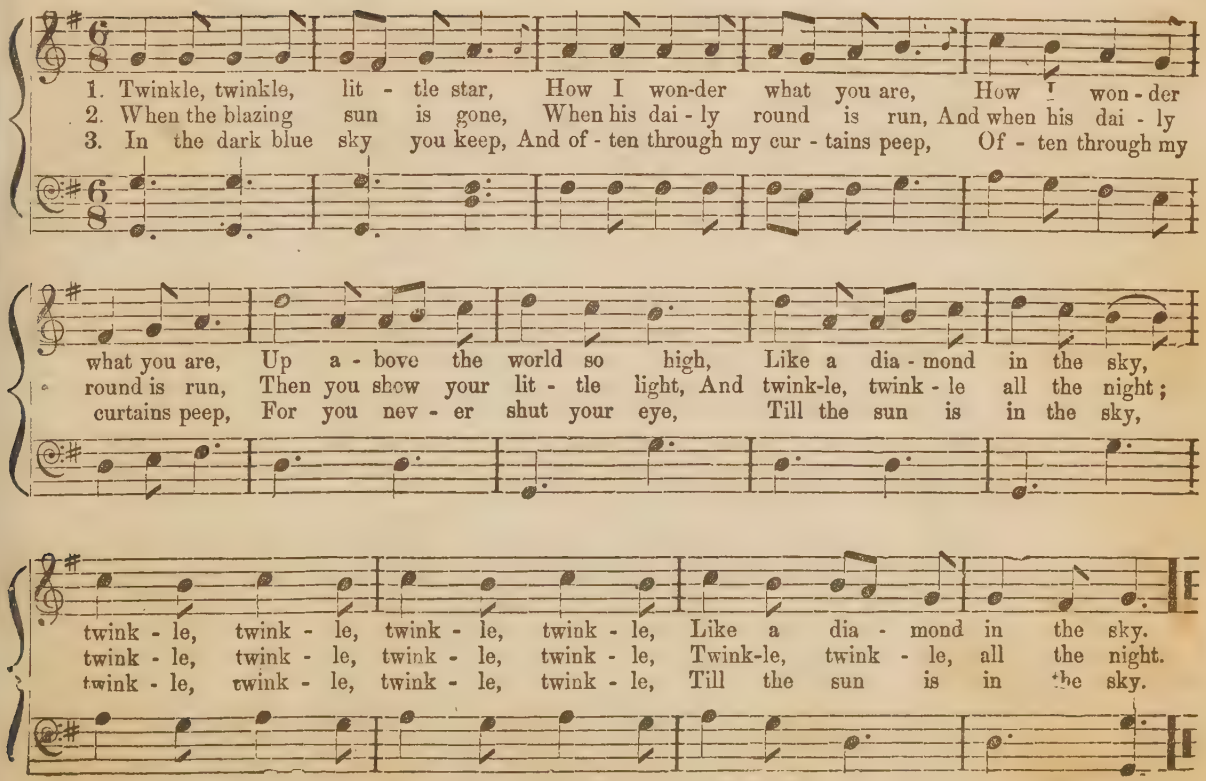
Birds are free;
So are we,
And we live as happily;
Work we do,
Study too,
For we learn "twice two;"
Then we laugh, and dance, and sing,
Gay as birds or any thing.
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

3

Work is done,
Play's begun;
Now we have our laugh and fun.
Happy days,
Pretty plays,
And no naughty ways.
Holding fast each other's hand,
We're a little happy band,
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

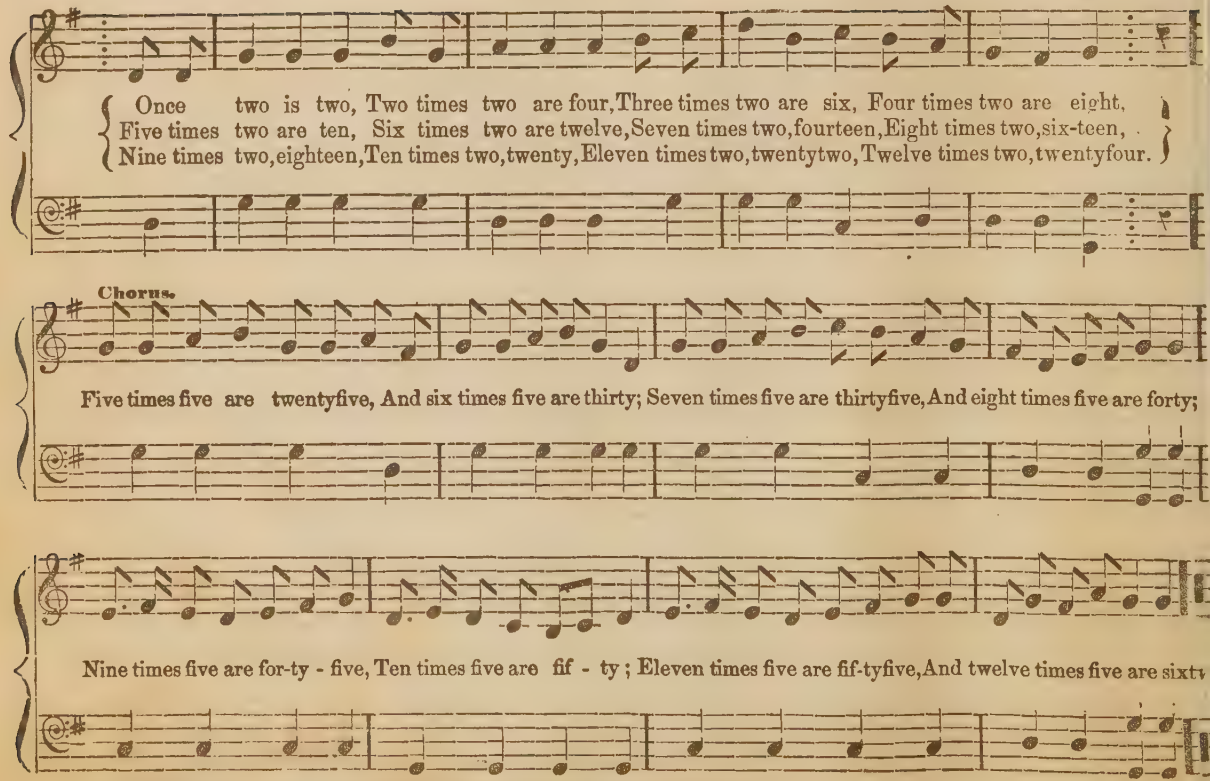
* Or sisters.


Come and see me, Mary Ann, This af-ternoon at three, Come as early as you can, and stay till after tea, We'll
jump the rope, we'll dress the doll, We'll feed my sister's birds, And read my little story books all full of ea-sy words, So
come and see me, Ma - ry Ann, This afternoon at three, Come as ear - ly as you can, and stay till after tea.


1. Twinkle, twinkle, lit - tle star, How I won-der what you are, How I won - der
2. When the blazing sun is gone, When his dai - ly round is run, And when his dai - ly
3. In the dark blue sky you keep, And of - ten through my cur - tains peep, Of - ten through my
what you are, Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia - mond in the sky,
round is run, Then you show your lit - tle light, And twink-le, twink - le all the night;
curtains peep, For you nev - er shut your eye, Till the sun is in the sky,
twink - le, twink - le, twink - le, twink - le, Like a dia - mond in the sky.
twink - le, twink - le, twink - le, twink - le, Twink-le, twink - le, all the night.
twink - le, twink - le, twink - le, twink - le, Till the sun is in the sky.

MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

From the Exercise Song Book, by permission

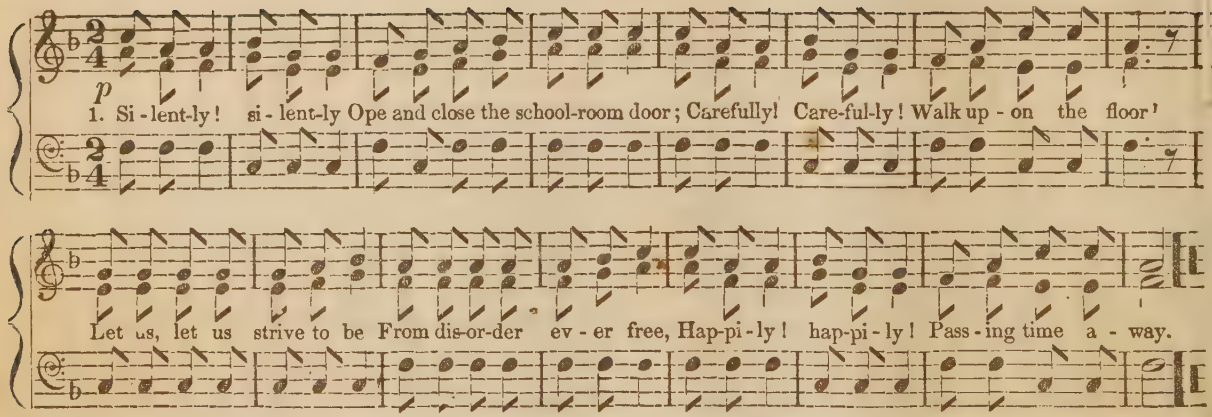

Once two is two, Two times two are four, Three times two are six, Four times two are eight,
Five times two are ten, Six times two are twelve, Seven times two, fourteen, Eight times two, six-teen,
Nine times two, eighteen, Ten times two, twenty, Eleven times two, twentytwo, Twelve times two, twentyfour.
Chorus.
Five times five are twentyfive, And six times five are thirty; Seven times five are thirtyfive, And eight times five are forty;
Nine times five are for-ty - five, Ten times five are fif - ty; Eleven times five are fif-tyfive, And twelve times five are sixty

Note.— The table may be sung up to number 12, singing the chorus between each number.

Once		3	is	3	Once		6	is	6	Once		9	is	9	Once		12	is	12
2	times	3	are	6	2	times	6	are	12	2	times	9	are	18	2	times	12	are	24
3		3		9	3		6		18	3		9		27	3		12		36
4		3		12	4		6		24	4		9		36	4		12		48
5		3		15	5		6		30	5		9		45	5		12		60
		3		18	6		6		36	6		9		54	6		12		72
7		3		21	7		6		42	7		9		63	7		12		84
8		3		24	8		6		48	8		9		72	8		12		96
9		3		27	9		6		54	9		9		81	9		12		108
10		3		30	10		6		60	10		9		90	10		12		120
11		3		33	11		6		66	11		9		99	11		12		132
12		3		36	12		6		72	12		9		108	12		12		144
Once		4	is	4	Once		7	is	7	Once		10	is	10	Once		13	is	13
2	times	4	are	8	2	times	7	are	14	2	times	10	are	20	2	times	13	are	26
3		4		12	3		7		21	3		10		30	3		13		39
4		4		16	4		7		28	4		10		40	4		13		52
5		4		20	5		7		35	5		10		50	5		13		65
6		4		24	6		7		42	6		10		60	6		13		78
7		4		28	7		7		49	7		10		70	7		13		91
8		4		32	8		7		56	8		10		80	8		13		104
9		4		36	9		7		63	9		10		90	9		13		117
10		4		40	10		7		70	10		10		100	10		13		130
11		4		44	11		7		77	11		10		110	11		13		143
12		4		48	12		7		84	12		10		120	12		13		156
Once		5	is	5	Once		8	is	8	Once		11	is	11	Once		14	is	14
2	times	5	are	10	2	times	8	are	16	2	times	11	are	22	2	times	14	are	28
3		5		15	3		8		24	3		11		33	3		14		42
4		5		20	4		8		32	4		11		44	4		14		56
5		5		25	5		8		40	5		11		55	5		14		70
6		5		30	6		8		48	6		11		66	6		14		84
7		5		35	7		8		56	7		11		77	7		14		98
8		5		40	8		8		64	8		11		88	8		14		112
9		5		45	9		8		72	9		11		99	9		14		126
10		5		50	10		8		80	10		11		110	10		14		140
11		5		55	11		8		88	11		11		121	11		14		154
12		5		60	12		8		96	12		11		132	12		14		168

SILENTLY

Words by E. WOODBURY


p
1. Si-lent-ly! si-lent-ly Ope and close the school-room door; Carefully! Care-ful-ly! Walk up-on the floor!
Let us, let us strive to be From dis-or-der ev-er free, Hap-pi-ly! hap-pi-ly! Pass-ing time a-way.

2

Cheerfully! cheerfully!
Let us in our work engage;
With a zeal, with a zeal,
Far beyond our age.
And if we should chance to find,
Lessons that perplex the mind,
Persevere, persevere,
Never lesson fear!
La, la, la, la, la, la,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

3

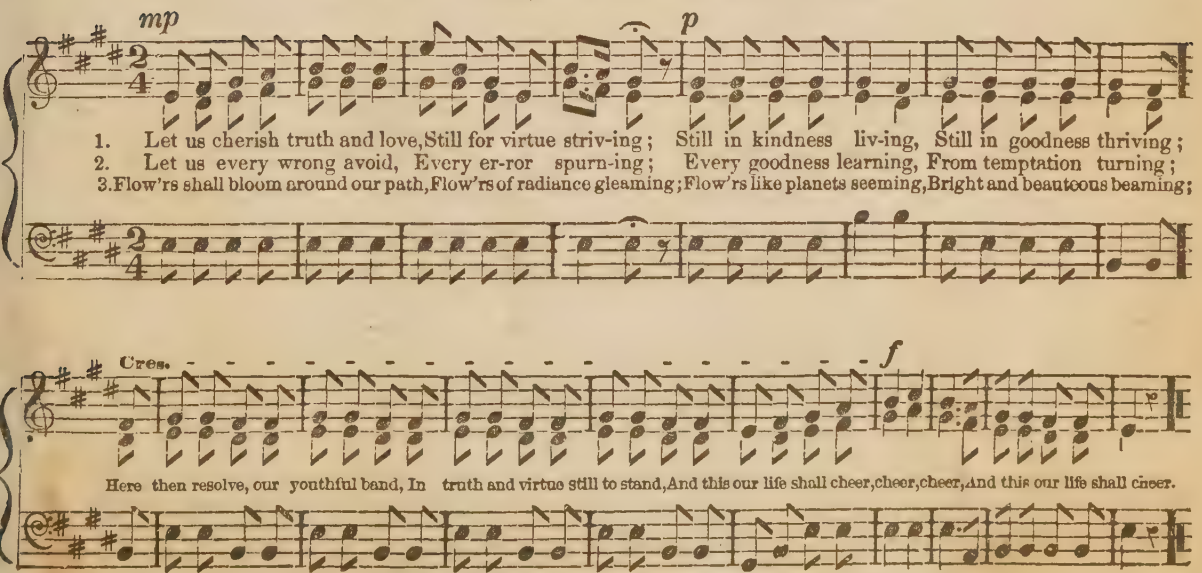
Now we sing, now we sing,
Gaily as the birds of spring,
As they hop, as they hop,
On the high tree top.
Let us be as prompt as they,
In our work or in our play,
Happily! happily!
Passing time away,
La, la, la, la, la, la,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

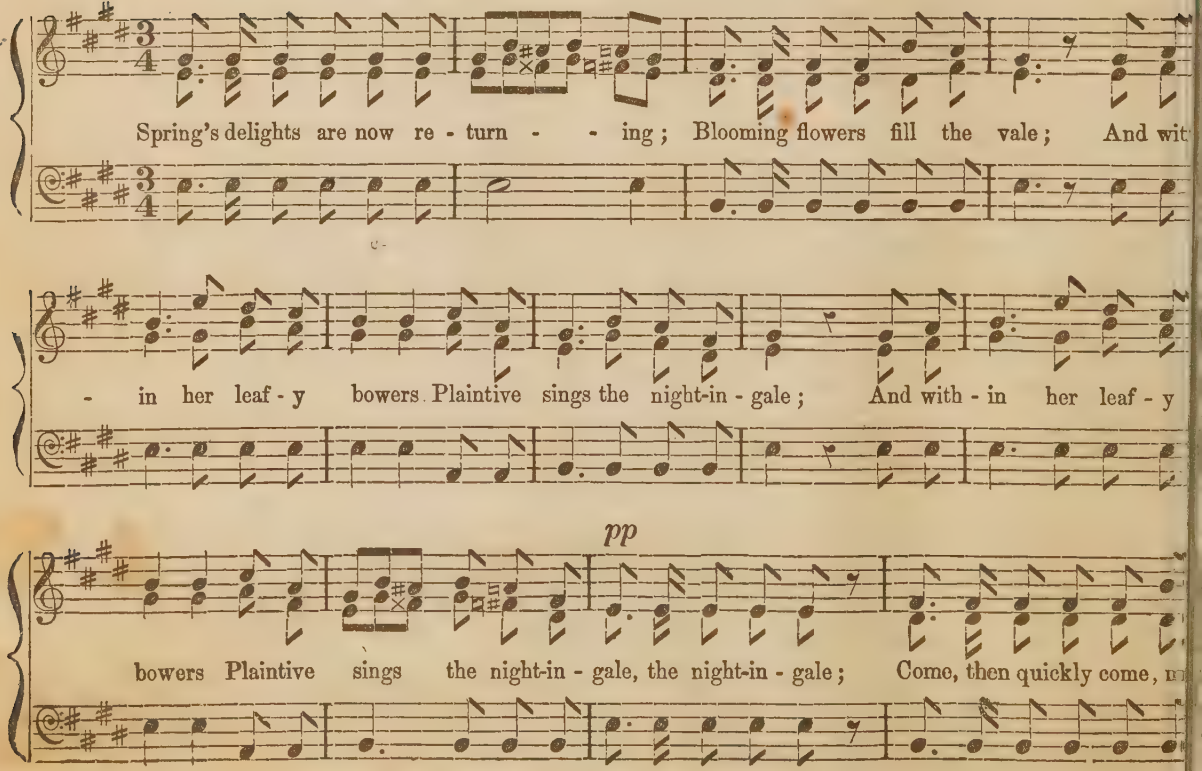
NOTE.— After singing the words set to the music, repeat the whole music, with the syllable La to each note, softly; then repeat again the syllable Ha to each note, with an explosive, loud, and distinct tone of voice; this will be found a good exercise to develope the voice.

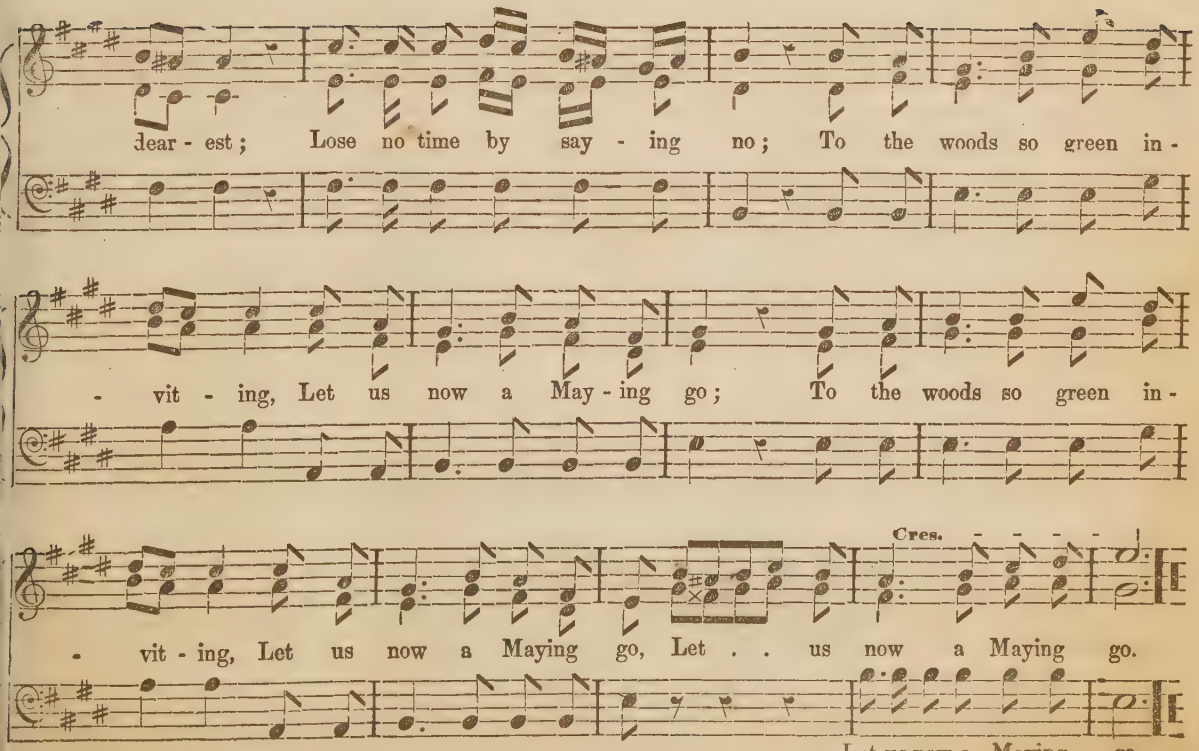
THE

GOLDEN WREATH.

"LET US CHERISH TRUTH AND LOVE."*

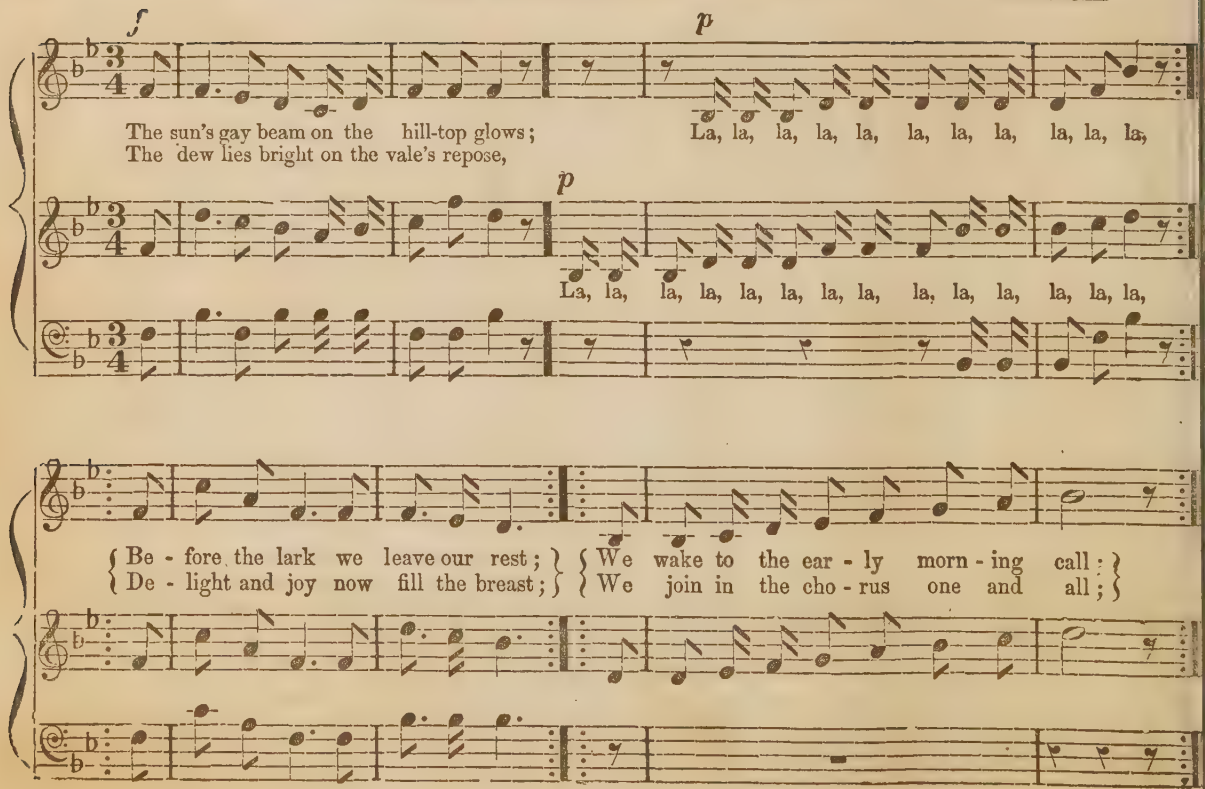

mp
p
1. Let us cherish truth and love, Still for virtue striv-ing; Still in kindness liv-ing, Still in goodness thriving;
2. Let us every wrong avoid, Every er-ror spurn-ing; Every goodness learning, From temptation turning;
3. Flow'rs shall bloom around our path, Flow'rs of radiance gleaming; Flow'rs like planets seeming, Bright and beautcous beaming;
Cres.
f
Here then resolve, our youthful band, In truth and virtue still to stand, And this our life shall cheer, cheer, cheer, And this our life shall cheer.

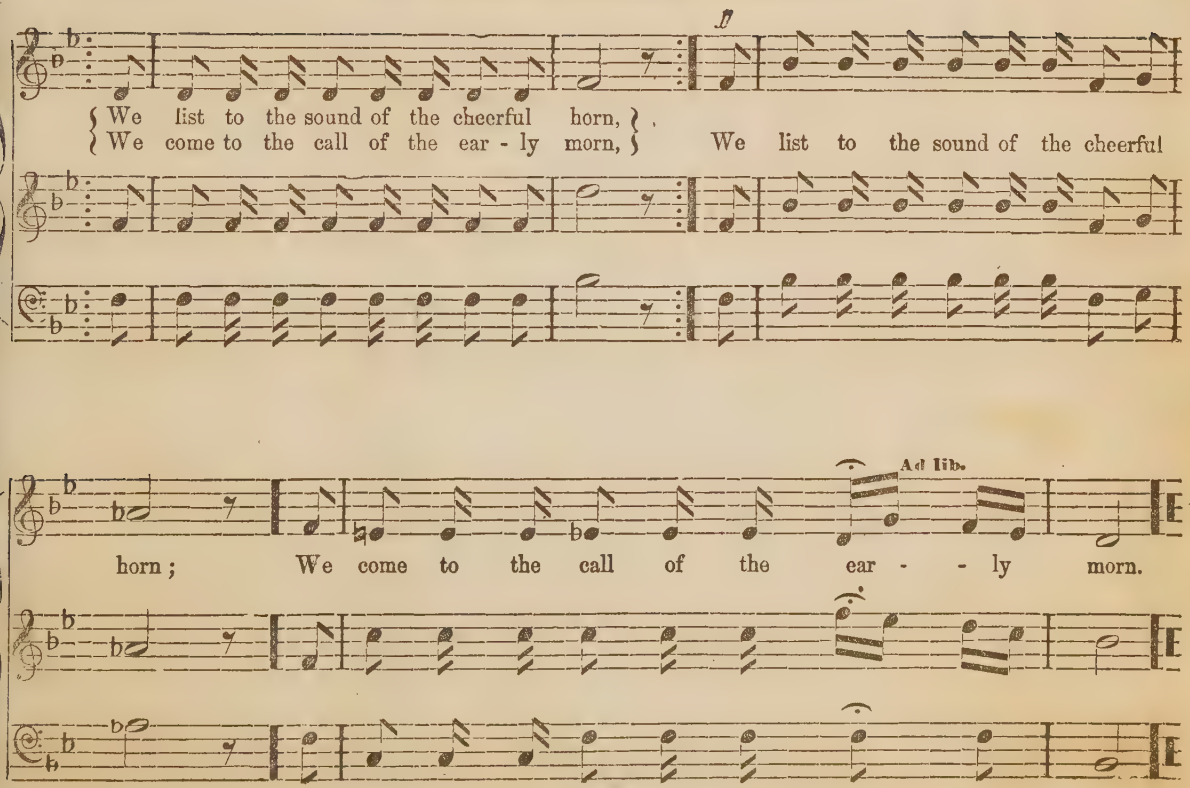
* To the words "cheer," the pupils may clap their hands.

Spring's delights are now re - turn - - ing; Blooming flowers fill the vale; And wit
- in her leaf - y bowers Plaintive sings the night-in - gale; And with - in her leaf - y
pp
bowers Plaintive sings the night-in - gale, the night-in - gale; Come, then quickly come,


dear - est; Lose no time by say - ing no; To the woods so green in -
- vit - ing, Let us now a May - ing go; To the woods so green in -
Cres.
- vit - ing, Let us now a Maying go, Let . . us now a Maying go.
Let us now a Maying go.

THE SUN'S GAY BEAM.

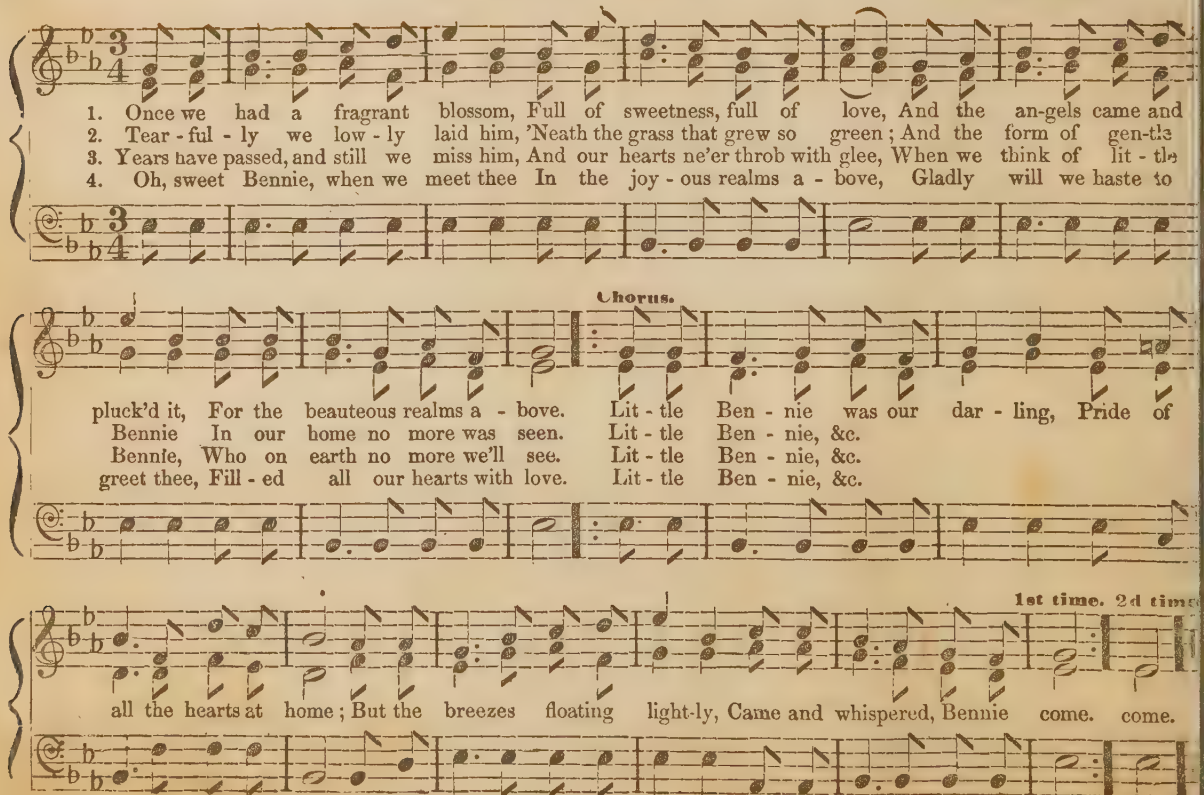
VON WEBER.

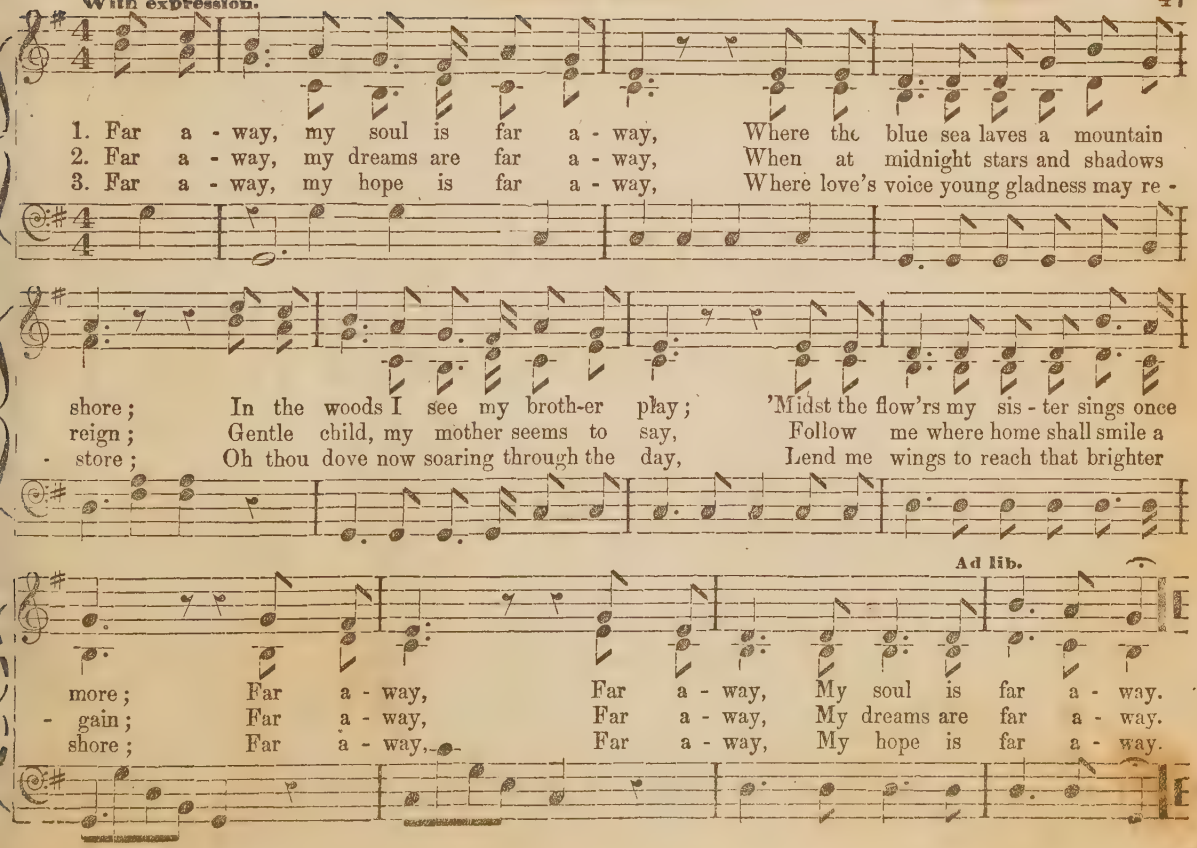

f
p
The sun's gay beam on the hill-top glows;
The dew lies bright on the vale's repose,
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
p
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Be - fore the lark we leave our rest;
De - light and joy now fill the breast;
We wake to the ear - ly morn - ing call:
We join in the cho - rus one and all;

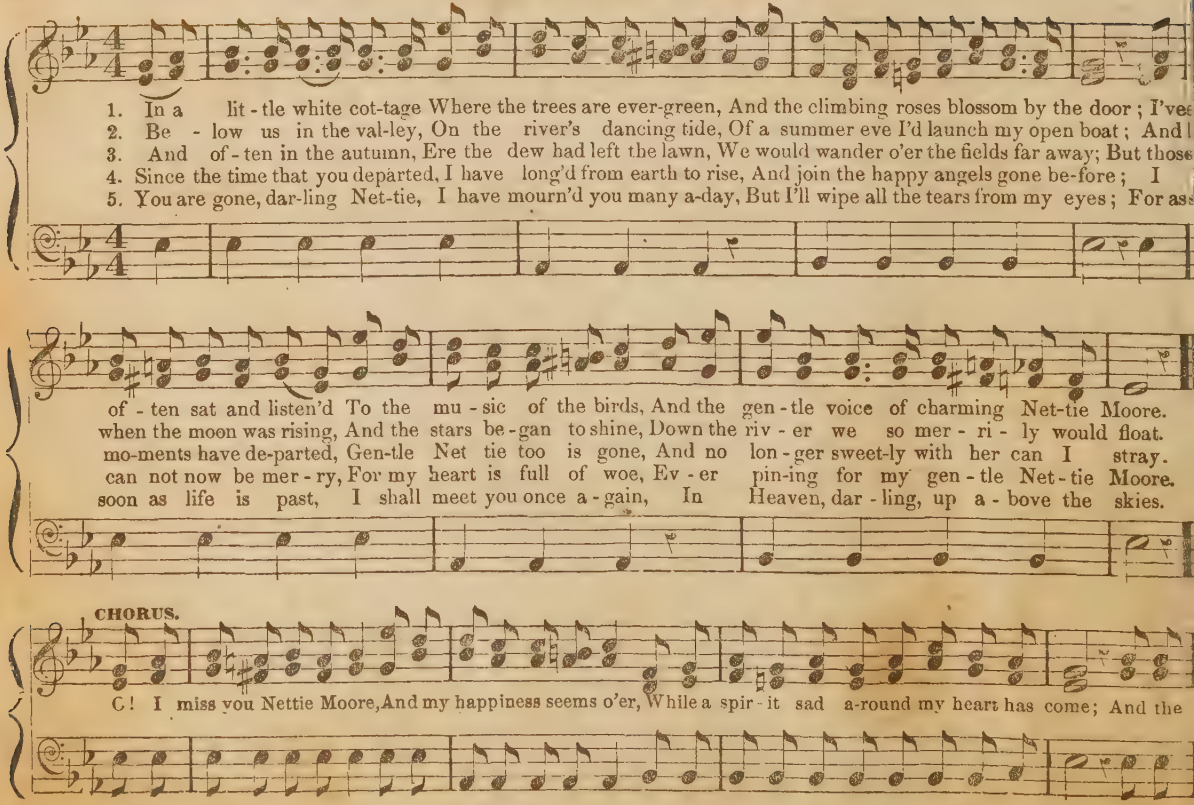

We list to the sound of the cheerful horn,
We come to the call of the ear - ly morn,
We list to the sound of the cheerful
horn;
We come to the call of the
Ad lib.
ear - - ly morn.

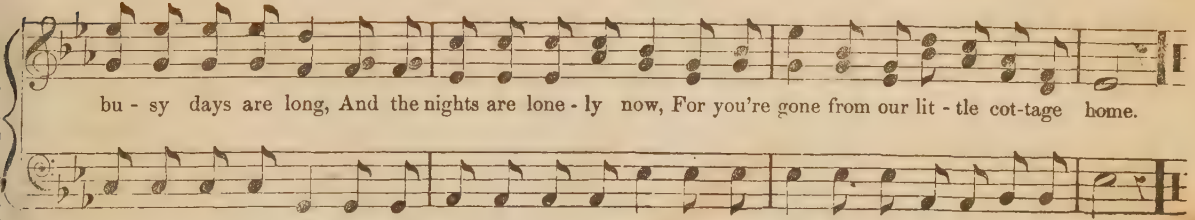
LITTLE BENNIE.

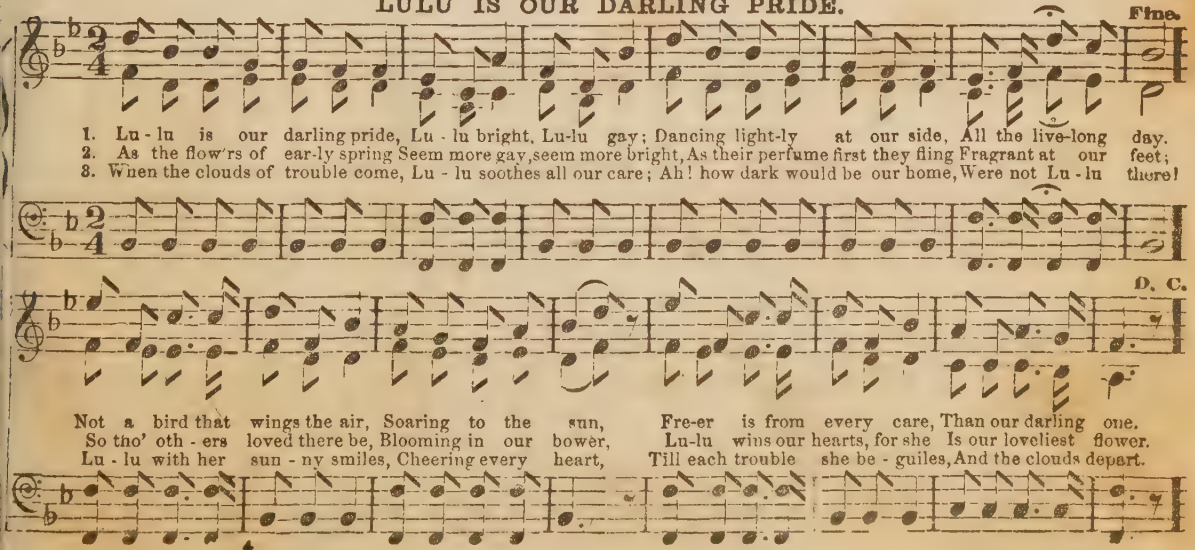
Words and Music by
G. R. POULTON

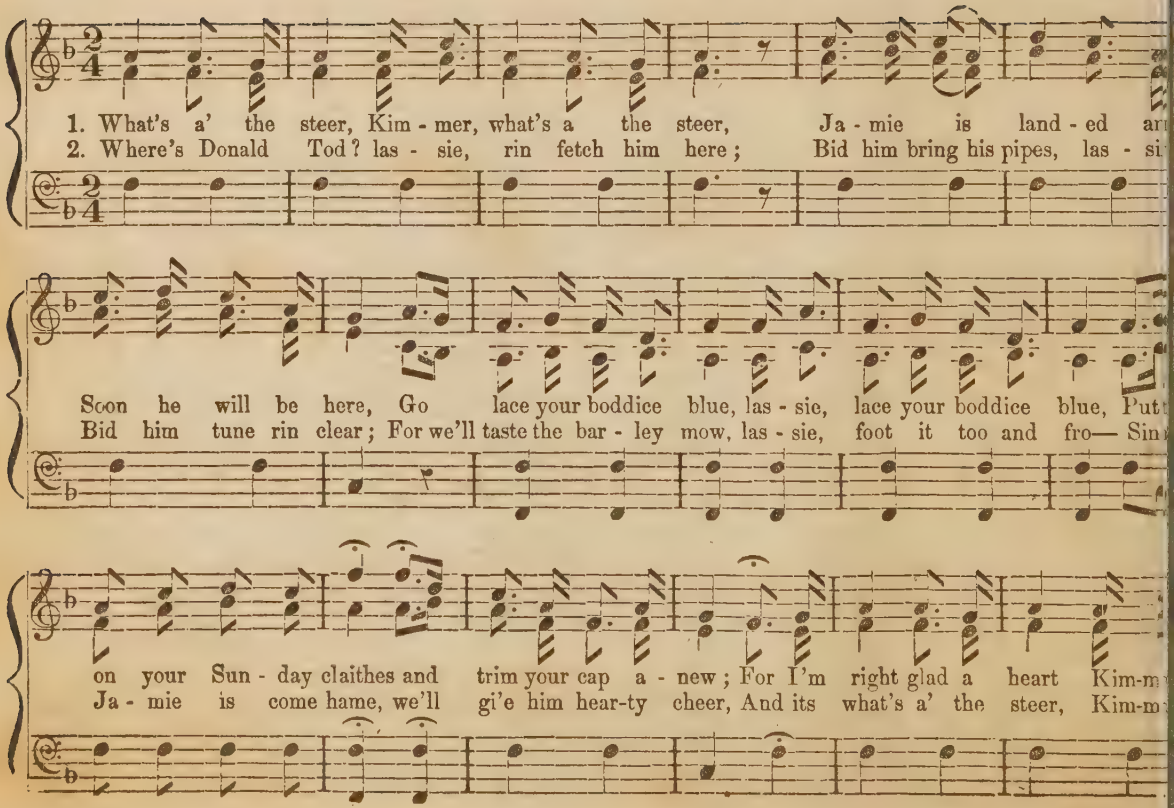

1. Once we had a fragrant blossom, Full of sweetness, full of love, And the an-gels came and
2. Tear-ful-ly we low-ly laid him, 'Neath the grass that grew so green; And the form of gen-tle
3. Years have passed, and still we miss him, And our hearts ne'er throb with glee, When we think of lit-tle
4. Oh, sweet Bennie, when we meet thee In the joy-ous realms a-bove, Gladly will we haste to
Chorus.
pluck'd it, For the beauteous realms a-bove. Lit-tle Ben-nie was our dar-ling, Pride of
Bennie In our home no more was seen. Lit-tle Ben-nie, &c.
Bennie, Who on earth no more we'll see. Lit-tle Ben-nie, &c.
greet thee, Fill-ed all our hearts with love. Lit-tle Ben-nie, &c.
1st time. 2d time
all the hearts at home; But the breezes floating light-ly, Came and whispered, Bennie come. come.

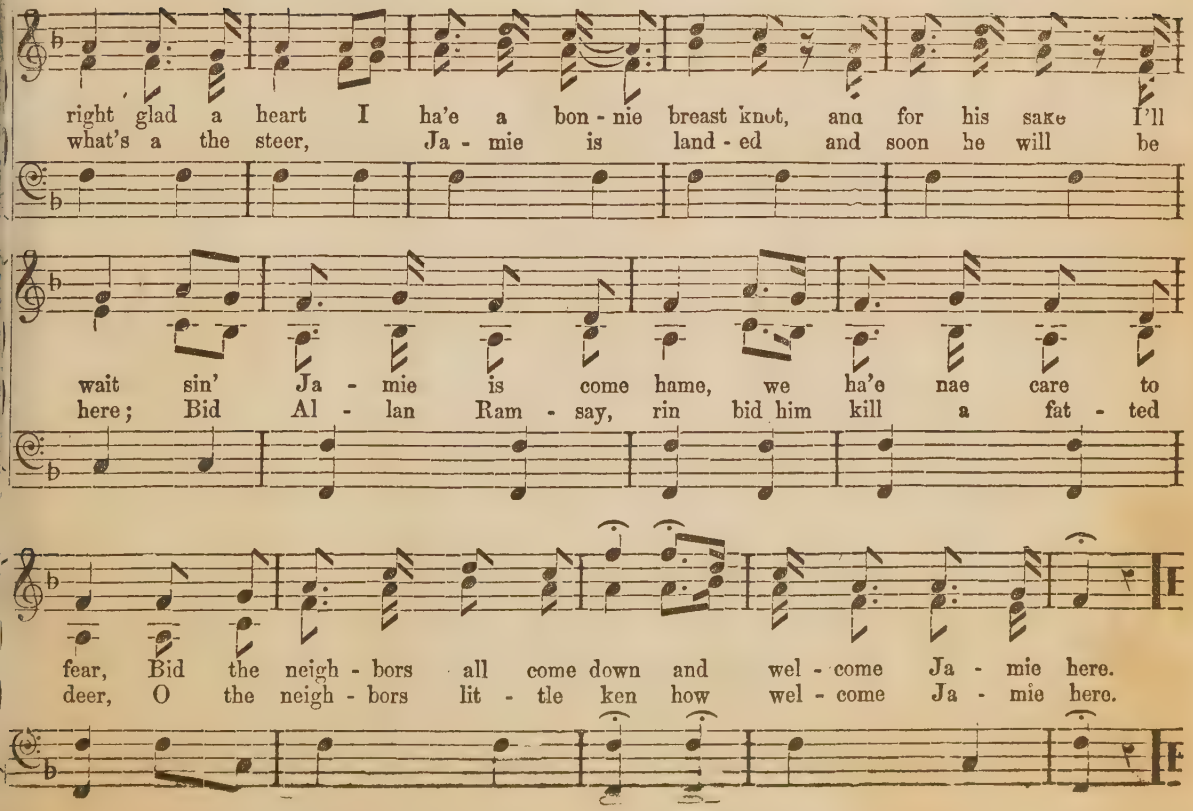

With expression.
1. Far a - way, my soul is far a - way, Where the blue sea laves a mountain
2. Far a - way, my dreams are far a - way, When at midnight stars and shadows
3. Far a - way, my hope is far a - way, Where love's voice young gladness may re -
shore; In the woods I see my broth-er play; 'Midst the flow'rs my sis - ter sings once
reign; Gentle child, my mother seems to say, Follow me where home shall smile a
- store; Oh thou dove now soaring through the day, Lend me wings to reach that brighter
Ad lib.
more; Far a - way, Far a - way, My soul is far a - way.
- gain; Far a - way, Far a - way, My dreams are far a - way.
shore; Far a - way, Far a - way, My hope is far a - way.


1. In a lit - tle white cot-tage Where the trees are ever-green, And the climbing roses blossom by the door ; I've
2. Be - low us in the val-ley, On the river's dancing tide, Of a summer eve I'd launch my open boat ; And
3. And of - ten in the autumn, Ere the dew had left the lawn, We would wander o'er the fields far away; But those
4. Since the time that you departed, I have long'd from earth to rise, And join the happy angels gone be-fore ; I
5. You are gone, dar-ling Net-tie, I have mourn'd you many a-day, But I'll wipe all the tears from my eyes ; For as
of - ten sat and listen'd To the mu - sic of the birds, And the gen - tle voice of charming Net-tie Moore.
when the moon was rising, And the stars be - gan to shine, Down the riv - er we so mer - ri - ly would float.
mo-ments have de-parted, Gen-tle Net tie too is gone, And no lon - ger sweet-ly with her can I stray.
can not now be mer - ry, For my heart is full of woe, Ev - er pin-ing for my gen - tle Net - tie Moore.
soon as life is past, I shall meet you once a - gain, In Heaven, dar - ling, up a - bove the skies.
CHORUS.
O! I miss you Nettie Moore, And my happiness seems o'er, While a spir - it sad a-round my heart has come; And the



LULU IS OUR DARLING PRIDE.

Fine.
1. Lu - lu is our darling pride, Lu - lu bright, Lu-lu gay; Dancing light-ly at our side, All the live-long day.
2. As the flow'rs of ear-ly spring Seem more gay, seem more bright, As their perfume first they fling Fragrant at our feet;
3. When the clouds of trouble come, Lu - lu soothes all our care; Ah! how dark would be our home, Were not Lu - lu there!
D. C.
Not a bird that wings the air, Soaring to the sun, Fre-er is from every care, Than our darling one.
So tho' oth - ers loved there be, Blooming in our bower, Lu-lu wins our hearts, for she Is our loveliest flower.
Lu - lu with her sun - ny smiles, Cheering every heart, Till each trouble she be - guiles, And the clouds depart.


1. What's a' the steer, Kim - mer, what's a the steer, Ja - mie is land - ed ar
2. Where's Donald Tod? las - sie, rin fetch him here; Bid him bring his pipes, las - si
Soon he will be here, Go lace your boddice blue, las - sie, lace your boddice blue, Put
Bid him tune rin clear; For we'll taste the bar - ley mow, las - sie, foot it too and fro— Sin
on your Sun - day claithes and trim your cap a - new; For I'm right glad a heart Kim-m
Ja - mie is come hame, we'll gi'e him hear-ty cheer, And its what's a' the steer, Kim-m


right glad a heart I ha'e a bon - nie breast knot, and for his sake I'll
what's a the steer, Ja - mie is land - ed and soon he will be
wait sin' Ja - mie is come hame, we ha'e nae care to
here; Bid Al - lan Ram - say, rin bid him kill a fat - ted
fear, Bid the neigh - bors all come down and wel - come Ja - mie here.
deer, O the neigh - bors lit - tle ken how wel - come Ja - mie here.

WILLIE'S ON THE DARK BLUE SEA.

H. S. THOMPSON

Closing Chorus.

1. My Wil - lie's on the dark blue sea, He's gone far o'er the main, And many a wea - ry
2. I love my Wil - lie best of all, He e'er was true to me, But lone - some, drea-ry
3. There's dan-ger on the wa - ter, now, I hear the blond - bill's cry; And moan-ing voi - ces
4. I see the viv - id light-nings flash, And hark! the thun - ders roar, Oh, Fa - ther, save my
5. And as she spoke the lightning ceased, Hushed was the thun - der's roar; And Wil - lie clasped her

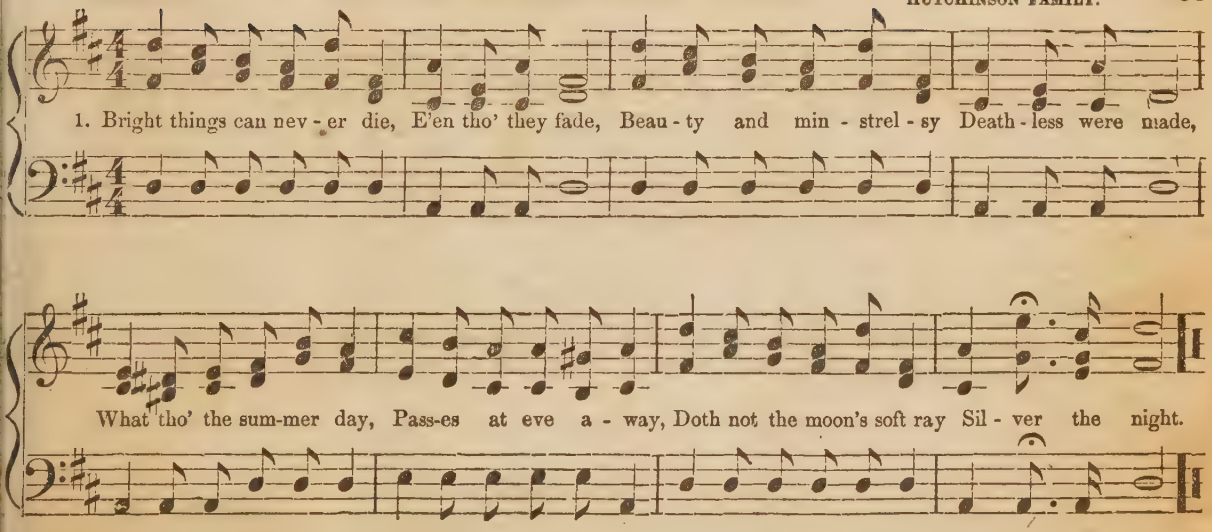
Chorus.

day will pass, Ere he'll come back a - gain. Now blow gen - tle wind o'er the dark blue sea, Bid the
are the hours, Since first he went to sea.
seem to speak From out the cloud - y sky.
Wil - lie from The storm-king's mighty power.
in his arms, To roam the seas no more. *Chorus to last verse.* Now blow gen - tle wind o'er the dark blue sea, No more

Storm-king stay his hand, And bring my Wil - lie back to me, To his own dear na - tive land.
we'll stay thy hand; Since Willie's safe at home with me, In his own dear na - tive land.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

HUTCHINSON FAMILY.


1. Bright things can nev - er die, E'en tho' they fade, Beau - ty and min - strel - sy Death - less were made,
What tho' the sum-mer day, Pass-es at eve a - way, Doth not the moon's soft ray Sil - ver the night.

2

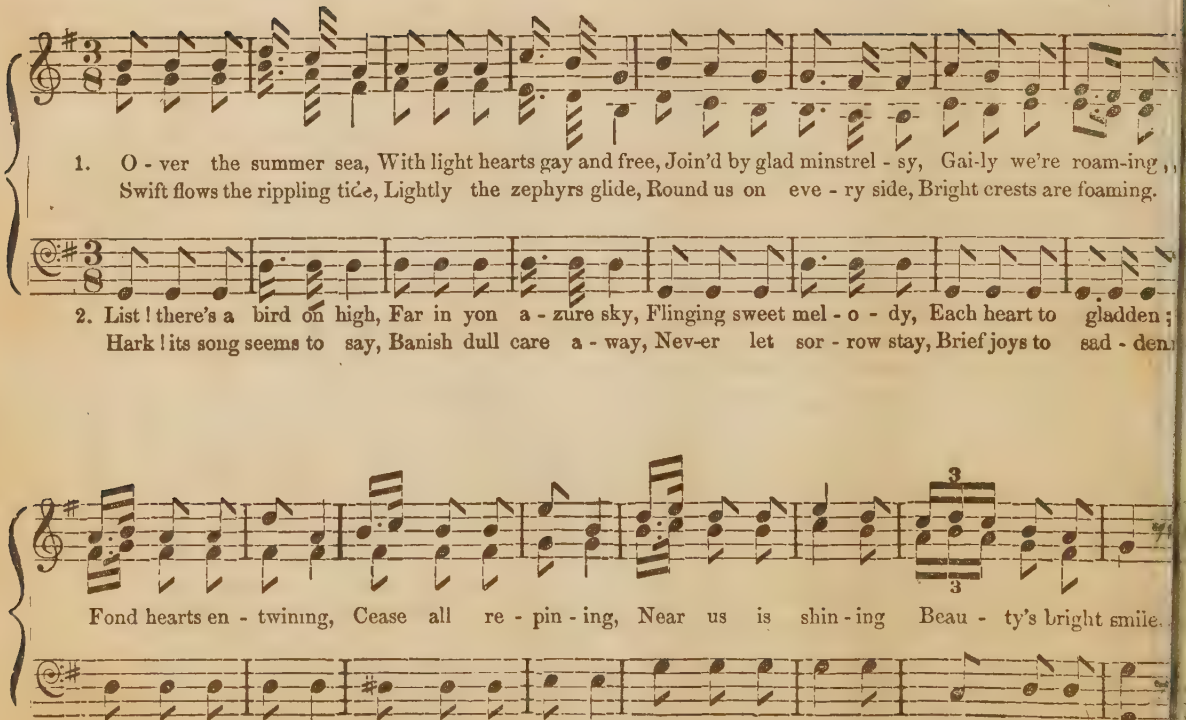
Kind words can never die,
Cherish'd and blest,
God knows how deep they lie
Stor'd in the breast;
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Age in all years and climes
Distant and near.

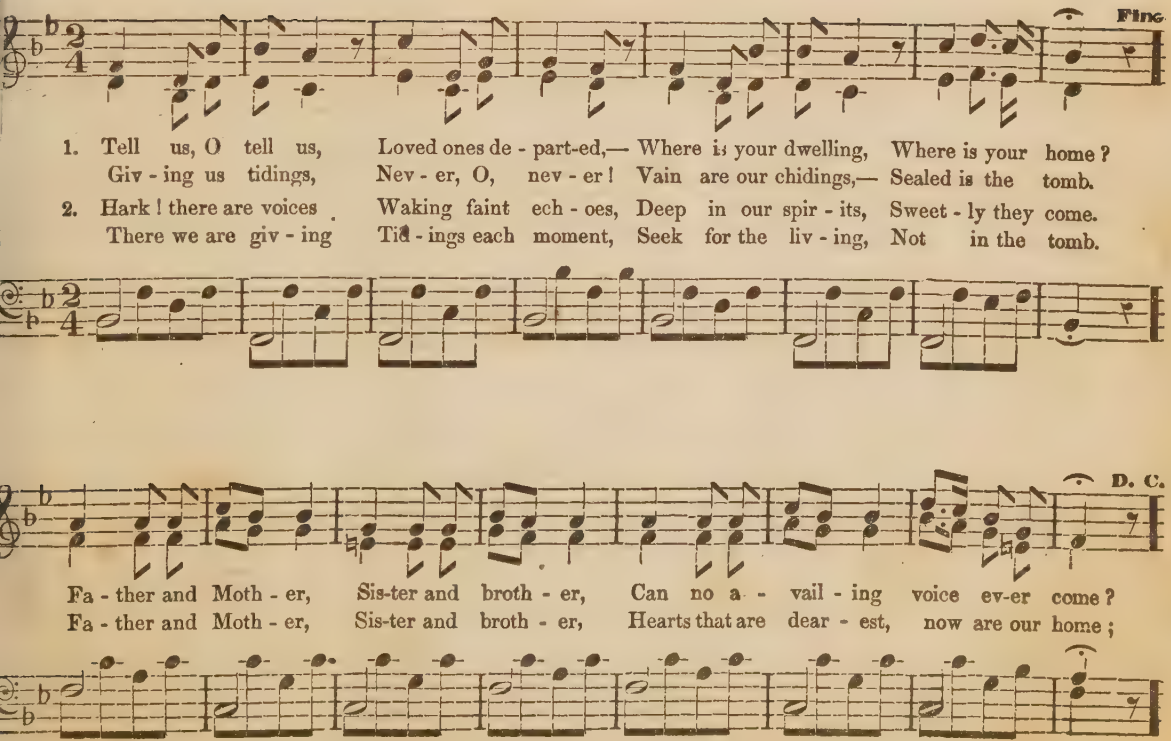
3

Childhood can never die,
Wrecks of the past,
Float o'er the memory
Bright to the last,
Many a happy thing,
Many a daisy spring
Float o'er time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.

OVER THE SUMMER SEA.

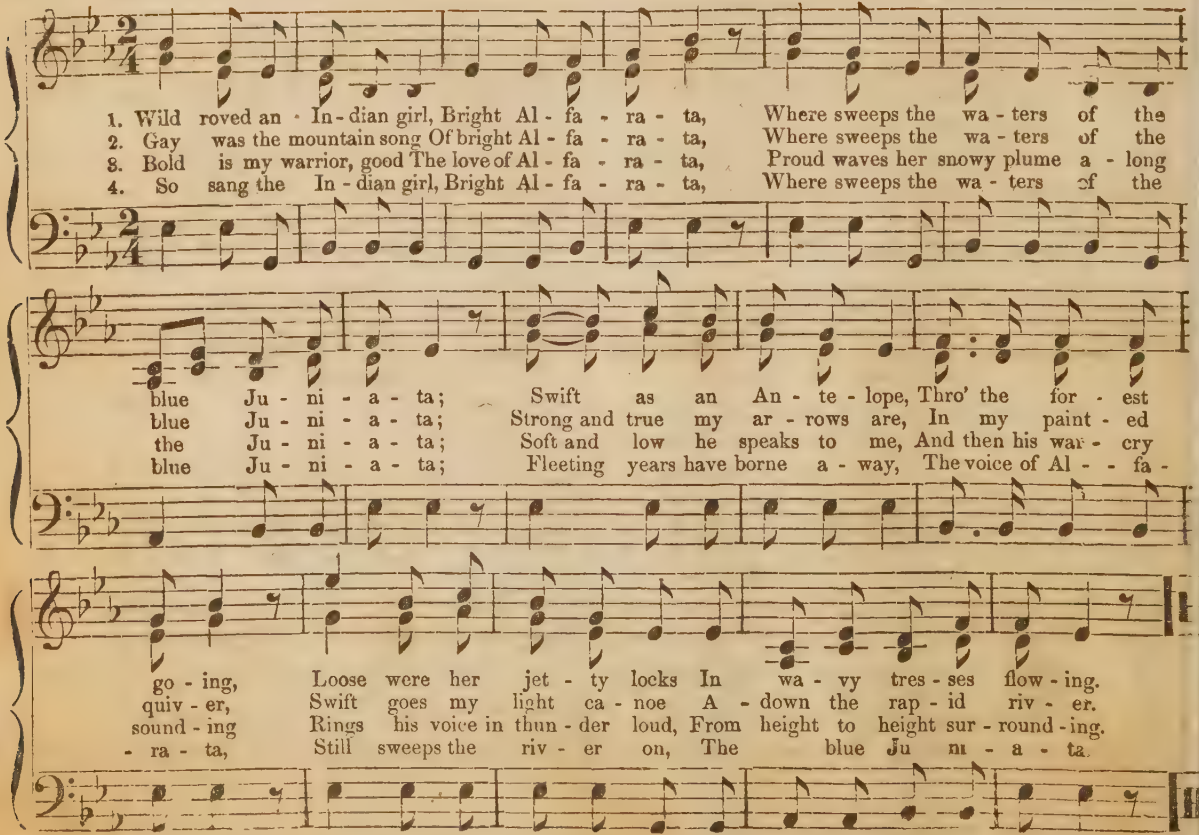
Arr. from VERDI.


1. O - ver the summer sea, With light hearts gay and free, Join'd by glad minstrel - sy, Gai-ly we're roam-ing,
Swift flows the rippling tide, Lightly the zephyrs glide, Round us on eve - ry side, Bright crests are foaming.
2. List! there's a bird on high, Far in yon a - zure sky, Flinging sweet mel - o - dy, Each heart to gladden;
Hark! its song seems to say, Banish dull care a - way, Nev-er let sor - row stay, Brief joys to sad - den
Fond hearts en - twining, Cease all re - pin - ing, Near us is shin - ing Beau - ty's bright smile.
Fond hearts en - twining, Who'd be re - pin - ing, While near is shin - ing Beau - ty's bright smile.


Fine.
1. Tell us, O tell us, Loved ones de - part-ed,— Where is your dwelling, Where is your home?
Giv - ing us tidings, Nev - er, O, nev - er! Vain are our chidings,— Sealed is the tomb.
2. Hark! there are voices Waking faint ech - oes, Deep in our spir - its, Sweet - ly they come.
There we are giv - ing Tid - ings each moment, Seek for the liv - ing, Not in the tomb.
D. C.
Fa - ther and Moth - er, Sis-ter and broth - er, Can no a - vail - ing voice ev-er come?
Fa - ther and Moth - er, Sis-ter and broth - er, Hearts that are dear - est, now are our home;

THE BLUE JUNIATA.

Words and melody by
MRS. M. D. SULLIVAN.


1. Wild roved an In - dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweeps the wa - ters of the
2. Gay was the mountain song Of bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweeps the wa - ters of the
3. Bold is my warrior, good The love of Al - fa - ra - ta, Proud waves her snowy plume a - long
4. So sang the In - dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweeps the wa - ters of the
blue Ju - ni - a - ta; Swift as an An - te - lope, Thro' the for - est
blue Ju - ni - a - ta; Strong and true my ar - rows are, In my paint - ed
the Ju - ni - a - ta; Soft and low he speaks to me, And then his war - cry
blue Ju - ni - a - ta; Fleeting years have borne a - way, The voice of Al - - fa -
go - ing, Loose were her jet - ty locks In wa - vy tres - ses flow - ing.
quiv - er, Swift goes my light ca - noe A - down the rap - id riv - er.
sound - ing Rings his voice in thun - der loud, From height to height sur - round - ing.
- ra - ta, Still sweeps the riv - er on, The blue Ju ni - a - ta.

GENTLE ANNIE

S. C. FOSTER.

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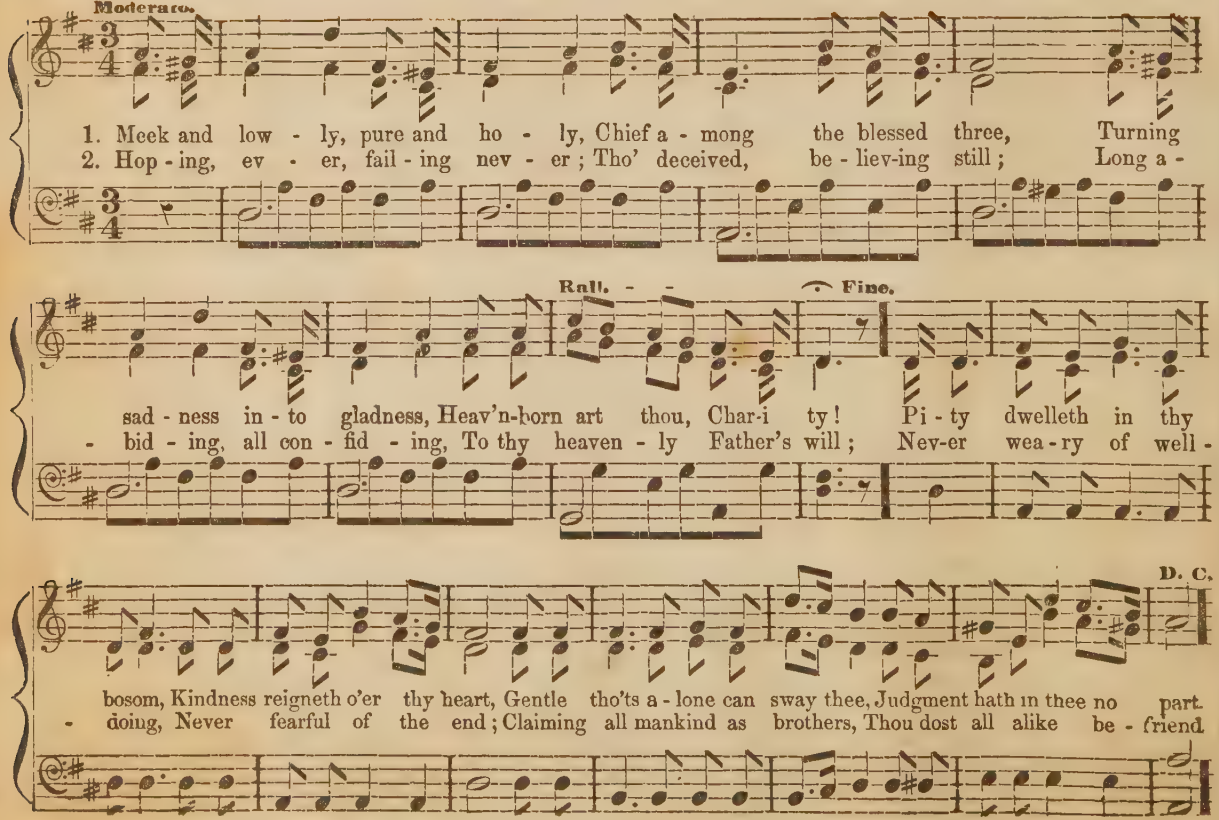
1. Thou wilt come no more, gen - tle An - nie, Like a flow'r thy spir - it did im - part; Thou art
2. We have roamed and loved 'mid the bowers, When thy dow - ny cheeks were in their bloom; Now I
3. Ah! the hours grow sad while I pon - der, Near the si - lent spot where thou art laid; And my

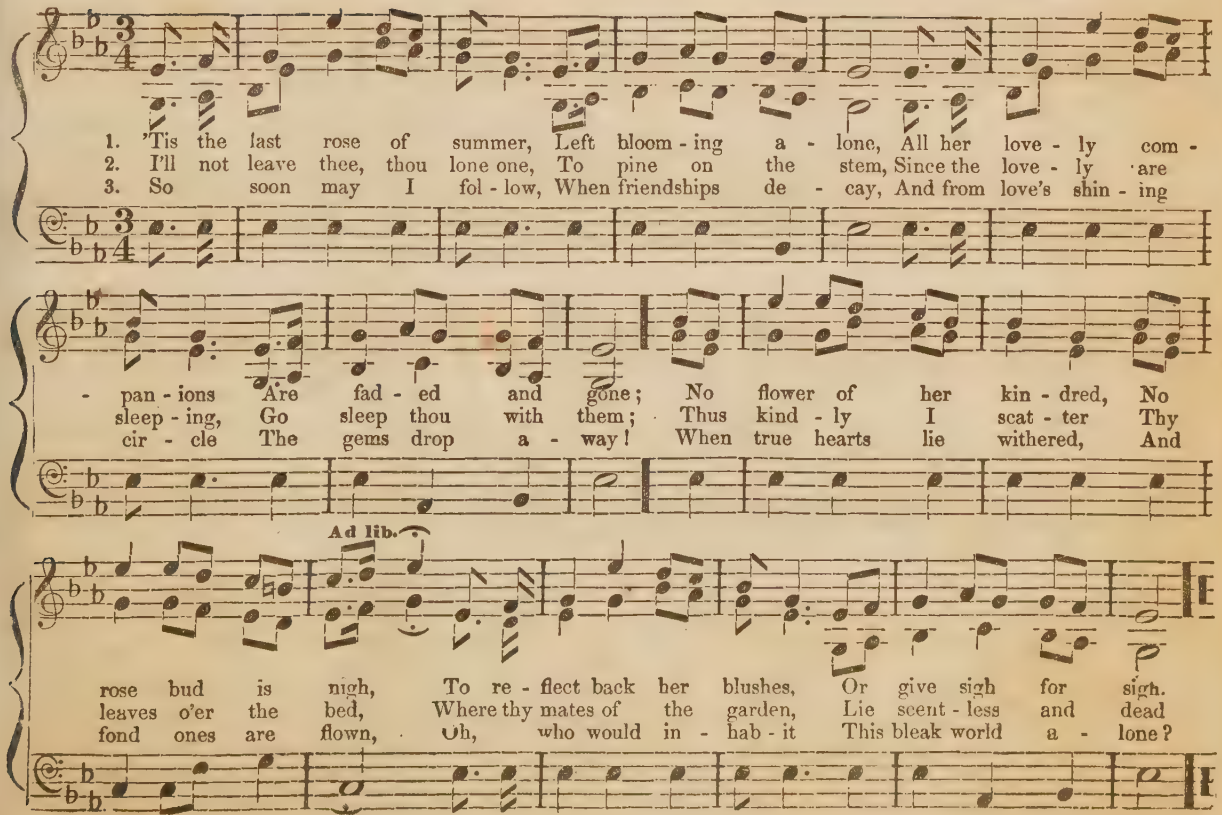
CHORUS.

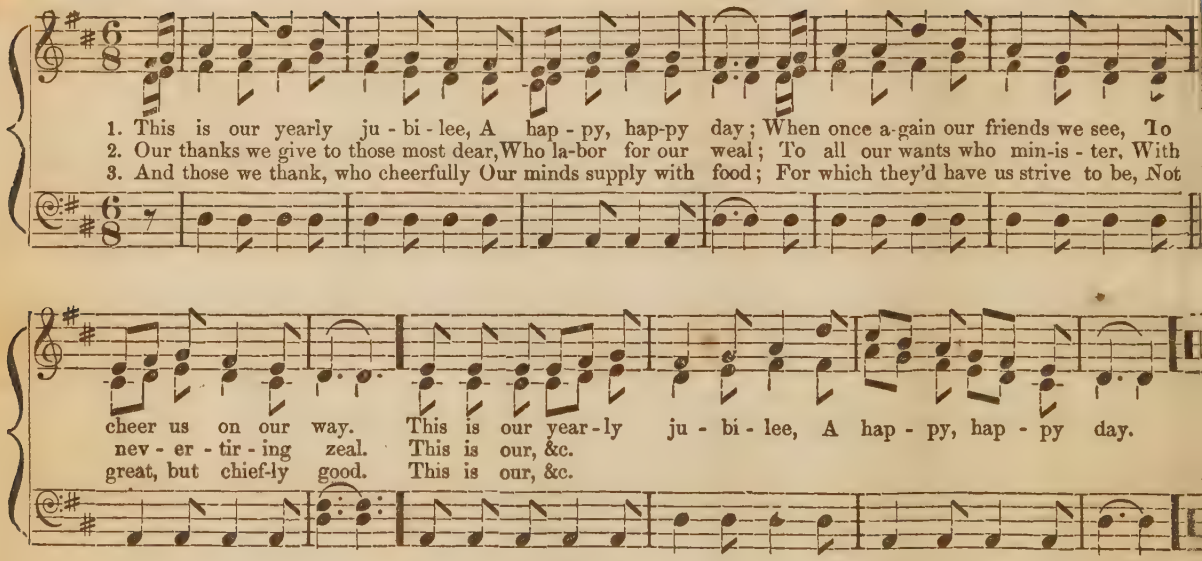
gone, a - las! like the ma - ny That have bloomed in the sum-mer of my heart. Shall we nev-er more be -
stand a - lone 'mid the flowers, While they min-gle their perfumes o'er thy tomb.
heart bows down when I wan-der By the streams and the meadows where we strayed.

hold thee; nev-er hear thy winning voice a-gain, When the spring-time comes, gentle Annie, When the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain.


Moderato.
1. Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a - mong the blessed three, Turning
2. Hop - ing, ev - er, fail - ing nev - er; Tho' deceived, be - liev-ing still; Long a -
Rall. - -
Fine.
sad - ness in - to gladness, Heav'n-born art thou, Char-i ty! Pi - ty dwelleth in thy
- bid - ing, all con - fid - ing, To thy heaven - ly Father's will; Nev-er wea - ry of well -
D. C.
bosom, Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart, Gentle tho'ts a - lone can sway thee, Judgment hath in thee no part.
- doing, Never fearful of the end; Claiming all mankind as brothers, Thou dost all alike be - friend

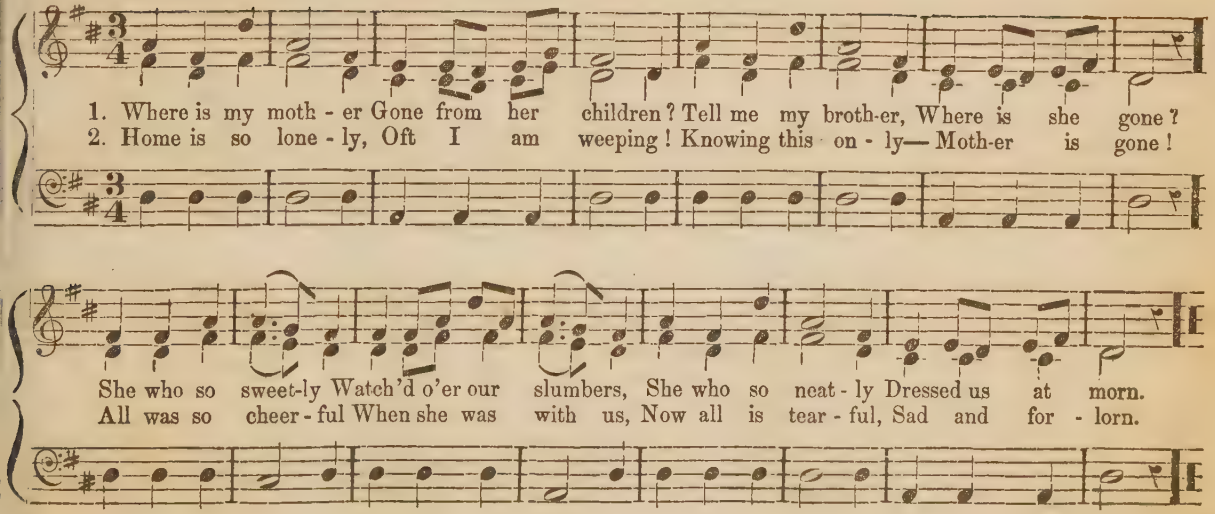
OLD MELODY


1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom - ing a - lone, All her love - ly com -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love - ly are
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friendships de - cay, And from love's shin - ing
- pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flower of her kin - dred, No
sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy
cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie withered, And
Ad lib.
rose bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the garden, Lie scent - less and dead
fond ones are flown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone?


1. This is our yearly ju - bi - lee, A hap - py, hap-py day; When once a-gain our friends we see, To
2. Our thanks we give to those most dear, Who la-bor for our weal; To all our wants who min-is - ter, With
3. And those we thank, who cheerfully Our minds supply with food; For which they'd have us strive to be, Not
cheer us on our way. This is our year-ly ju - bi - lee, A hap - py, hap - py day.
nev - er - tir - ing zeal. This is our, &c.
great, but chief-ly good. This is our, &c.

4 And shall we their kind wish deny
Their expectations blight;
Oh! no; but earnestly we'll try
To do whate'er is right.
This is our yearly, &c

5 So when our day of youth is past,
If storms of sorrow lower,
Our hearts shall then withstand the blast,
Sustained by virtue's power.
This is our yearly, &c.


1. Where is my moth - er Gone from her children? Tell me my broth-er, Where is she gone?
2. Home is so lone - ly, Oft I am weeping! Knowing this on - ly— Moth-er is gone!
She who so sweet-ly Watch'd o'er our slumbers, She who so neat - ly Dressed us at morn.
All was so cheer - ful When she was with us, Now all is tear - ful, Sad and for - lorn.

3

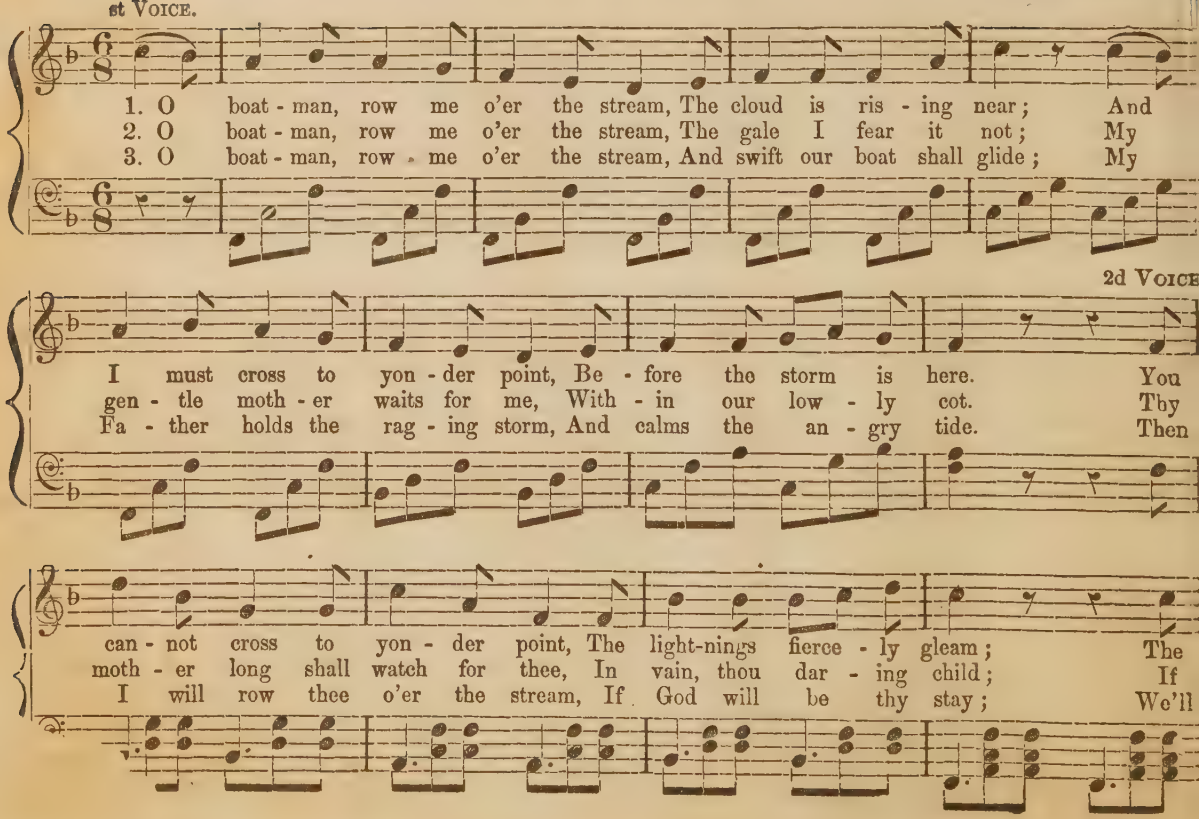
Oft would we kiss her,
Happily clasp her,
But ah! we miss her,
For she is gone;
Would we might read her
Lessons so pretty,
Sadly we need her,
Now she is gone.

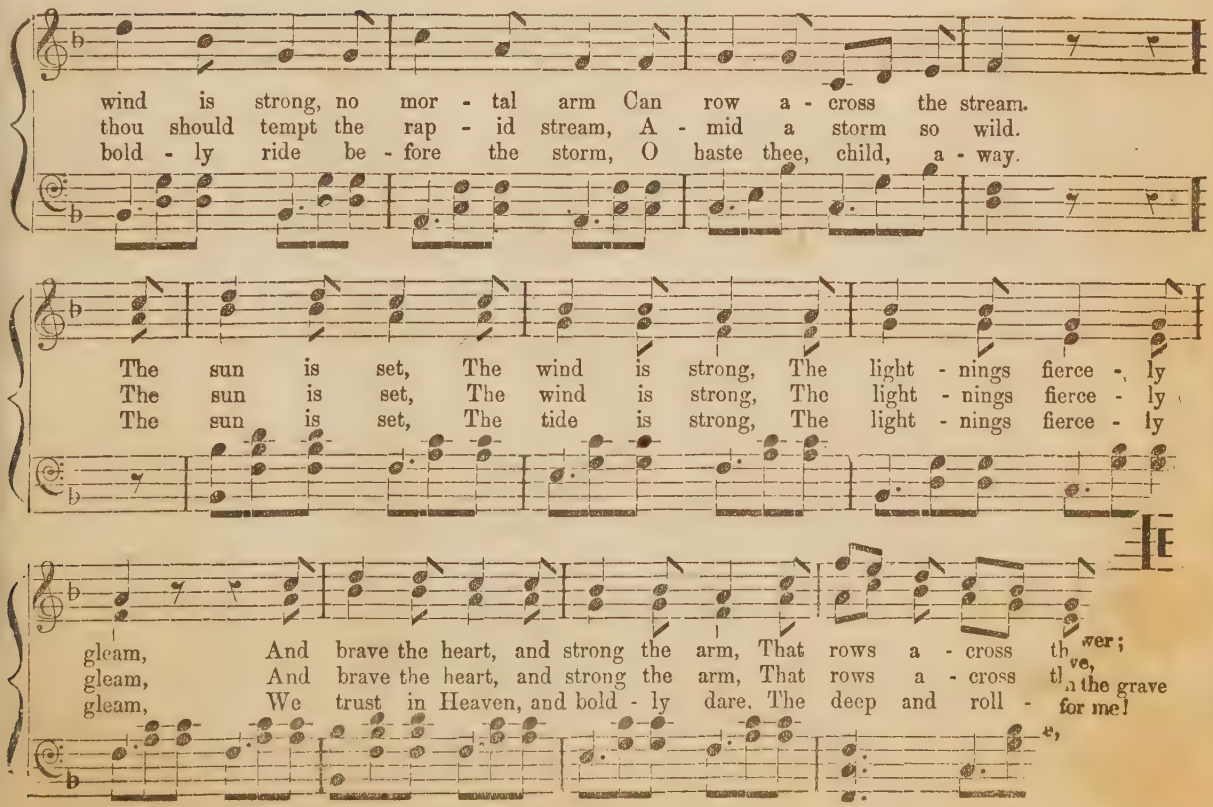
4

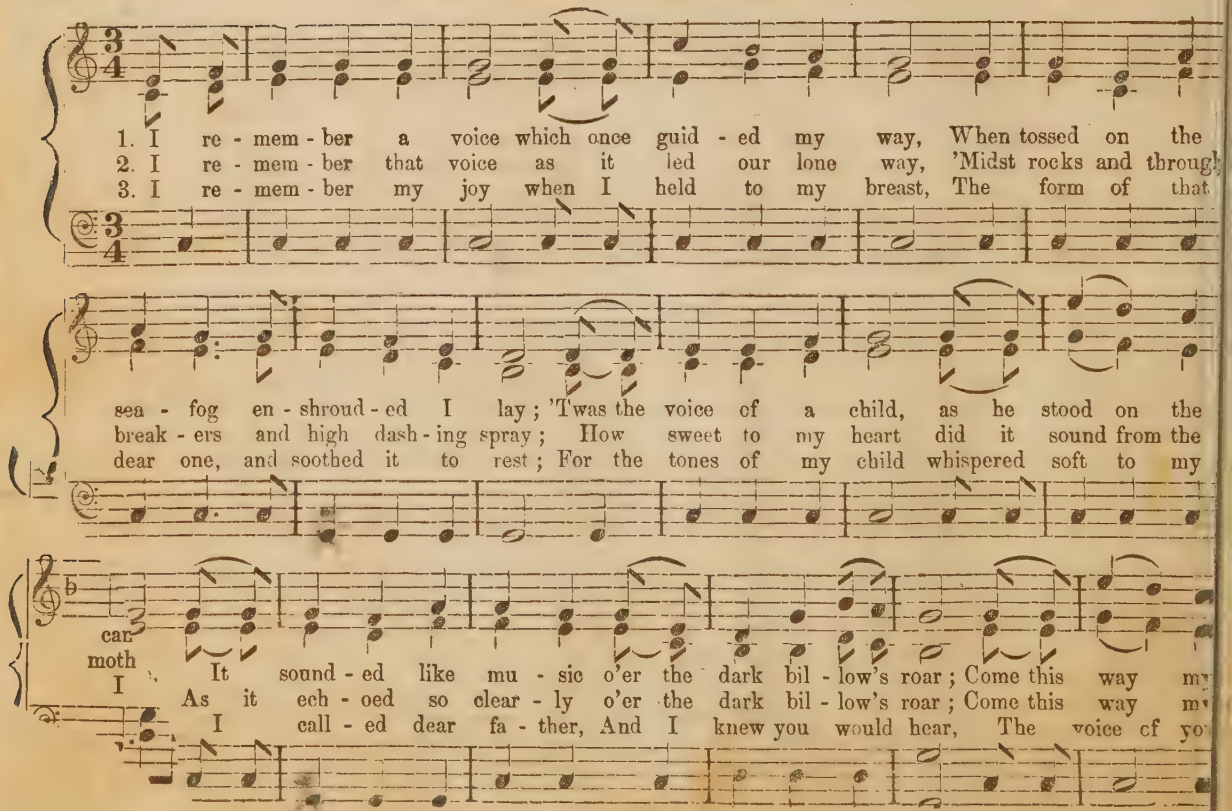
Would that far better
We had obeyed her
Sad we regret her,
Now she is gone;
Children be wiser;
Blest with a mother,
Learn how to prize her
Ere she be gone.

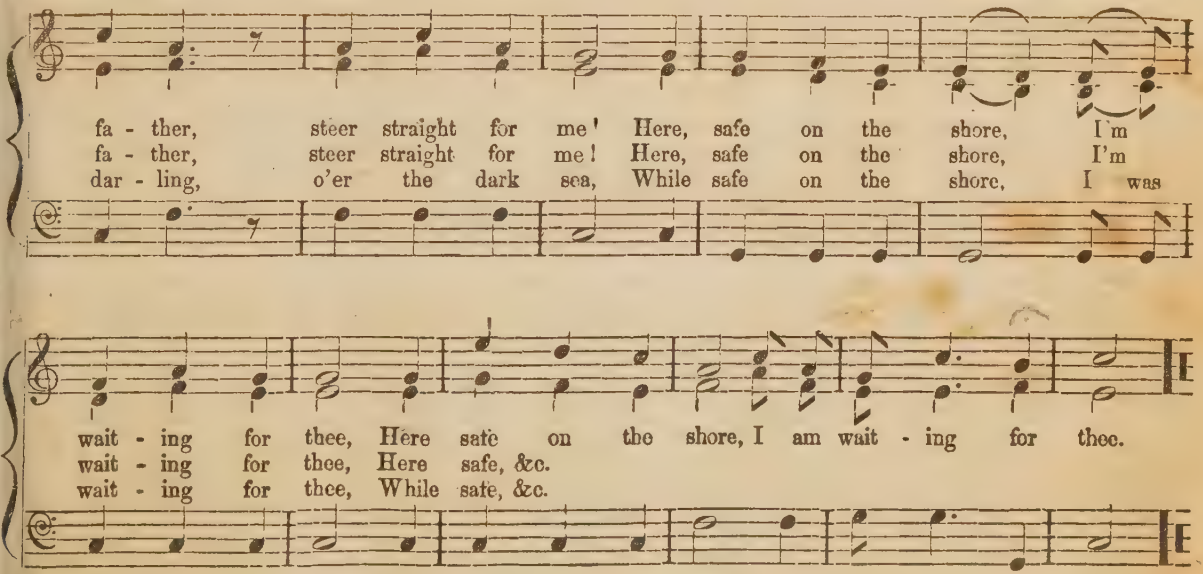
DUET. O BOATMAN, ROW ME O'ER THE STREAM.

M. D. SULLIVAN.


1st Voice.
1. O boat - man, row me o'er the stream, The cloud is ris - ing near; And
2. O boat - man, row me o'er the stream, The gale I fear it not; My
3. O boat - man, row me o'er the stream, And swift our boat shall glide; My
2d Voice
I must cross to yon - der point, Be - fore the storm is here. You
gen - tle moth - er waits for me, With - in our low - ly cot. Thy
Fa - ther holds the rag - ing storm, And calms the an - gry tide. Then
can - not cross to yon - der point, The light-nings fierce - ly gleam; The
moth - er long shall watch for thee, In vain, thou dar - ing child; If
I will row thee o'er the stream, If God will be thy stay; We'll


wind is strong, no mor - tal arm Can row a - cross the stream.
thou should tempt the rap - id stream, A - mid a storm so wild.
bold - ly ride be - fore the storm, O haste thee, child, a - way.
The sun is set, The wind is strong, The light - nings fierce - ly
The sun is set, The wind is strong, The light - nings fierce - ly
The sun is set, The tide is strong, The light - nings fierce - ly
gleam, And brave the heart, and strong the arm, That rows a - cross th wer;
gleam, And brave the heart, and strong the arm, That rows a - cross th ve,
gleam, We trust in Heaven, and bold - ly dare. The deep and roll - for me!
n the grave
e,


1. I re - mem - ber a voice which once guid - ed my way, When tossed on the
2. I re - mem - ber that voice as it led our lone way, 'Midst rocks and through
3. I re - mem - ber my joy when I held to my breast, The form of that
sea - fog en - shroud - ed I lay; 'Twas the voice of a child, as he stood on the
break - ers and high dash - ing spray; How sweet to my heart did it sound from the
dear one, and soothed it to rest; For the tones of my child whispered soft to my
can
moth
I
It sound - ed like mu - sic o'er the dark bil - low's roar; Come this way my
As it ech - oed so clear - ly o'er the dark bil - low's roar; Come this way my
I call - ed dear fa - ther, And I knew you would hear, The voice of yo

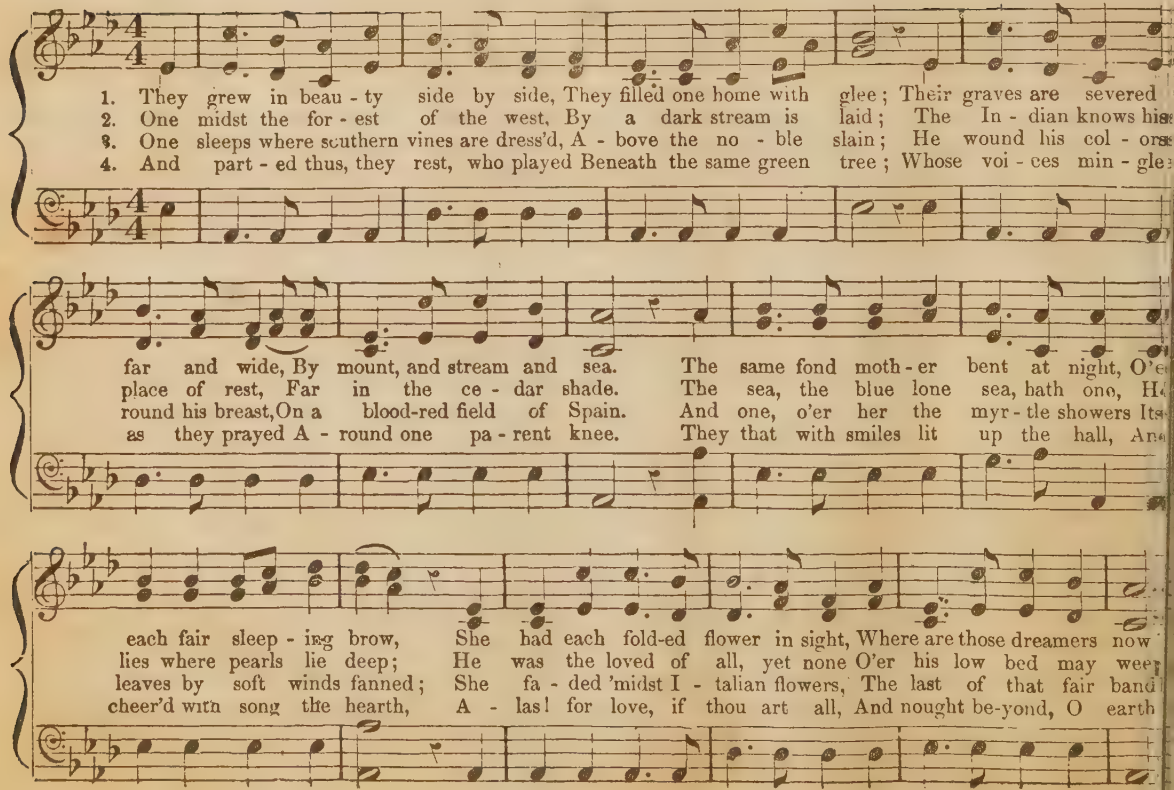

fa - ther, steer straight for me! Here, safe on the shore, I'm
fa - ther, steer straight for me! Here, safe on the shore, I'm
dar - ling, o'er the dark sea, While safe on the shore, I was
wait - ing for thee, Here safe on the shore, I am wait - ing for thee.
wait - ing for thee, Here safe, &c.
wait - ing for thee, While safe, &c.

4 That voice is now hushed which then guided my way,
The form I then pressed is now mingling with clay;
But the tones of my child still sound in my ear,
I am calling you, father, Oh! can you not hear
The voice of your darling as you toss on life's sea!
For on a bright shore I am waiting for thee!
For on a bright shore, &c.

5 I remember that voice, in many a lone hour,
It speaks to my heart with fresh beauty and power;
And still echoes far out over life's troubled wave,
And sounds from the loved lips that lie silent in the grave
Come this way my father, Oh! steer straight for me!
Here, safely in heaven I am waiting for thee,
Here, safely, &c.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

Words by MRS. HEMANS
Music by C. H. M.


1. They grew in beau - ty side by side, They filled one home with glee; Their graves are severed
2. One midst the for - est of the west, By a dark stream is laid; The In - dian knows his
3. One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd, A - bove the no - ble slain; He wound his col - ors
4. And part - ed thus, they rest, who played Beneath the same green tree; Whose voi - ces min - gle
far and wide, By mount, and stream and sea. The same fond moth - er bent at night, O'e
place of rest, Far in the ce - dar shade. The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one, H
round his breast, On a blood-red field of Spain. And one, o'er her the myr - tle showers Its
as they prayed A - round one pa - rent knee. They that with smiles lit up the hall, An
each fair sleep - ing brow, She had each fold-ed flower in sight, Where are those dreamers now
lies where pearls lie deep; He was the loved of all, yet none O'er his low bed may wee
leaves by soft winds fanned; She fa - ded 'midst I - talian flowers, The last of that fair band
cheer'd with song the hearth, A - las! for love, if thou art all, And nought be-yond, O earth

STAR OF THE EVENING.

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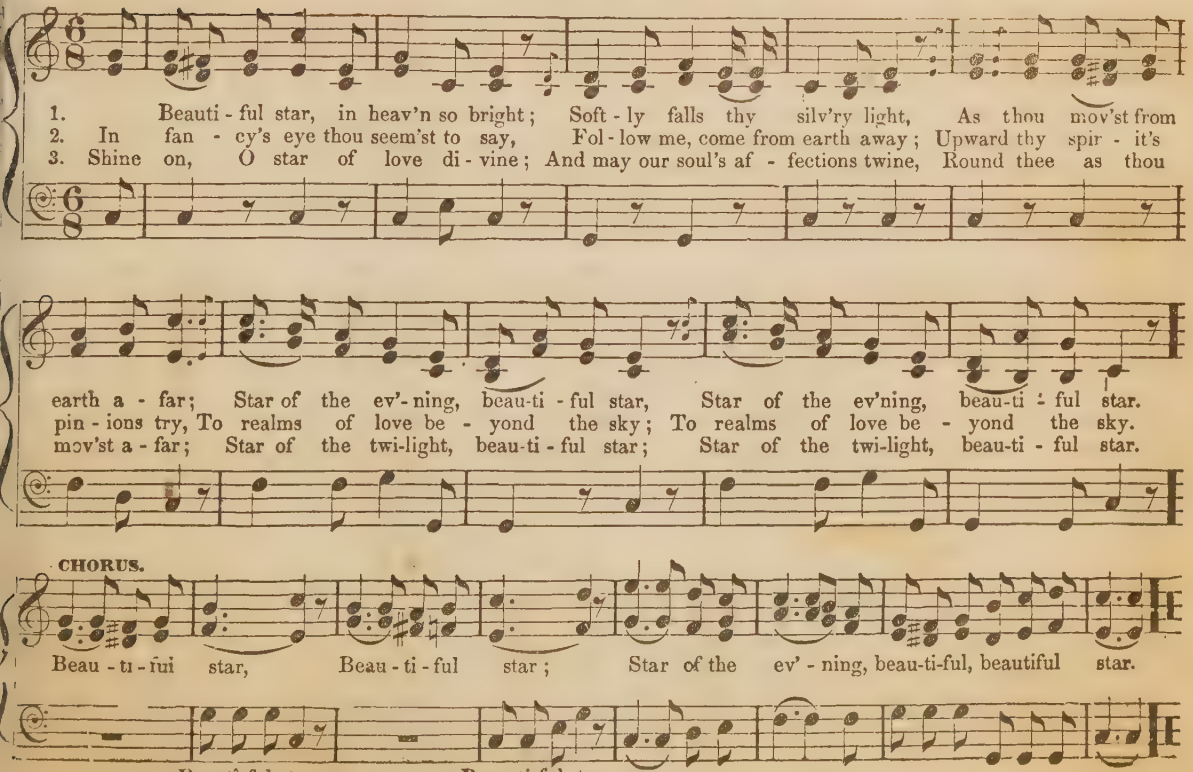
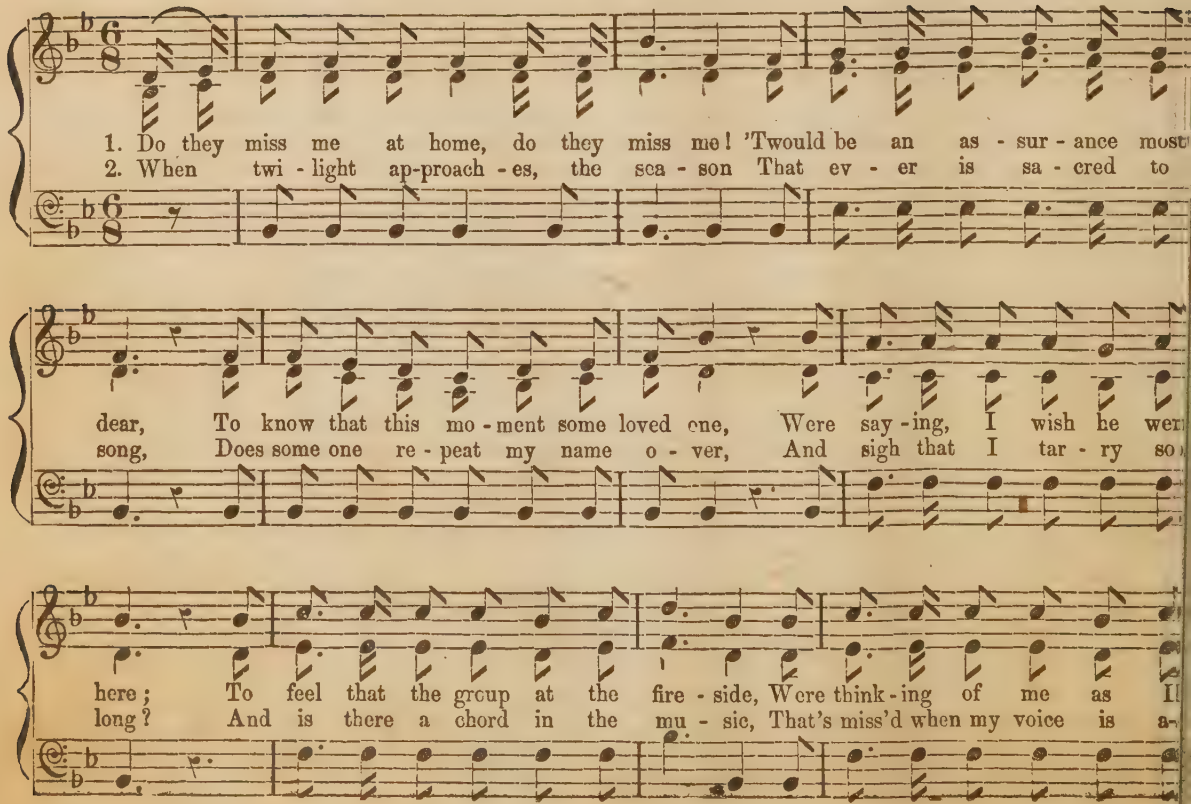
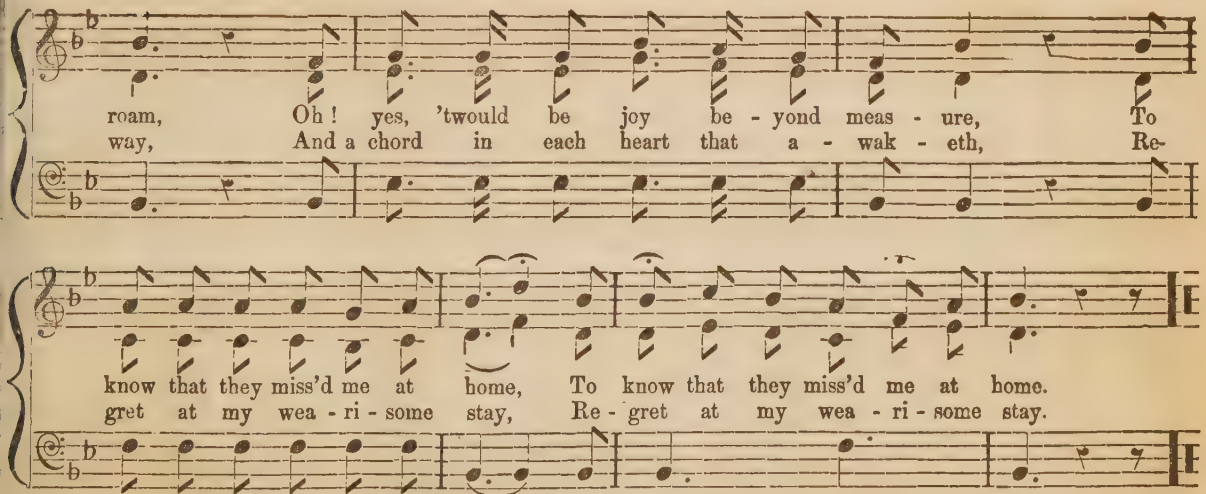
H. TUCKER


1. Beauti - ful star, in heav'n so bright; Soft - ly falls thy silv'ry light, As thou mov'st from
2. In fan - cy's eye thou seem'st to say, Fol - low me, come from earth away; Upward thy spir - it's
3. Shine on, O star of love di - vine; And may our soul's af - fections twine, Round thee as thou
earth a - far; Star of the ev'- ning, beau-ti - ful star, Star of the ev'ning, beau-ti - ful star.
pin - ions try, To realms of love be - yond the sky; To realms of love be - yond the sky.
mov'st a - far; Star of the twi-light, beau-ti - ful star; Star of the twi-light, beau-ti - ful star.
CHORUS.
Beau - ti - ful star, Beau - ti - ful star; Star of the ev' - ning, beau-ti-ful, beautiful star.
Beauti-ful star, Beau-ti-ful star.


1. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me! 'Twould be an as - sur - ance most
2. When twi - light ap-proach - es, the sea - son That ev - er is sa - cred to
dear, To know that this mo - ment some loved one, Were say - ing, I wish he were
song, Does some one re - peat my name o - ver, And sigh that I tar - ry so
here; To feel that the group at the fire - side, Were think - ing of me as I
long? And is there a chord in the mu - sic, That's miss'd when my voice is a-

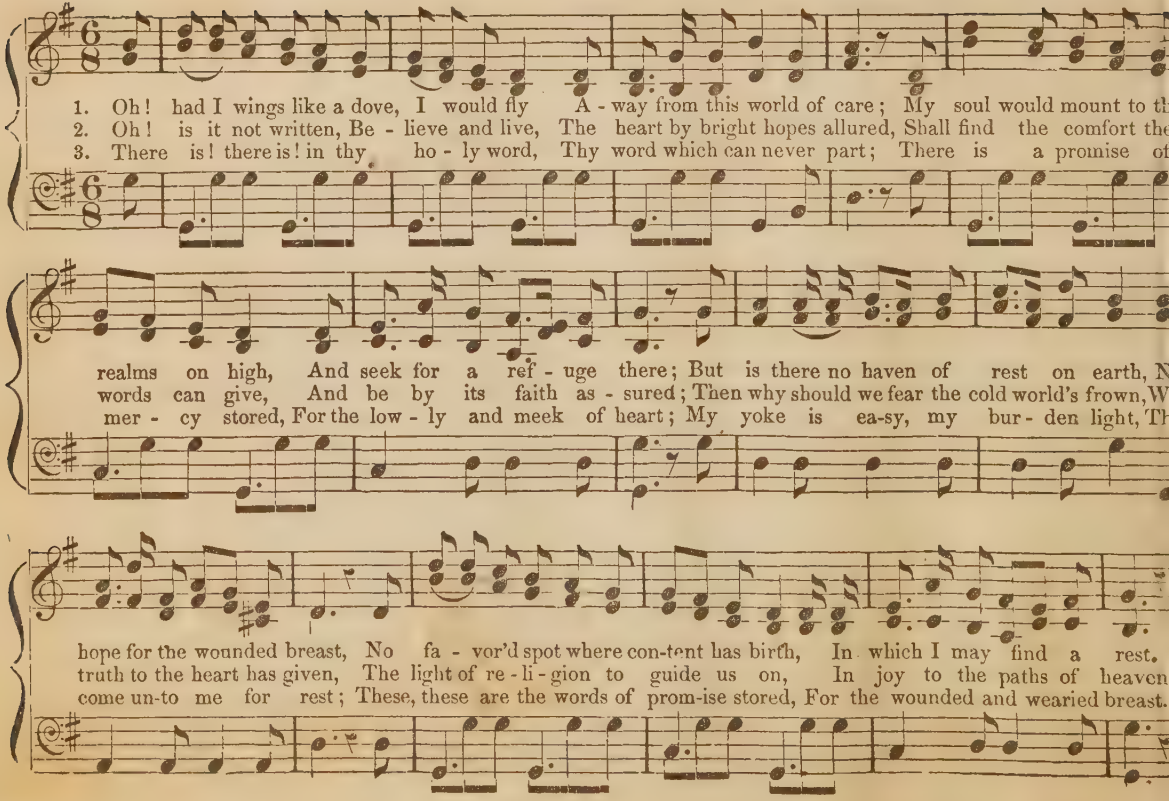

roam, Oh! yes, 'twould be joy be - yond meas - ure, To
way, And a chord in each heart that a - wak - eth, Re-
know that they miss'd me at home, To know that they miss'd me at home.
gret at my wea - ri - some stay, Re - gret at my wea - ri - some stay.

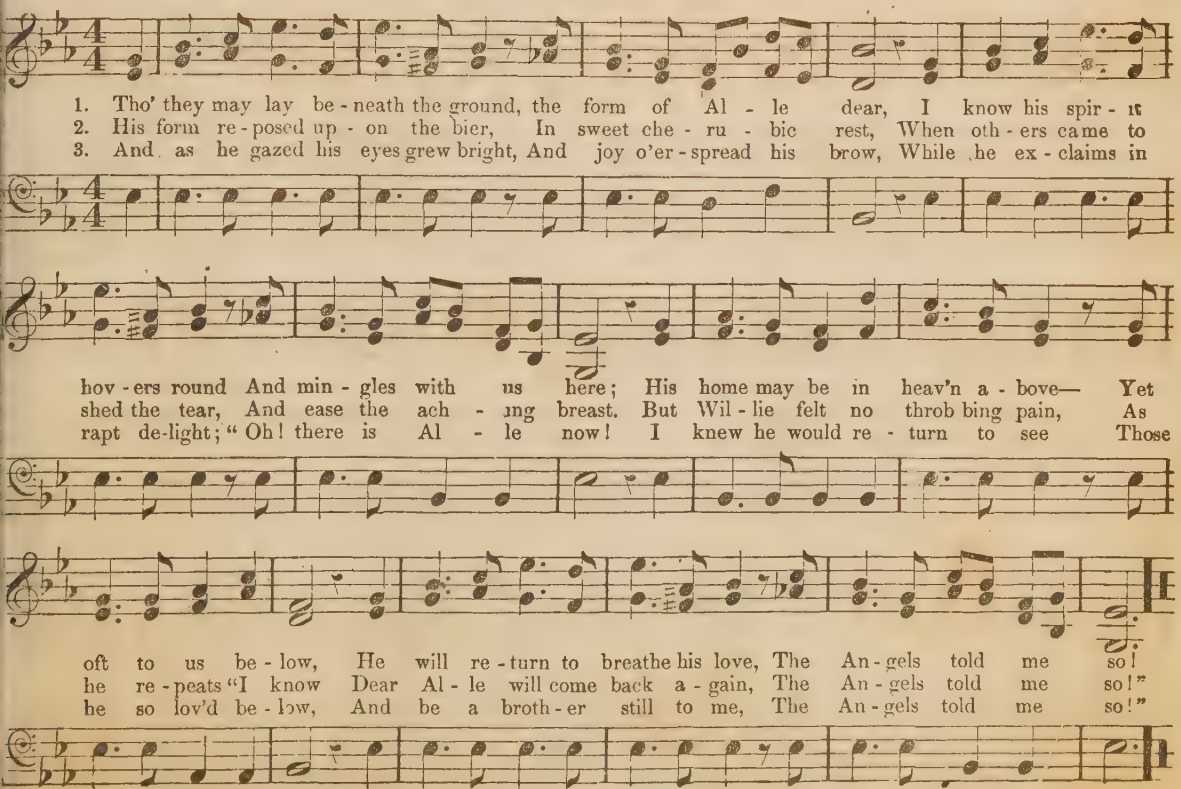
3 Do they set me a chair near the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the good night's are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered "good night," while they weep?
A whispered "good night," &c.

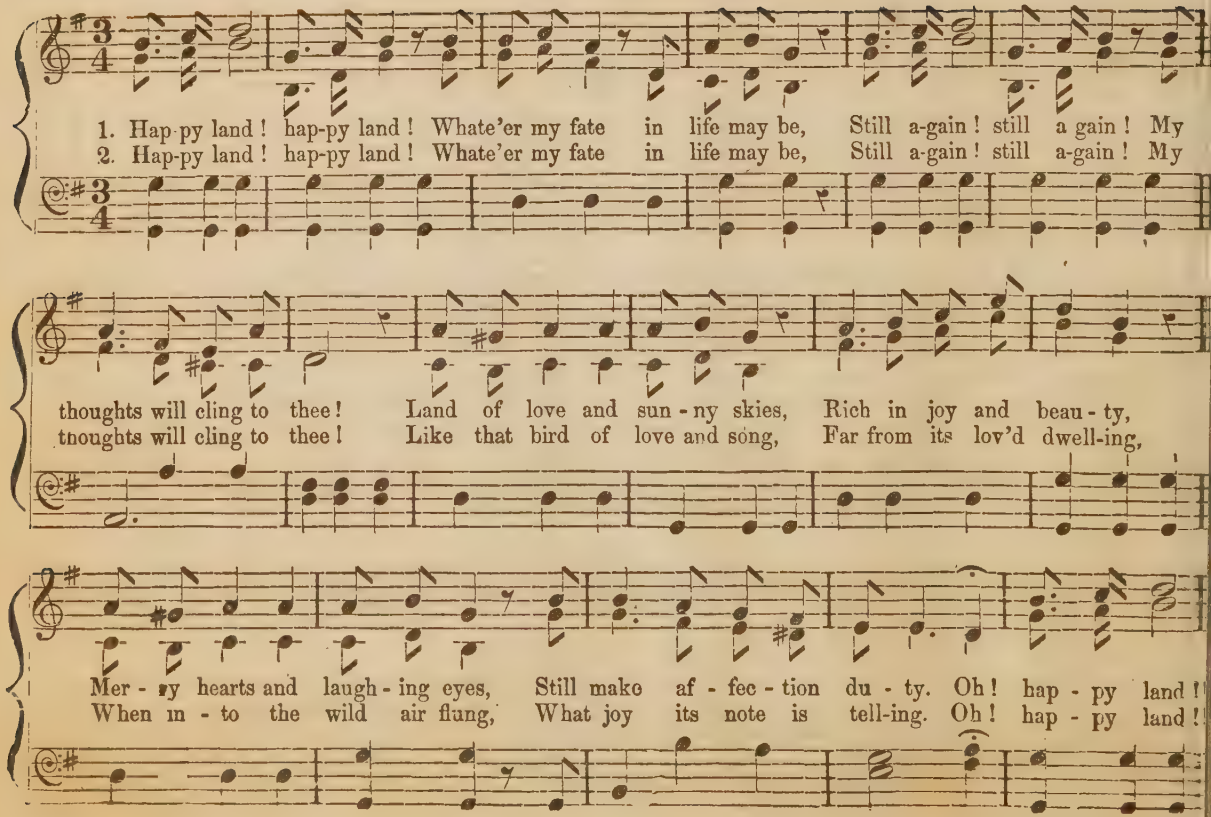
4 Do they miss me at home, do they miss me,
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more
Because I am. &c.

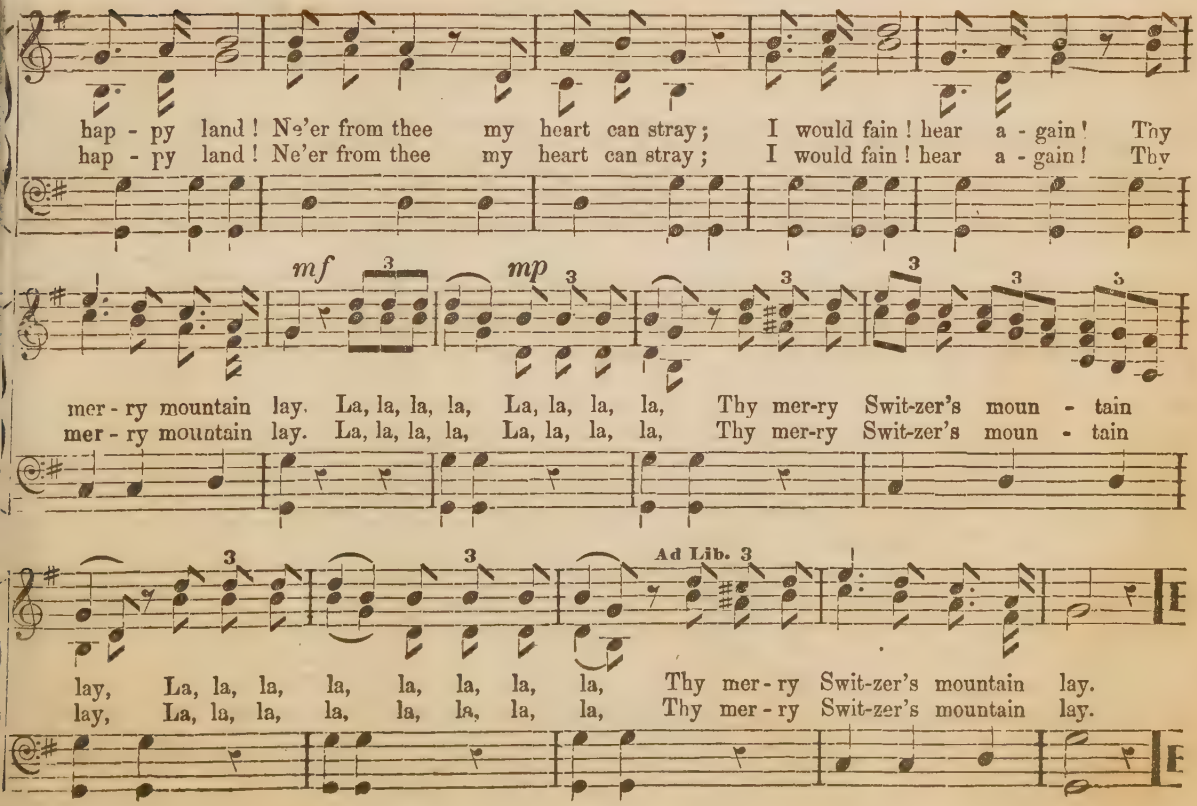
OH! HAD I WINGS LIKE A DOVE.

JEFFREYS.


1. Oh! had I wings like a dove, I would fly A - way from this world of care; My soul would mount to th
2. Oh! is it not written, Be - lieve and live, The heart by bright hopes allured, Shall find the comfort the
3. There is! there is! in thy ho - ly word, Thy word which can never part; There is a promise of
realms on high, And seek for a ref - uge there; But is there no haven of rest on earth, N
words can give, And be by its faith as - sured; Then why should we fear the cold world's frown, W
mer - cy stored, For the low - ly and meek of heart; My yoke is ea-sy, my bur - den light, Th
hope for the wounded breast, No fa - vor'd spot where con-tent has birth, In which I may find a rest.
truth to the heart has given, The light of re - li - gion to guide us on, In joy to the paths of heaven
come un-to me for rest; These, these are the words of prom-ise stored, For the wounded and wearied breast.

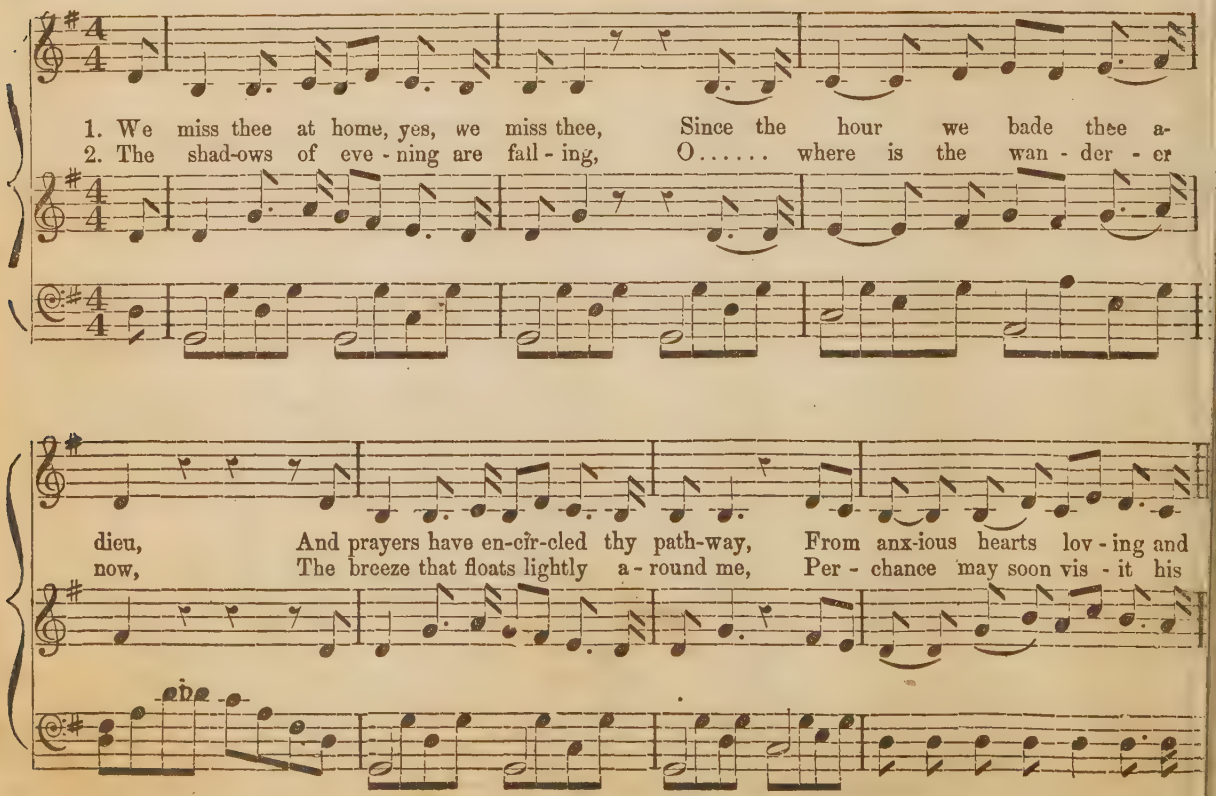

1. Tho' they may lay be - neath the ground, the form of Al - le dear, I know his spir - it
2. His form re - posed up - on the bier, In sweet che - ru - bic rest, When oth - ers came to
3. And as he gazed his eyes grew bright, And joy o'er - spread his brow, While he ex - claims in
hov - ers round And min - gles with us here; His home may be in heav'n a - bove— Yet
shed the tear, And ease the ach - ing breast. But Wil - lie felt no throb bing pain, As
rapt de-light; "Oh! there is Al - le now! I knew he would re - turn to see Those
oft to us be - low, He will re - turn to breathe his love, The An - gels told me so!
he re - peats "I know Dear Al - le will come back a - gain, The An - gels told me so!"
he so lov'd be - low, And be a broth - er still to me, The An - gels told me so!"

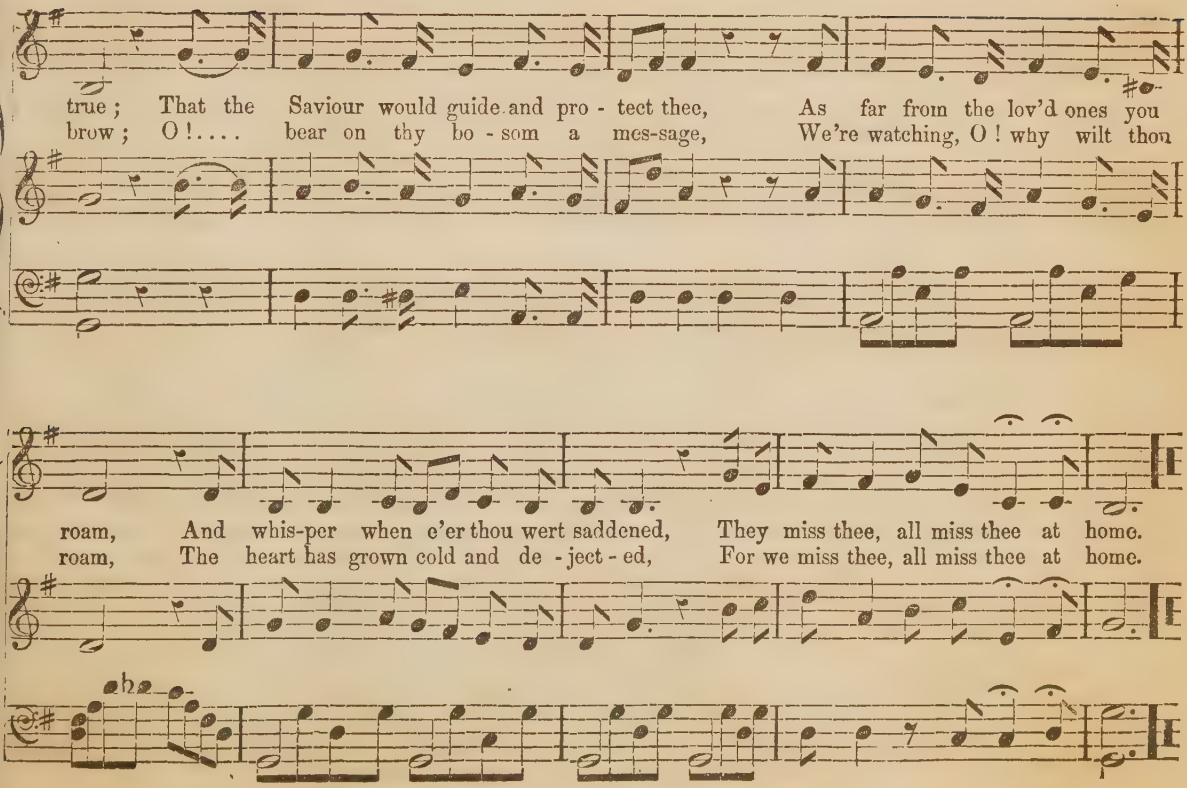

1. Hap-py land! hap-py land! Whate'er my fate in life may be, Still a-gain! still a gain! My
2. Hap-py land! hap-py land! Whate'er my fate in life may be, Still a-gain! still a-gain! My
thoughts will cling to thee! Land of love and sun-ny skies, Rich in joy and beau-ty,
thoughts will cling to thee! Like that bird of love and song, Far from its lov'd dwell-ing,
Mer-ry hearts and laugh-ing eyes, Still make af-fec-tion du-ty. Oh! hap-py land!
When in-to the wild air flung, What joy its note is tell-ing. Oh! hap-py land!


hap - py land! Ne'er from thee my heart can stray; I would fain! hear a - gain! Thy
hap - py land! Ne'er from thee my heart can stray; I would fain! hear a - gain! Thy
mf
mp
mer - ry mountain lay. La, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, Thy mer-ry Swit-zer's moun - tain
mer - ry mountain lay. La, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, Thy mer-ry Swit-zer's moun - tain
Ad Lib.
lay, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Thy mer - ry Swit-zer's mountain lay.
lay, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Thy mer - ry Swit-zer's mountain lay.

WE MISS THEE AT HOME.

C. C. CONVERSE.


1. We miss thee at home, yes, we miss thee, Since the hour we bade thee a-
2. The shad-ows of eve - ning are fall - ing, O..... where is the wan - der - er
dieu, And prayers have en-cir-cled thy path-way, From anx-ious hearts lov - ing and
now, The breeze that floats lightly a - round me, Per - chance may soon vis - it his


true ; That the Saviour would guide and pro - tect thee, As far from the lov'd ones you
brow ; O !.... bear on thy bo - som a mes-sage, We're watching, O ! why wilt thou
roam, And whis-per when e'er thou wert saddened, They miss thee, all miss thee at home.
roam, The heart has grown cold and de - ject - ed, For we miss thee, all miss thee at home.

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

By permission of C. C. Sawyer, Esq., author of words.

1 Dearest love, do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
O! how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.

Chorus. — Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain! Yet praying,
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again.

2 When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song,
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.
Chorus. — Weeping, sad, &c.

3 If amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear your call —
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.
Chorus. — Weeping, sad, &c.

4 But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way;
While our Nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and Liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love our starry banner,
Emblem of the free.
Chorus. — Weeping, sad, &c.

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

By permission of C. C. Sawyer, Esq., author of words and music.

1 Why am I so weak and weary,
See how faint my heated breath;
All around to me seems darkness, —
Tell me, comrades, is this death?
Ah! how well I know your answer!
To my fate I meekly bow,
If you'll only tell me truly,
Who will care for mother now?

Chorus.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen —
Who will care for mother now?

2 Who will comfort her in sorrow,
Who will dry the falling tear?
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead,
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her
Kneeling, praying for me! how
Can I leave her in her anguish! —
Who will care for mother now?

Chorus. — Soon with angels, &c.

3 Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky;
Hasten, comrades, to the battle,
I will like a soldier die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen —
Who will care for mother now?

Chorus. — Soon with angels, &c

THE VACANT CHAIR

Words by H. S. Washburn, Esq.

1 We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him
While we breathe our evening prayer
When a year ago we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye;
But a golden chord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

Chorus.

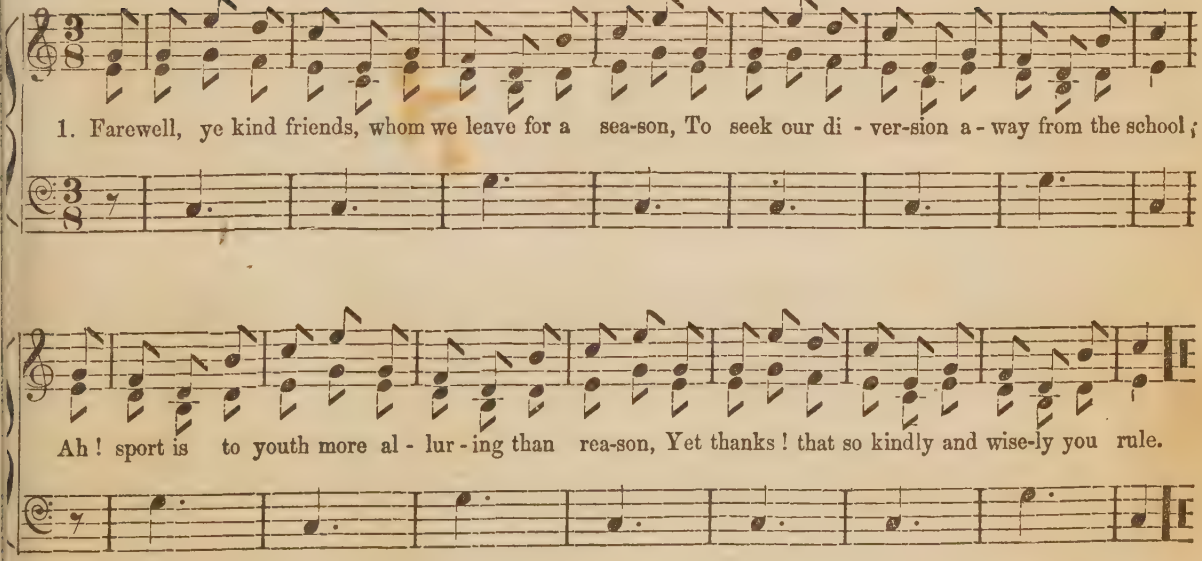
We shall meet, but we shall miss him
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him
When we breathe our evening prayer

2 At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble Willie fell;
How he strove to bear our banner
Through the thickest of the fight,
And uphold our country's honor
In the strength of manhood's might.

Chorus. — We shall meet, &c.

3 True they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow;
But this soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.
Sleep to-day, O early fallen,
In thy green and narrow bed;
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

Chorus. — We shall meet, &c


1. Farewell, ye kind friends, whom we leave for a sea-son, To seek our di - ver-sion a - way from the school;
Ah! sport is to youth more al - lur - ing than rea-son, Yet thanks! that so kindly and wise-ly you rule.

2

Now gaily we'll spend the fair hours of enjoyment,
And pleasure shall smile on each new-coming day;
To sip from each flower is the bee's sweet employment,
So speed we like him to the fresh and the gay.

3

Yet back to the hive, at the insect's returning,
He bears the sweet burden he gathers, 'tis true:
And thus in the school-room our own hive discerning,
The honey—good humor—we'll bring back to you.

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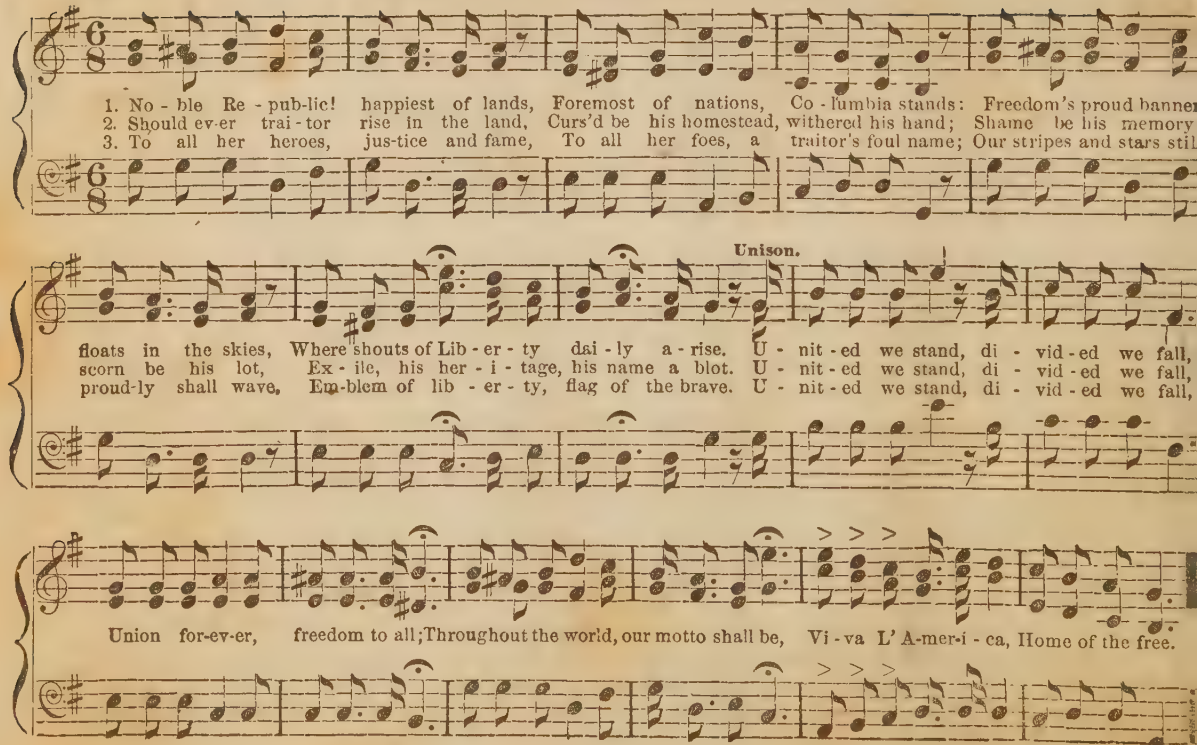
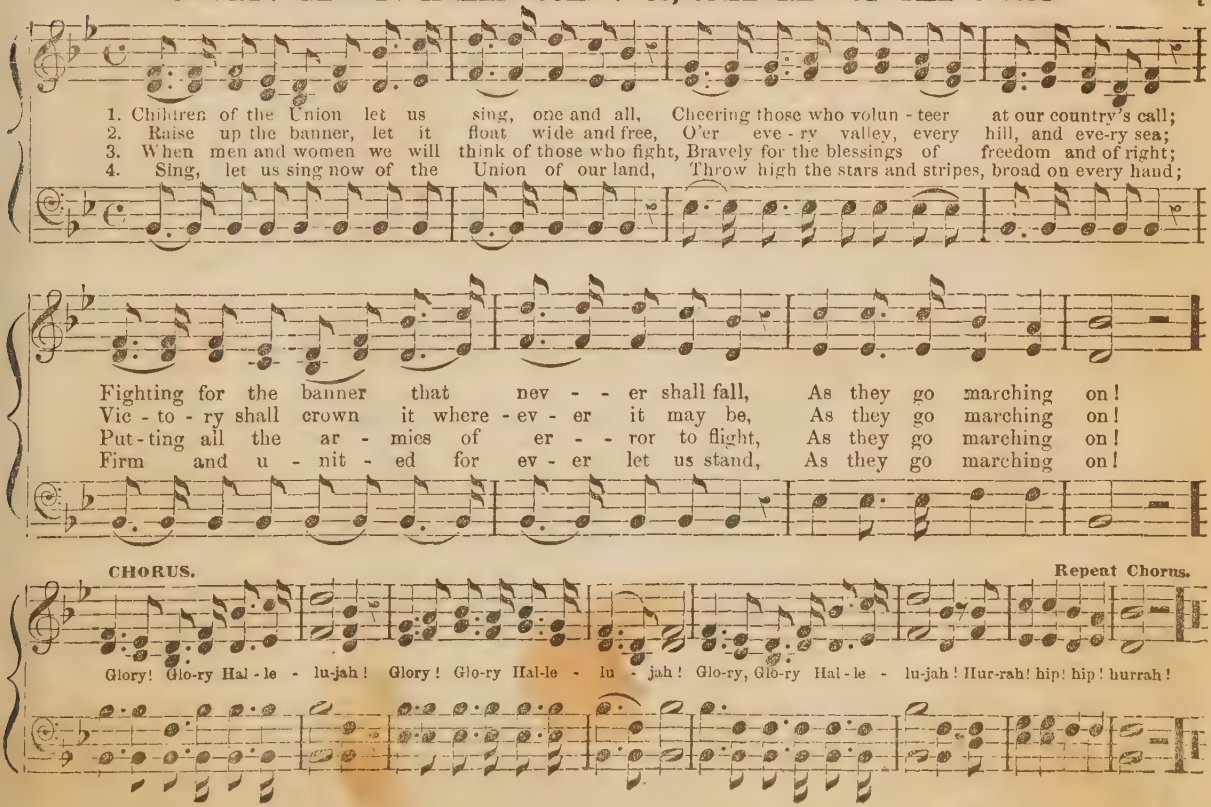
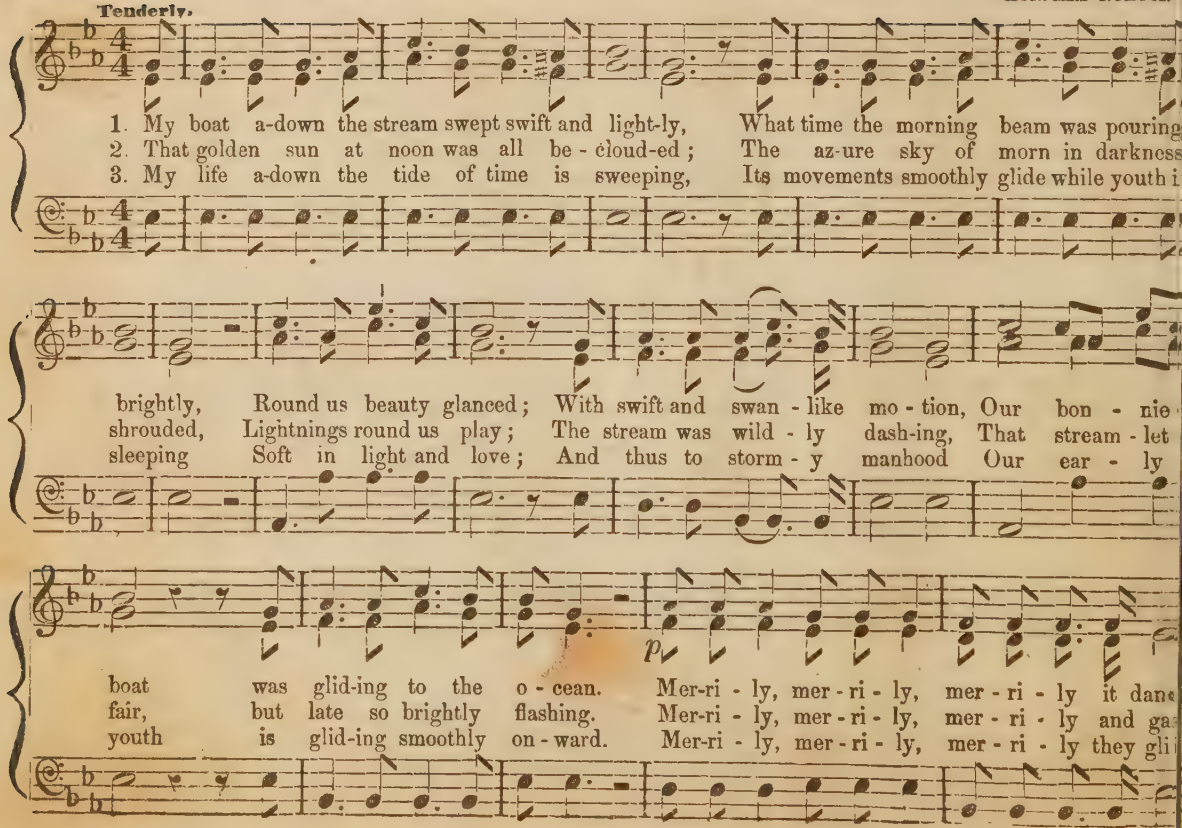
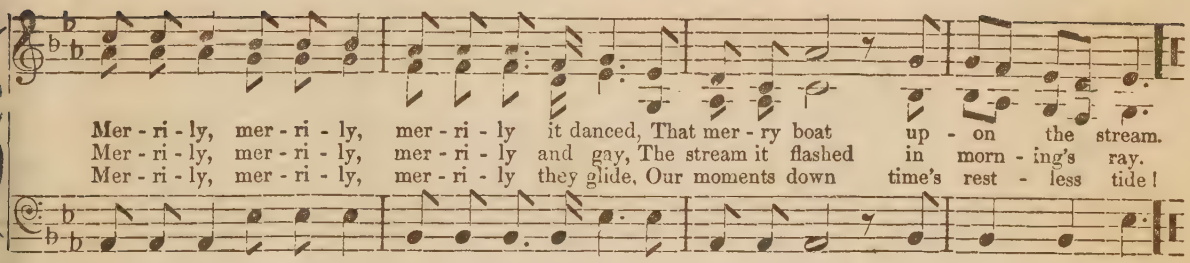

1. No - ble Re - pub-lic! happiest of lands, Foremost of nations, Co - lumbia stands: Freedom's proud banner
2. Should ev-er trai - tor rise in the land, Curs'd be his homestead, withered his hand; Shame be his memory
3. To all her heroes, jus-tice and fame, To all her foes, a traitor's foul name; Our stripes and stars stil
Unison.
floats in the skies, Where shouts of Lib - er - ty dai - ly a - rise. U - nit - ed we stand, di - vid - ed we fall,
scorn be his lot, Ex - ile, his her - i - tage, his name a blot. U - nit - ed we stand, di - vid - ed we fall,
proud-ly shall wave, Em-blem of lib - er - ty, flag of the brave. U - nit - ed we stand, di - vid - ed we fall,
Union for-ev-er, freedom to all; Throughout the world, our motto shall be, Vi - va L' A-mer-i - ca, Home of the free.


1. Children of the Union let us sing, one and all, Cheering those who volun - teer at our country's call;
2. Raise up the banner, let it float wide and free, O'er eve - ry valley, every hill, and eve-ry sea;
3. When men and women we will think of those who fight, Bravely for the blessings of freedom and of right;
4. Sing, let us sing now of the Union of our land, Throw high the stars and stripes, broad on every hand;
Fighting for the banner that nev - - er shall fall, As they go marching on!
Vic - to - ry shall crown it where - ev - er it may be, As they go marching on!
Put - ting all the ar - mies of er - - ror to flight, As they go marching on!
Firm and u - nit - ed for ev - er let us stand, As they go marching on!
CHORUS.
Repeat Chorus.
Glory! Glo-ry Hal - le - lu-jah! Glory! Glo-ry Hal-le - lu - jah! Glo-ry, Glo-ry Hal - le - lu-jah! Hur-rah! hip! hip! hurrah!

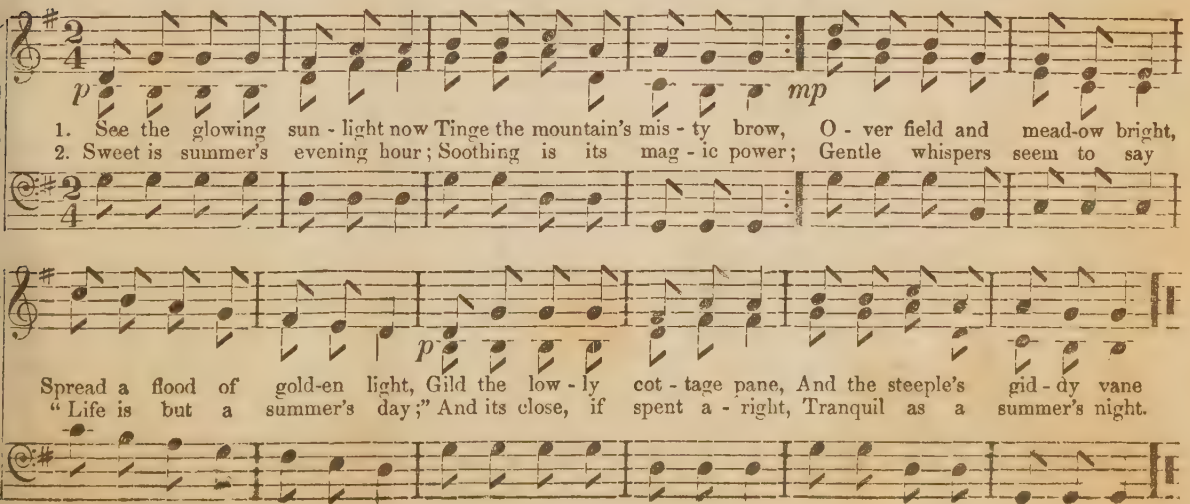
"MY BOAT ADOWN THE STREAM."

HON. MRS NORTON


Tenderly.
1. My boat a-down the stream swept swift and light-ly, What time the morning beam was pouring
2. That golden sun at noon was all be - cloud-ed; The az-ure sky of morn in darkness
3. My life a-down the tide of time is sweeping, Its movements smoothly glide while youth i
brightly, Round us beauty glanced; With swift and swan - like mo - tion, Our bon - nie
shrouded, Lightnings round us play; The stream was wild - ly dash-ing, That stream - let
sleeping Soft in light and love; And thus to storm - y manhood Our ear - ly
p
boat was glid-ing to the o - cean. Mer-ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly it dan
fair, but late so brightly flashing. Mer-ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly and ga
youth is glid-ing smoothly on - ward. Mer-ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly they gli

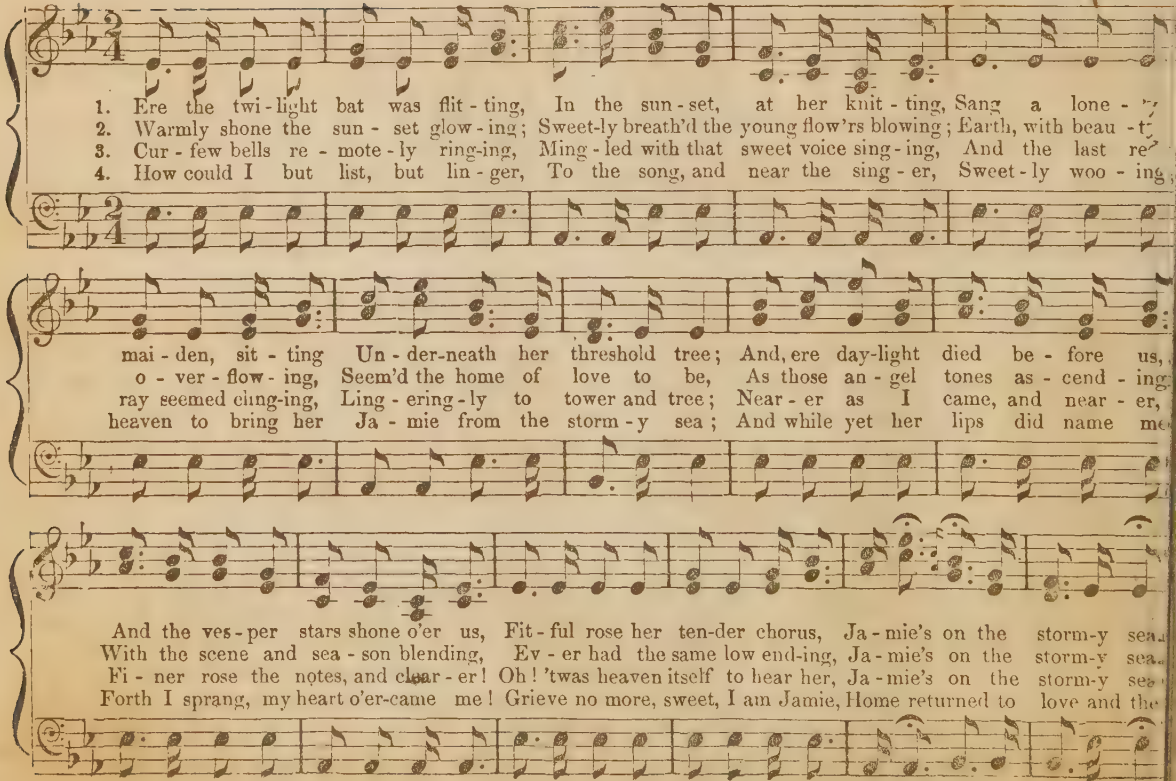

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly it danced, That mer - ry boat up - on the stream.
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly and gay, The stream it flashed in morn - ing's ray.
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly they glide, Our moments down time's rest - less tide!

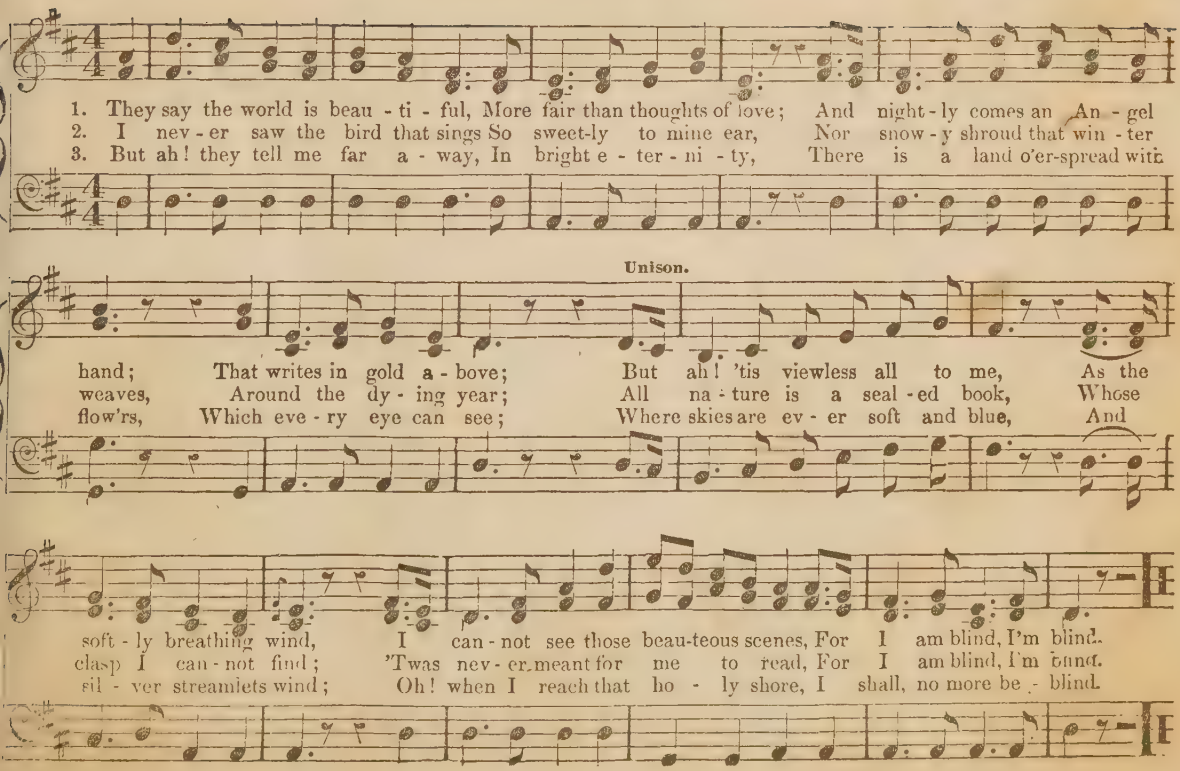
SUMMER EVENING.


p
mp
1. See the glowing sun - light now Tinge the mountain's mis - ty brow, O - ver field and mead-ow bright,
2. Sweet is summer's evening hour; Soothing is its mag - ic power; Gentle whispers seem to say
p
Spread a flood of gold-en light, Gild the low - ly cot - tage pane, And the steeple's gid - dy vane
"Life is but a summer's day;" And its close, if spent a - right, Tranquil as a summer's night.

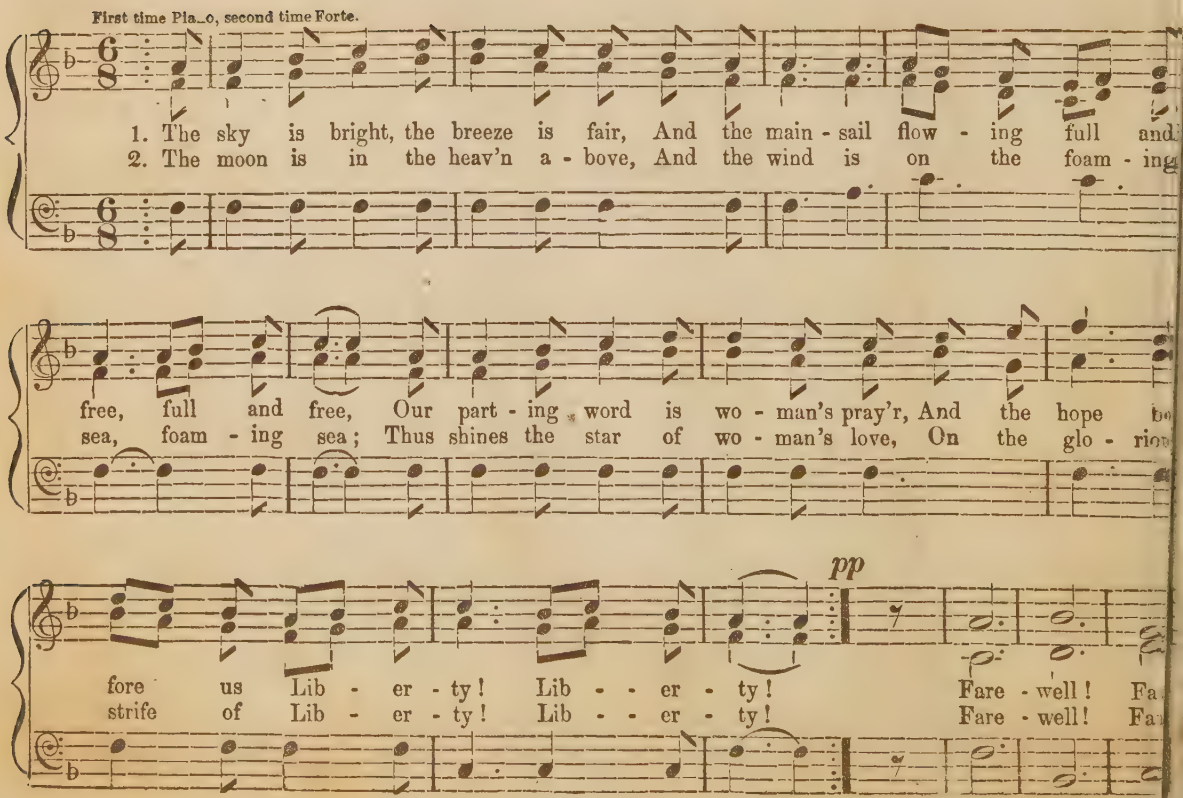
JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA.

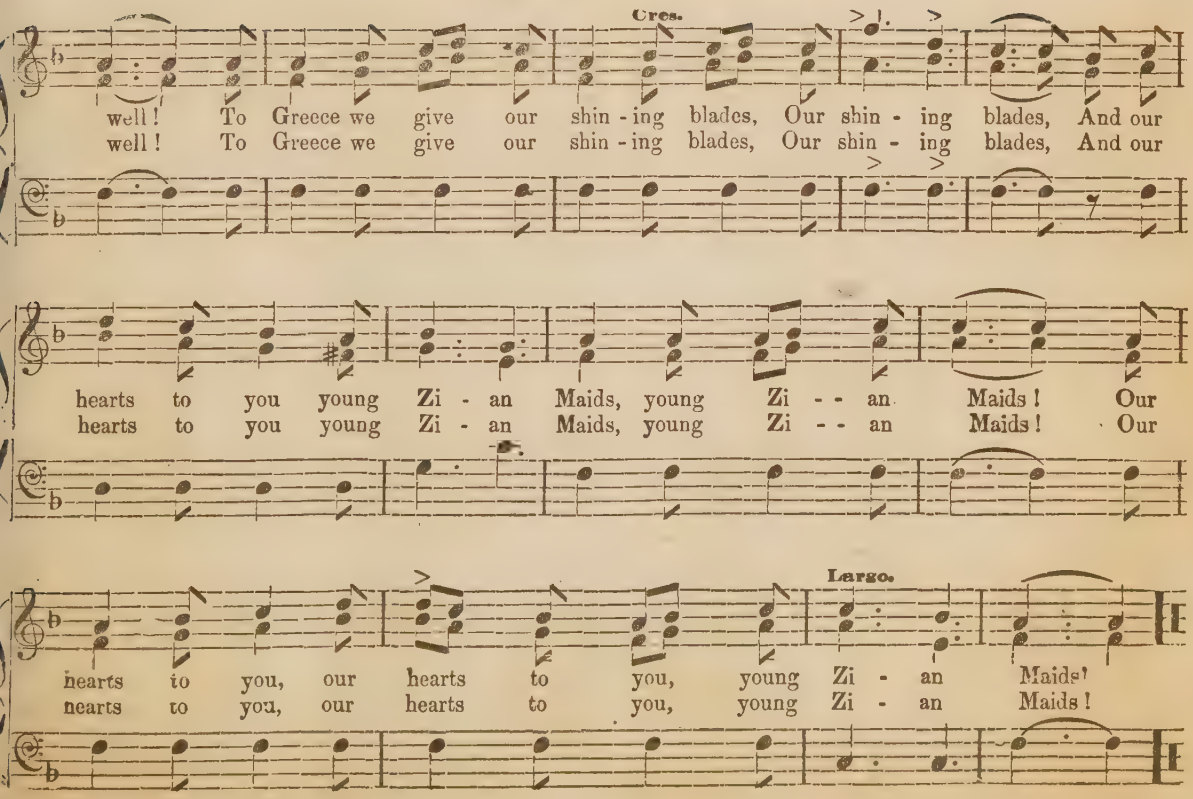
B. COVERT.

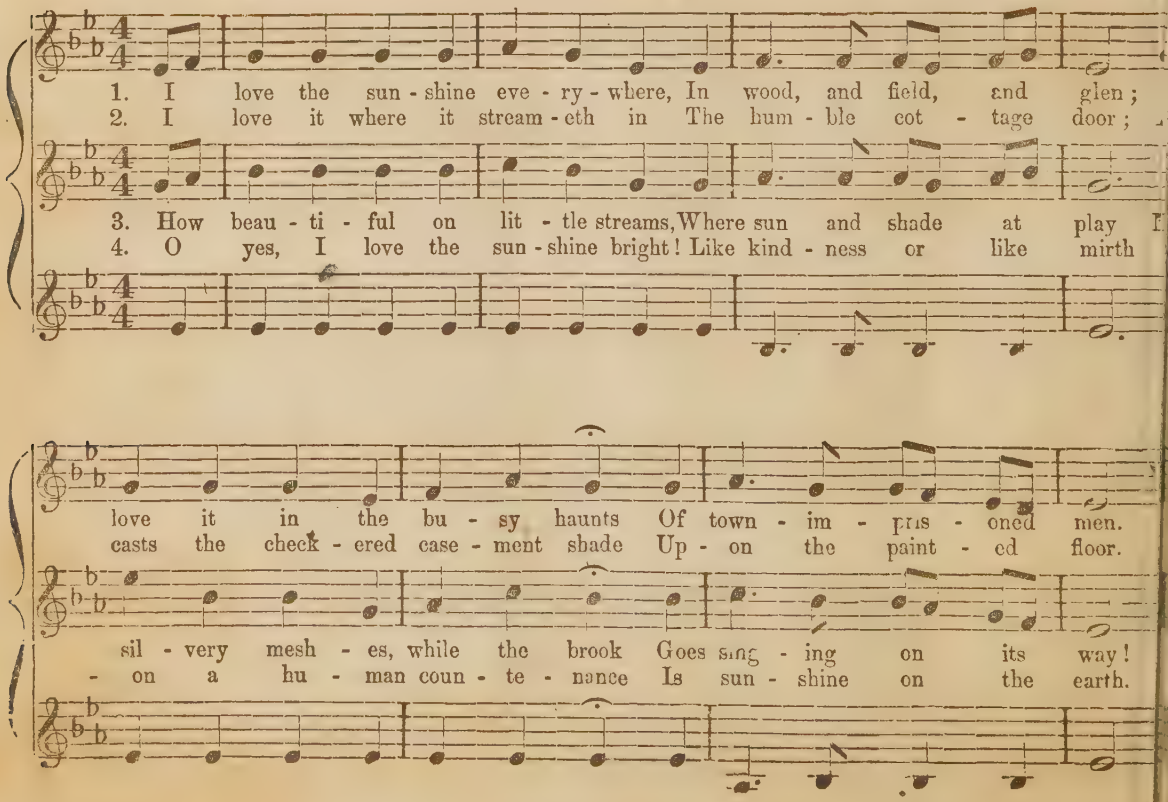

1. Ere the twi-light bat was flit-ting, In the sun-set, at her knit-ting, Sang a lone-
2. Warmly shone the sun-set glow-ing; Sweet-ly breath'd the young flow'rs blowing; Earth, with beau-t
3. Cur-few bells re-mote-ly ring-ing, Ming-led with that sweet voice sing-ing, And the last re
4. How could I but list, but lin-ger, To the song, and near the sing-er, Sweet-ly woo-ing
mai-den, sit-ting Un-der-neath her threshold tree; And, ere day-light died be-fore us,
o-ver-flow-ing, Seem'd the home of love to be, As those an-gel tones as-cend-ing
ray seemed cling-ing, Ling-ering-ly to tower and tree; Near-er as I came, and near-er,
heaven to bring her Ja-mie from the storm-y sea; And while yet her lips did name me
And the ves-per stars shone o'er us, Fit-ful rose her ten-der chorus, Ja-mie's on the storm-y sea
With the scene and sea-son blending, Ev-er had the same low end-ing, Ja-mie's on the storm-y sea
Fi-ner rose the notes, and clear-er! Oh! 'twas heaven itself to hear her, Ja-mie's on the storm-y sea
Forth I sprang, my heart o'er-came me! Grieve no more, sweet, I am Jamie, Home returned to love and the


1. They say the world is beau - ti - ful, More fair than thoughts of love; And night - ly comes an An - gel
2. I nev - er saw the bird that sings So sweet-ly to mine ear, Nor snow - y shroud that win - ter
3. But ah! they tell me far a - way, In bright e - ter - ni - ty, There is a land o'er-spread with
Unison.
hand; That writes in gold a - bove; But ah! 'tis viewless all to me, As the
weaves, Around the dy - ing year; All na - ture is a seal - ed book, Whose
flow'rs, Which eve - ry eye can see; Where skies are ev - er soft and blue, And
soft - ly breathing wind, I can - not see those beau-teous scenes, For I am blind, I'm blind.
clasp I can - not find; 'Twas nev - er meant for me to read, For I am blind, I'm blind.
sil - ver streamlets wind; Oh! when I reach that ho - ly shore, I shall, no more be - blind.

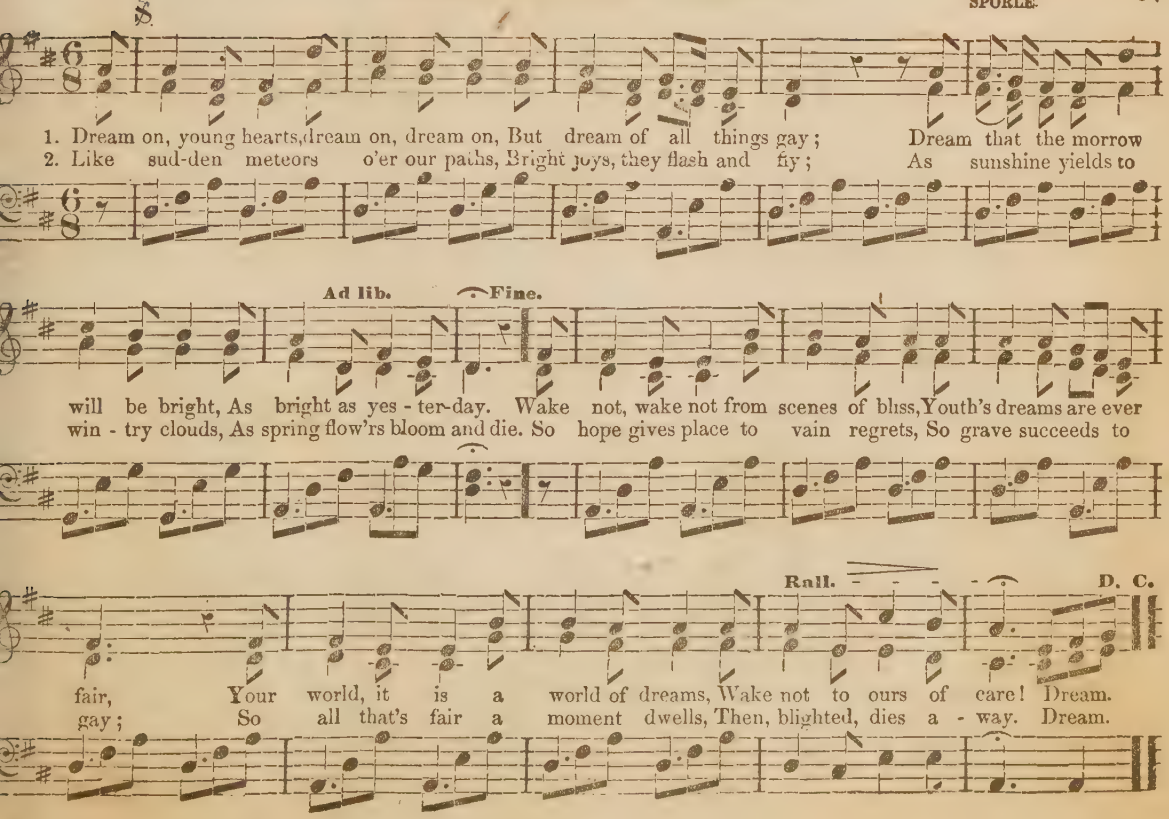
THE SKY IS BRIGHT.


First time Pla_o, second time Forte.
1. The sky is bright, the breeze is fair, And the main - sail flow - ing full and
2. The moon is in the heav'n a - bove, And the wind is on the foam - ing
free, full and free, Our part - ing word is wo - man's pray'r, And the hope
sea, foam - ing sea; Thus shines the star of wo - man's love, On the glo - rio
pp
fore us Lib - er - ty! Lib - - er - ty! Fare - well! Fa
strife of Lib - er - ty! Lib - - er - ty! Fare - well! Fa


Cres.
well! To Greece we give our shin - ing blades, Our shin - ing blades, And our
well! To Greece we give our shin - ing blades, Our shin - ing blades, And our
hearts to you young Zi - an Maids, young Zi - - an Maids! Our
hearts to you young Zi - an Maids, young Zi - - an Maids! Our
Largo.
hearts to you, our hearts to you, young Zi - an Maids!
hearts to you, our hearts to you, young Zi - an Maids!


1. I love the sun - shine eve - ry - where, In wood, and field, and glen;
2. I love it where it stream - eth in The hum - ble cot - tage door;
3. How beau - ti - ful on lit - tle streams, Where sun and shade at play
4. O yes, I love the sun - shine bright! Like kind - ness or like mirth
love it in the bu - sy haunts Of town - im - pris - oned men.
casts the check - ered case - ment shade Up - on the paint - ed floor.
sil - very mesh - es, while the brook Goes sing - ing on its way!
- on a hu - man coun - te - nance Is sun - shine on the earth.

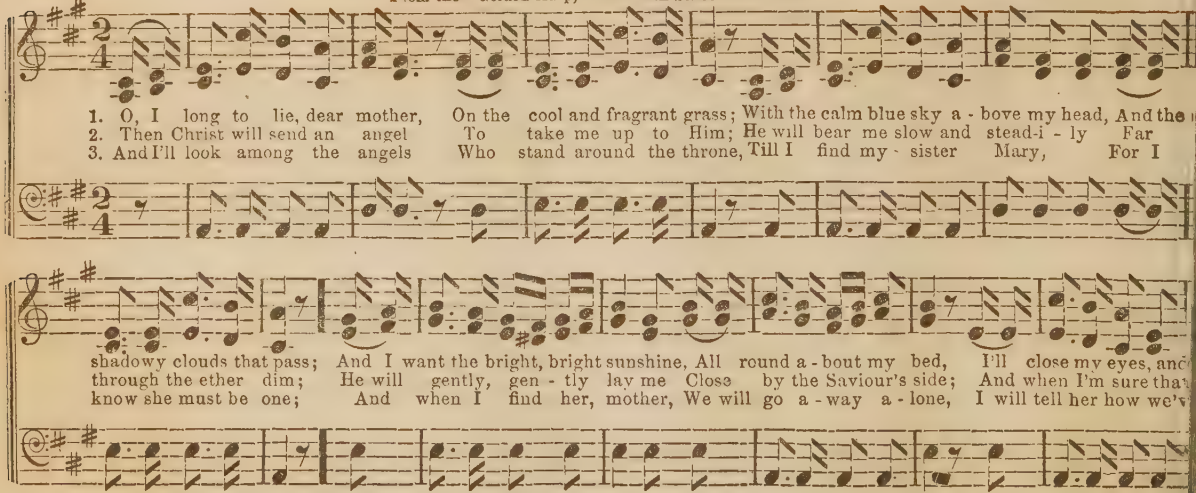
SPORLE.

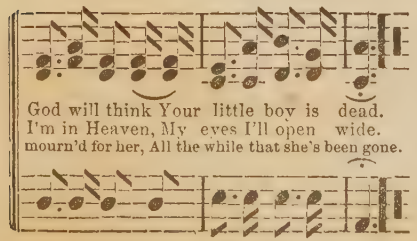

1. Dream on, young hearts, dream on, dream on, But dream of all things gay; Dream that the morrow
2. Like sud-den meteors o'er our paths, Bright joys, they flash and fly; As sunshine yields to
Ad lib.
Fine.
will be bright, As bright as yes - ter-day. Wake not, wake not from scenes of bliss, Youth's dreams are ever
win - try clouds, As spring flow'rs bloom and die. So hope gives place to vain regrets, So grave succeeds to
Rall.
D. C.
fair, Your world, it is a world of dreams, Wake not to ours of care! Dream.
gay; So all that's fair a moment dwells, Then, blighted, dies a - way. Dream.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

From the "Golden Harp," A Sabbath School Music Book

MUNSON.


1. O, I long to lie, dear mother, On the cool and fragrant grass; With the calm blue sky a - bove my head, And the
2. Then Christ will send an angel To take me up to Him; He will bear me slow and stead-i - ly Far
3. And I'll look among the angels Who stand around the throne, Till I find my - sister Mary, For I
shadowy clouds that pass; And I want the bright, bright sunshine, All round a - bout my bed, I'll close my eyes, and
through the ether dim; He will gently, gen - tly lay me Close by the Saviour's side; And when I'm sure tha
know she must be one; And when I find her, mother, We will go a - way a - lone, I will tell her how we'v



4

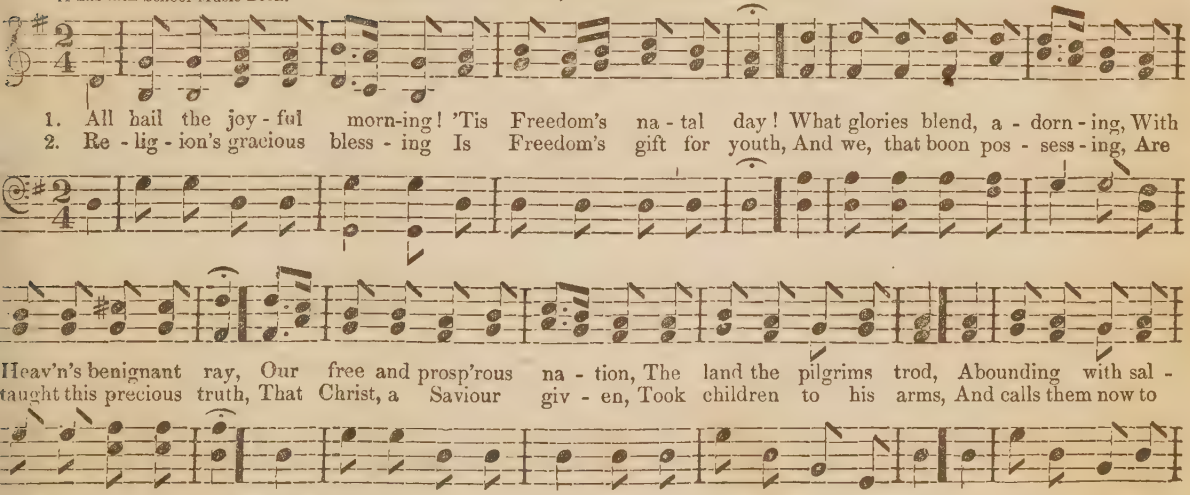
O! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again,
Tho' I know she'll not return to us,
To ask her would be vain;
So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I say to her,
And all her sweet replies.

5

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you;
He will bear me slow and steadily,
Down through the ether blue;
And you'll only think, dear mother,
That I've been out to play,
And have gone to sleep beneath the tre
This sultry summer day.

From the "Golden Harp,"
A Sabbath School Music Book.

FOURTH OF JULY, AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

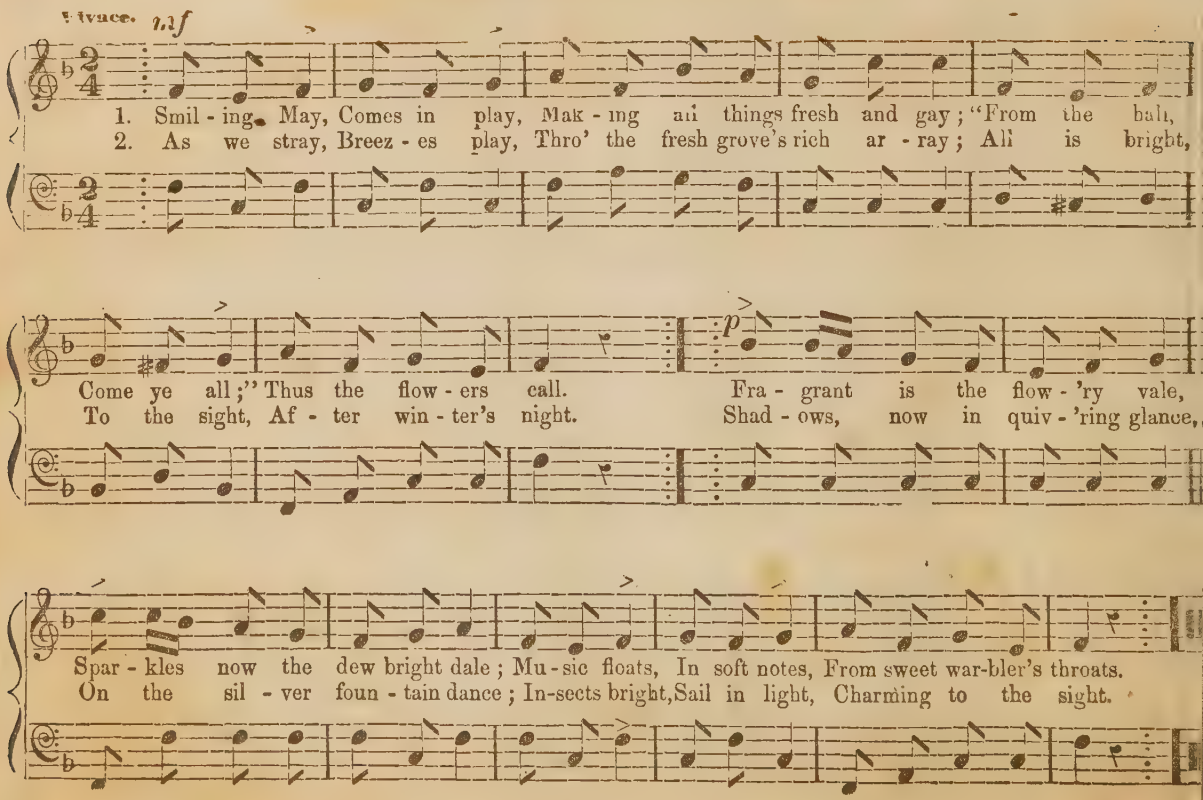

1. All hail the joy - ful morn-ing! 'Tis Freedom's na - tal day! What glories blend, a - dorn - ing, With
2. Re - lig - ion's gracious bless - ing Is Freedom's gift for youth, And we, that boon pos - sess - ing, Are
Heav'n's benignant ray, Our free and prosp'rous na - tion, The land the pilgrims trod, Abounding with sal -
taught this precious truth, That Christ, a Saviour giv - en, Took children to his arms, And calls them now to
- va - tion, And every gift · · · · of God!
heav-en, To bless them with his charms.

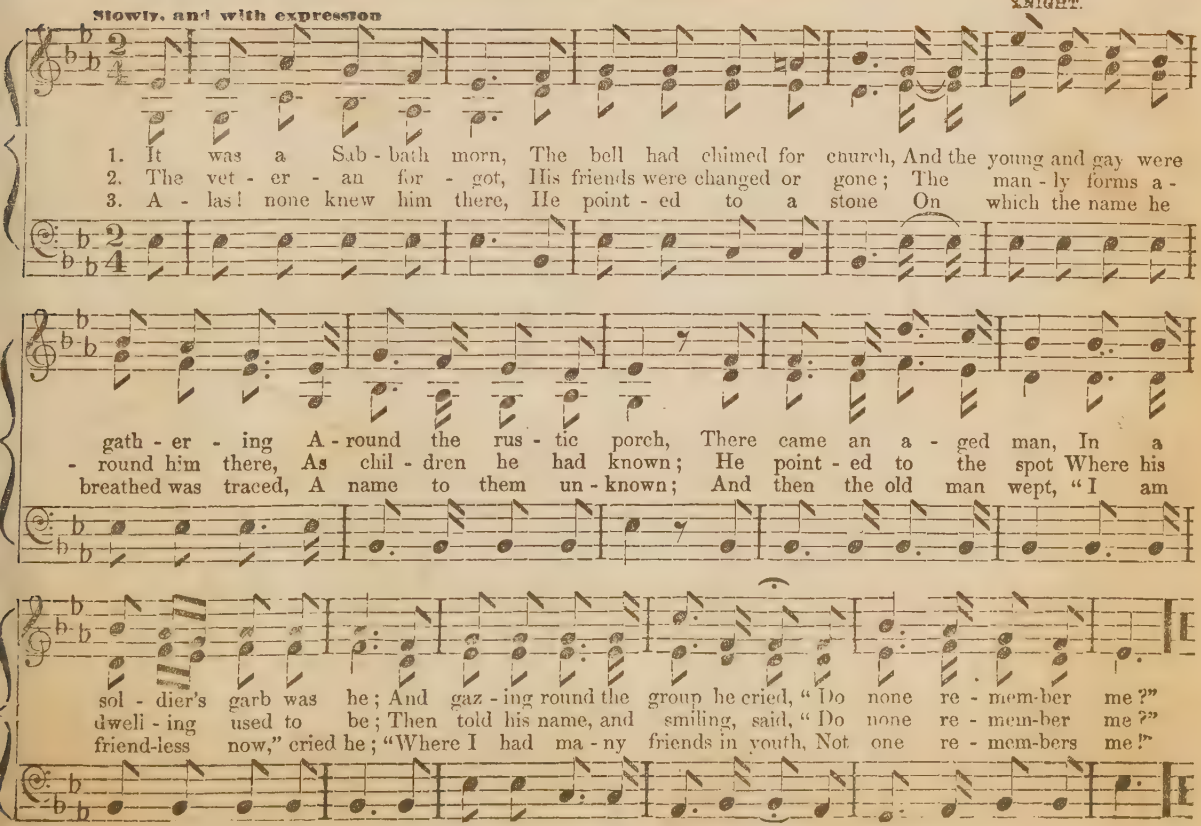
3

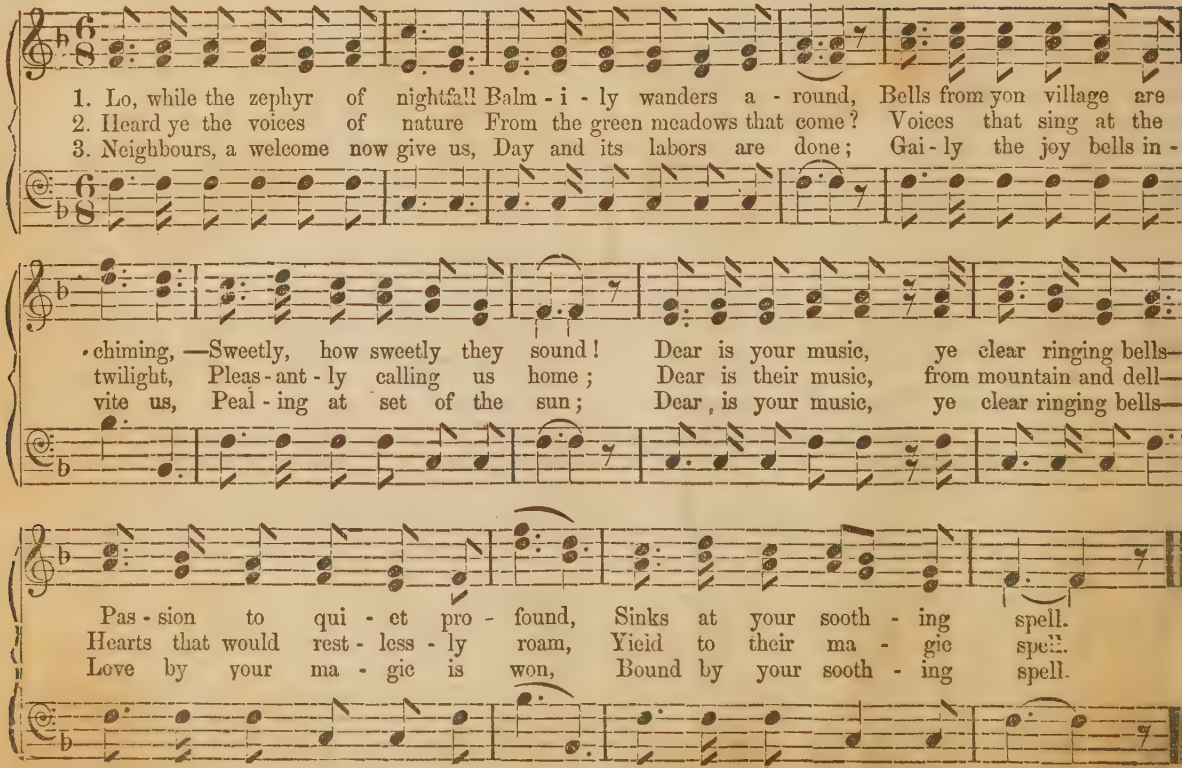
Then let the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
While hill and valley ringing,
Shall echo to the song;
We thank the blessed Saviour,
By whom to us is given
This blessed institution,
To lead our souls to heaven.

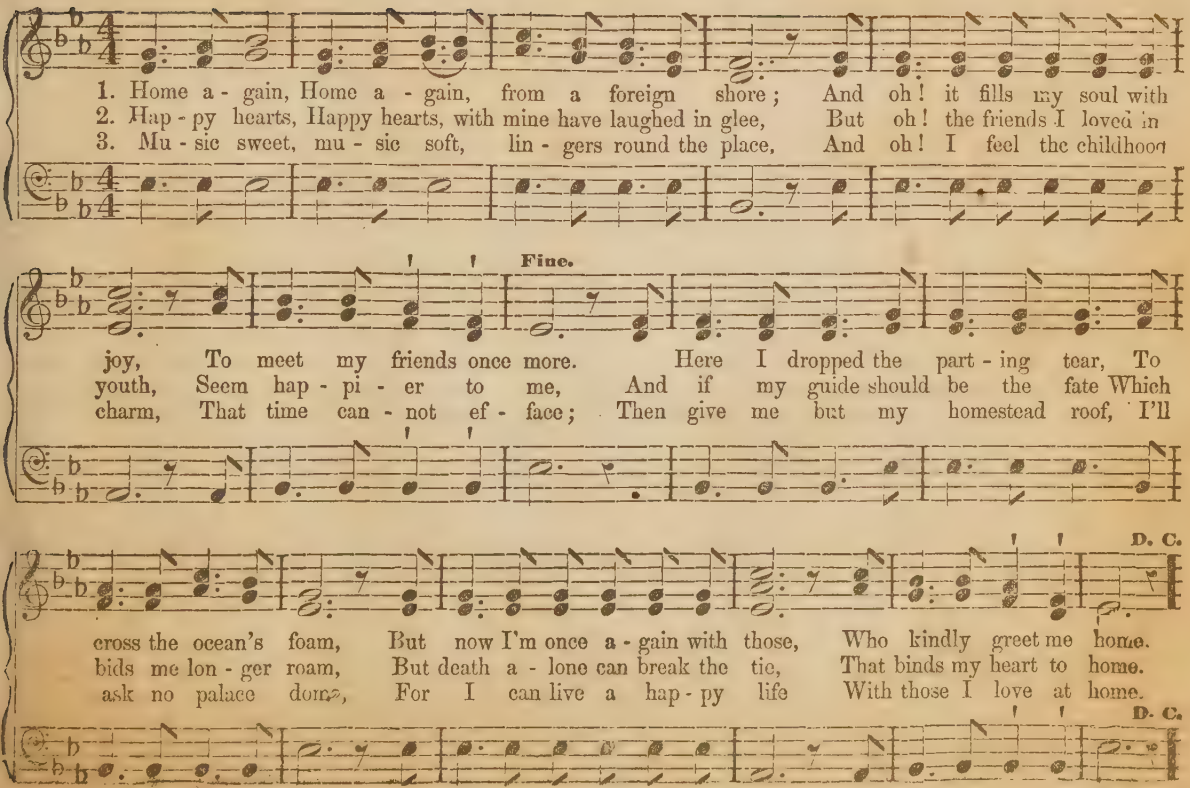
4

Let children sing hosanna,
And raise their voices high,
While under Freedom's banner
The nation shall reply,
And high and lowly dwellings
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!

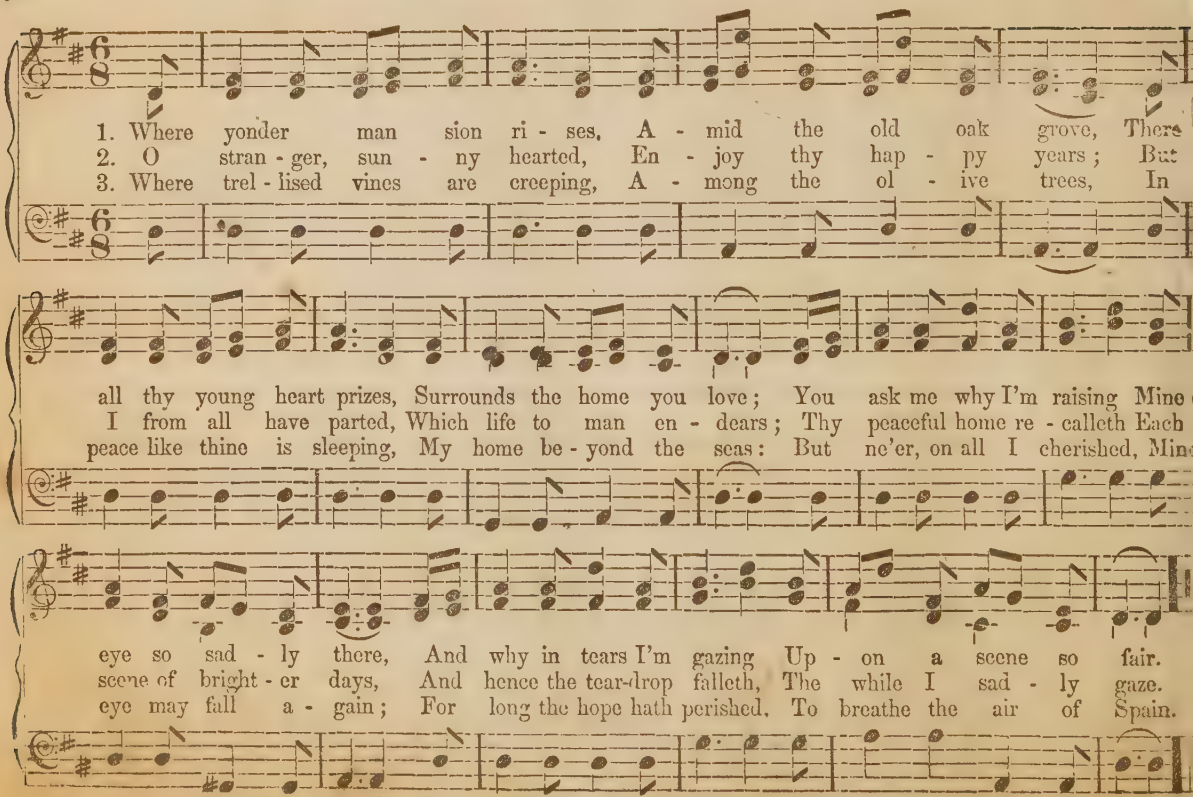

Vivace. mf
1. Smil - ing May, Comes in play, Mak - ing all things fresh and gay; "From the ball,
2. As we stray, Breez - es play, Thro' the fresh grove's rich ar - ray; All is bright,
Come ye all;" Thus the flow - ers call.
To the sight, Af - ter win - ter's night.
p
Fra - grant is the flow - 'ry vale,
Shad - ows, now in quiv - 'ring glance,
Spar - kles now the dew bright dale; Mu - sic floats, In soft notes, From sweet war-bler's throats.
On the sil - ver foun - tain dance; In-sects bright, Sail in light, Charming to the sight.

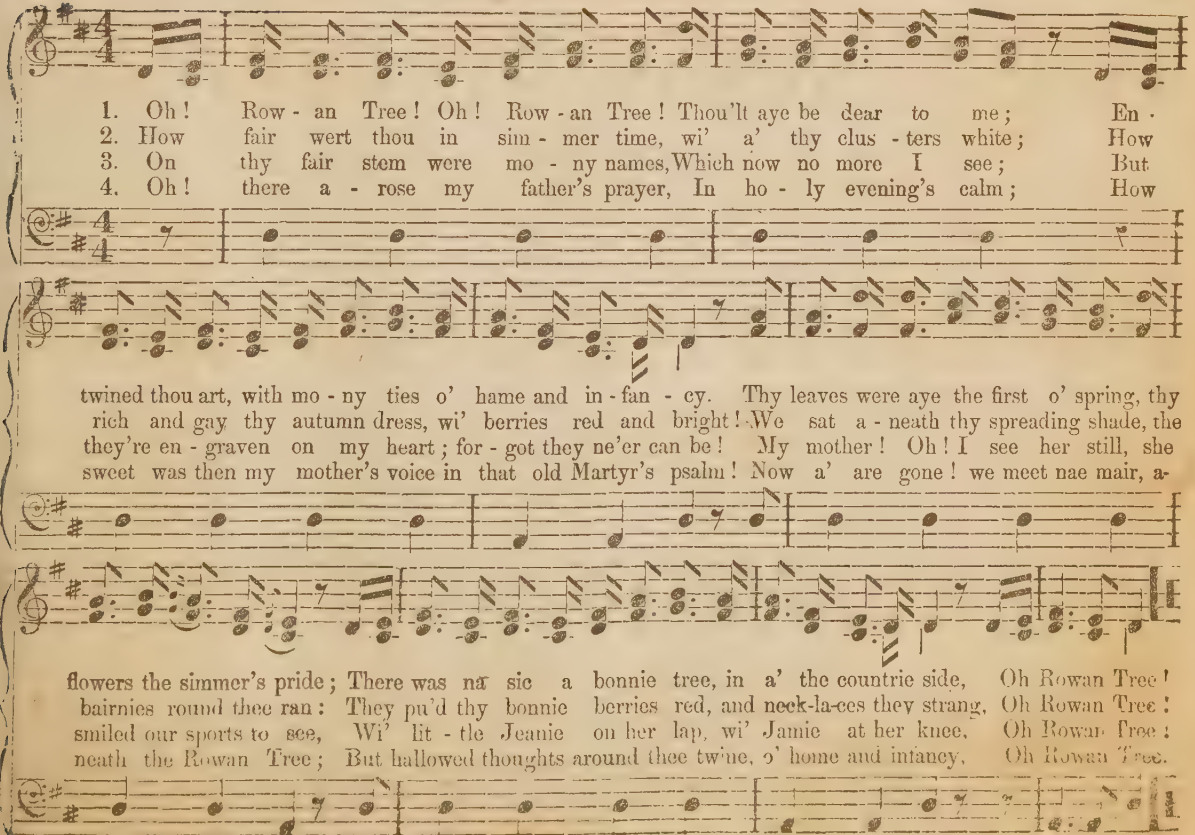

Slowly, and with expression
KNIGHT.
1. It was a Sab - bath morn, The bell had chimed for church, And the young and gay were
2. The vet - er - an for - got, His friends were changed or gone; The man - ly forms a -
3. A - las! none knew him there, He point - ed to a stone On which the name he
gath - er - ing A - round the rus - tic porch, There came an a - ged man, In a
- round him there, As chil - dren he had known; He point - ed to the spot Where his
breathed was traced, A name to them un - known; And then the old man wept, "I am
sol - dier's garb was he; And gaz - ing round the group he cried, "Do none re - mem-ber me?"
dweli - ing used to be; Then told his name, and smiling, said, "Do none re - mem-ber me?"
friend-less now," cried he; "Where I had ma - ny friends in youth, Not one re - mem-bers me!"

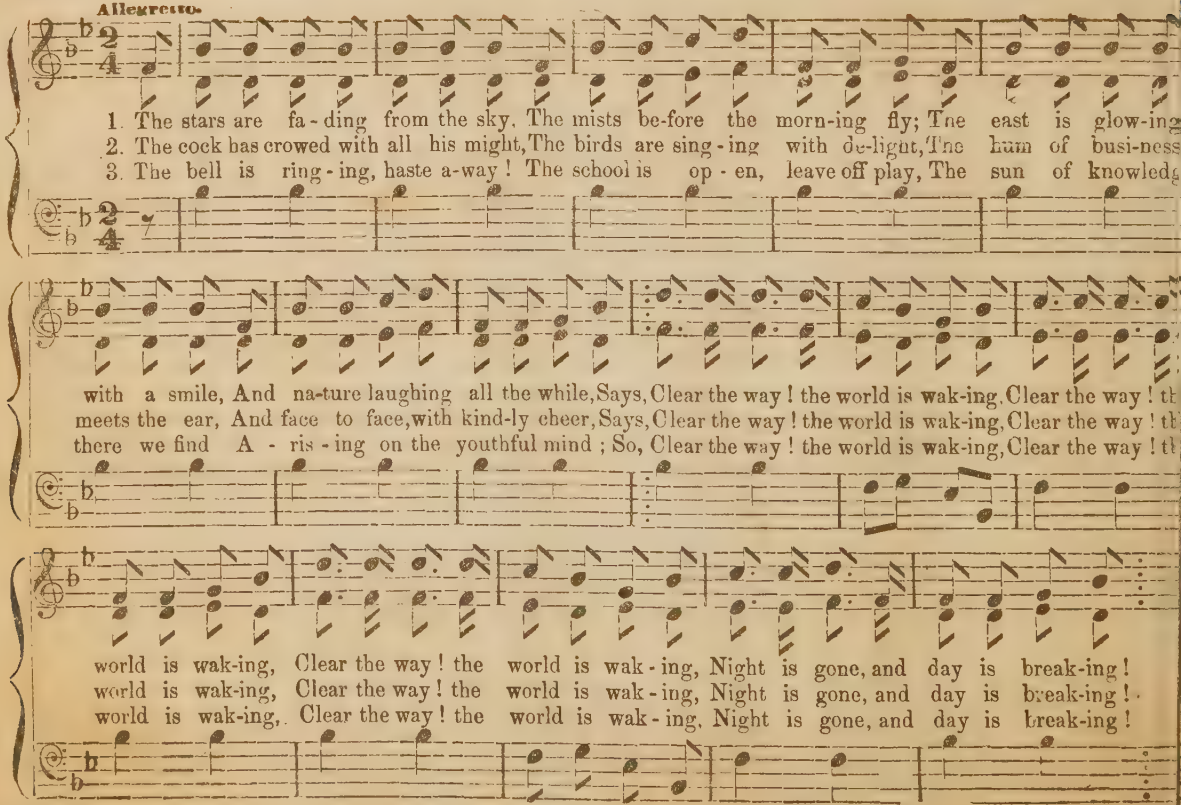

1. Lo, while the zephyr of nightfall Balm - i - ly wanders a - round, Bells from yon village are
2. Heard ye the voices of nature From the green meadows that come? Voices that sing at the
3. Neighbours, a welcome now give us, Day and its labors are done; Gai - ly the joy bells in -
chiming, —Sweetly, how sweetly they sound! Dear is your music, ye clear ringing bells—
twilight, Pleas - ant - ly calling us home; Dear is their music, from mountain and dell—
vite us, Peal - ing at set of the sun; Dear, is your music, ye clear ringing bells—
Pas - sion to qui - et pro - found, Sinks at your sooth - ing spell.
Hearts that would rest - less - ly roam, Yield to their ma - gic spell.
Love by your ma - gic is won, Bound by your sooth - ing spell.

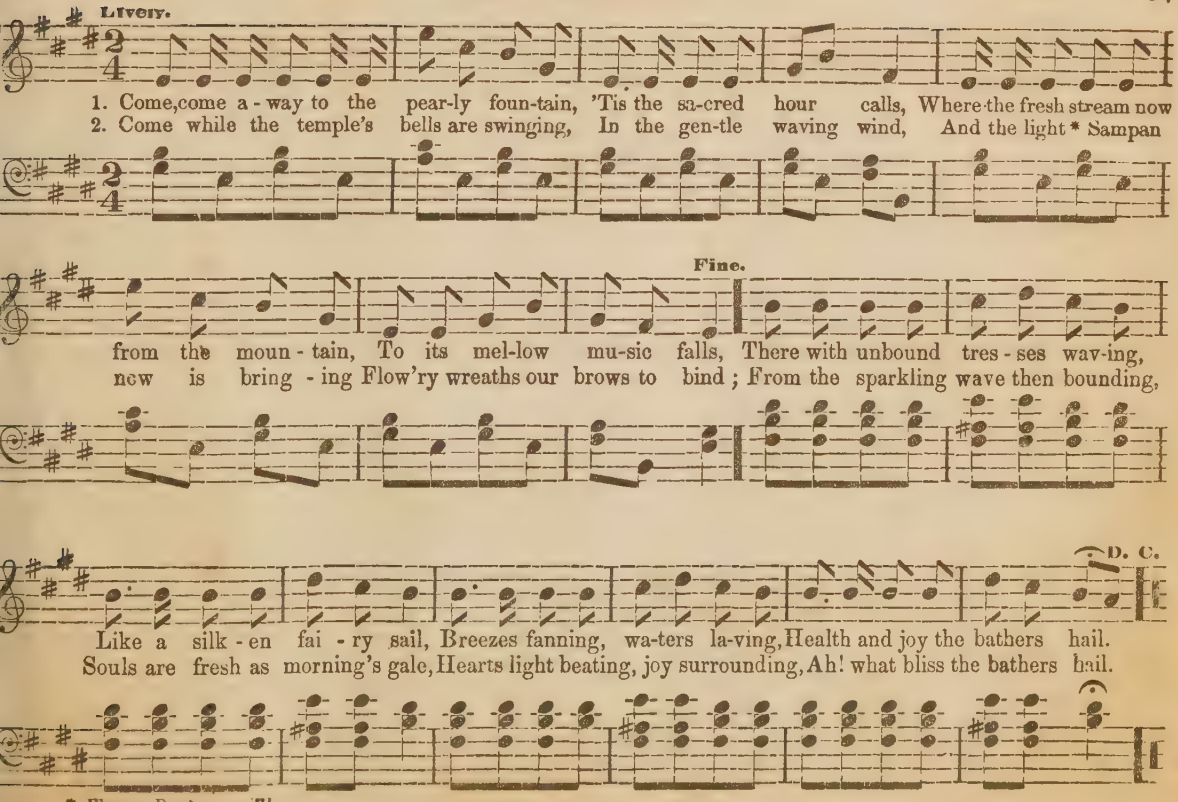

1. Home a - gain, Home a - gain, from a foreign shore; And oh! it fills my soul with
2. Hap - py hearts, Happy hearts, with mine have laughed in glee, But oh! the friends I loved in
3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, lin - gers round the place, And oh! I feel the childhood
Fine.
joy, To meet my friends once more. Here I dropped the part - ing tear, To
youth, Seem hap - pi - er to me, And if my guide should be the fate Which
charm, That time can - not ef - face; Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll
D. C.
cross the ocean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those, Who kindly greet me home.
bids me lon - ger roam, But death a - lone can break the tie, That binds my heart to home.
ask no palace dome, For I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home.
D. C.

TRIO. "WHERE YONDER MANSION RISES."


1. Where yonder man sion ri - ses, A - mid the old oak grove, There
2. O stran - ger, sun - ny hearted, En - joy thy hap - py years; But
3. Where trel - lised vines are creeping, A - mong the ol - ive trees, In
all thy young heart prizes, Surrounds the home you love; You ask me why I'm raising Mine
I from all have parted, Which life to man en - dears; Thy peaceful home re - calleth Each
peace like thine is sleeping, My home be - yond the seas: But ne'er, on all I cherished, Mine
eye so sad - ly there, And why in tears I'm gazing Up - on a scene so fair.
scene of bright - er days, And hence the tear-drop falleth, The while I sad - ly gaze.
eye may fall a - gain; For long the hope hath perished, To breathe the air of Spain.


1. Oh! Row - an Tree! Oh! Row - an Tree! Thou'lt aye be dear to me; En -
2. How fair wert thou in sim - mer time, wi' a' thy clus - ters white; How
3. On thy fair stem were mo - ny names, Which now no more I see; But
4. Oh! there a - rose my father's prayer, In ho - ly evening's calm; How
twined thou art, with mo - ny ties o' hame and in - fan - cy. Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy
rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright! We sat a - neath thy spreading shade, the
they're en - graven on my heart; for - got they ne'er can be! My mother! Oh! I see her still, she
sweet was then my mother's voice in that old Martyr's psalm! Now a' are gone! we meet nae mair, a-
flowers the simmer's pride; There was na sic a bonnie tree, in a' the countrie side, Oh Rowan Tree!
bairnies round thee ran: They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and neck-la-ces they strang, Oh Rowan Tree!
smiled our sports to see, Wi' lit - tle Jeanie on her lap, wi' Jamie at her knee, Oh Rowan Tree!
neath the Rowan Tree; But hallowed thoughts around thee twine, o' home and infancy, Oh Rowan Tree.

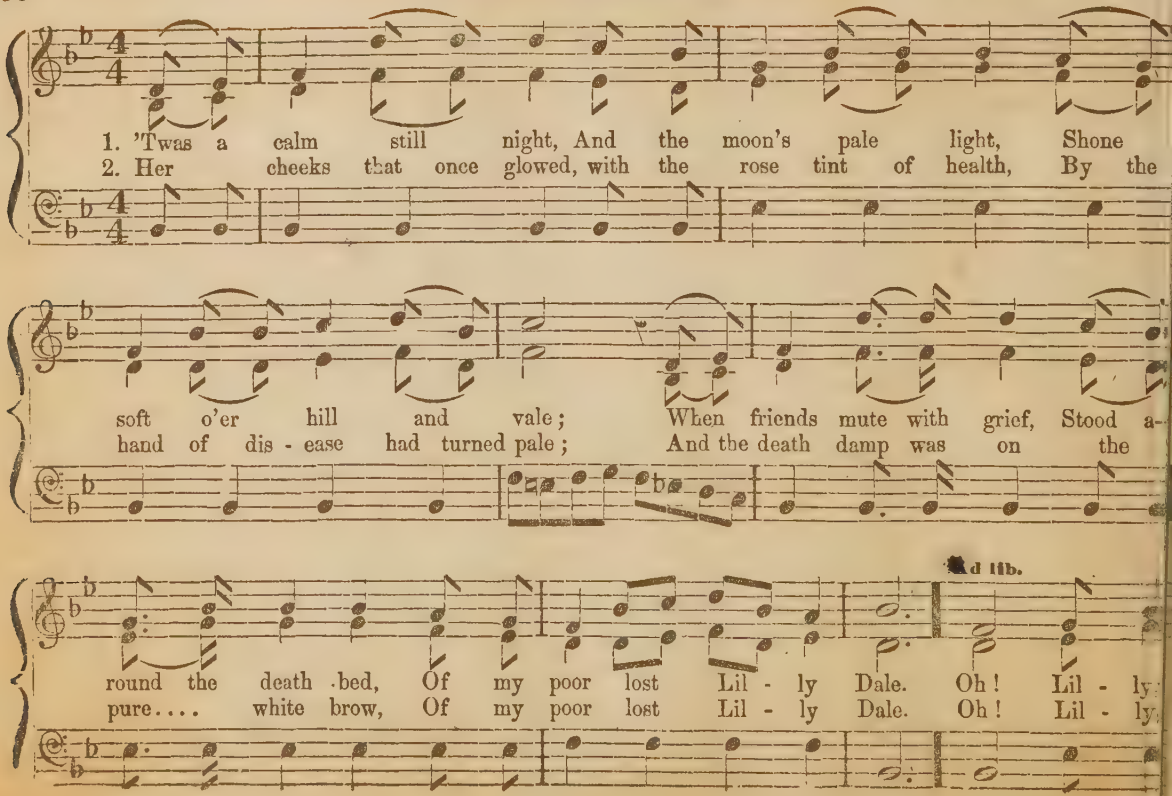

Allegretto.
1. The stars are fa - ding from the sky. The mists be-fore the morn-ing fly; The east is glow-ing
2. The cock has crowed with all his might, The birds are sing - ing with de-light, The hum of busi-ness
3. The bell is ring - ing, haste a-way! The school is op - en, leave off play, The sun of knowledg
with a smile, And na-ture laughing all the while, Says, Clear the way! the world is wak-ing, Clear the way! th
meets the ear, And face to face, with kind-ly cheer, Says, Clear the way! the world is wak-ing, Clear the way! th
there we find A - ris - ing on the youthful mind; So, Clear the way! the world is wak-ing, Clear the way! th
world is wak-ing, Clear the way! the world is wak - ing, Night is gone, and day is break-ing!
world is wak-ing, Clear the way! the world is wak - ing, Night is gone, and day is break-ing!
world is wak-ing, Clear the way! the world is wak - ing, Night is gone, and day is break-ing!

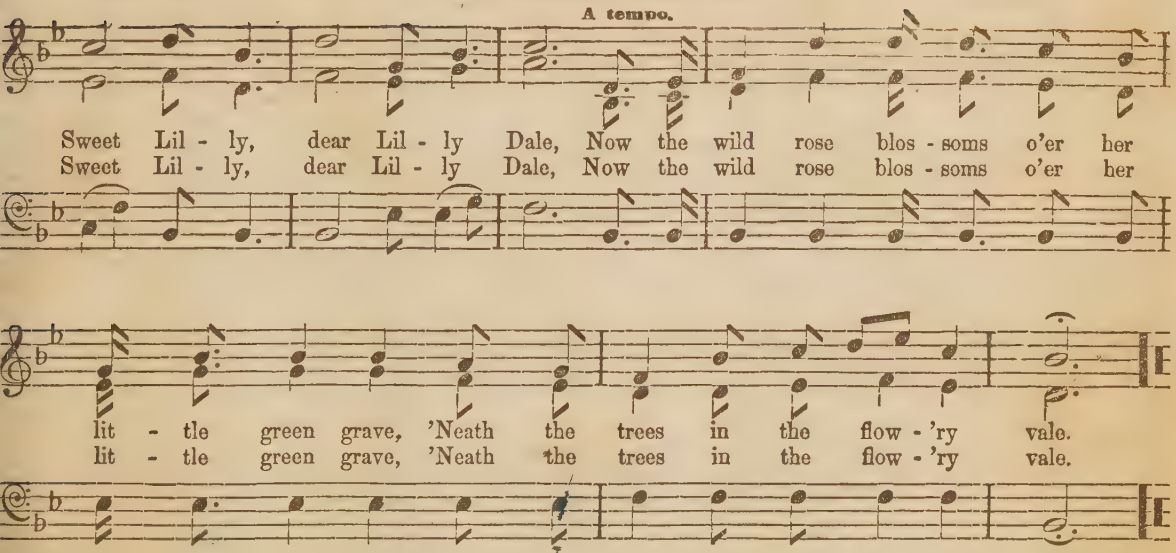

Lively.
1. Come, come a - way to the pear-ly foun-tain, 'Tis the sa-cred hour calls, Where the fresh stream now
2. Come while the temple's bells are swinging, In the gen-tle waving wind, And the light * Sampan
Fine.
from the moun - tain, To its mel-low mu-sic falls, There with unbound tres - ses wav-ing,
now is bring - ing Flow'ry wreaths our brows to bind; From the sparkling wave then bounding,
D. C.
Like a silk - en fai - ry sail, Breezes fanning, wa-ters la-ving, Health and joy the bathers hail.
Souls are fresh as morning's gale, Hearts light beating, joy surrounding, Ah! what bliss the bathers hail.

* Flower Boat.

LILLY DALE

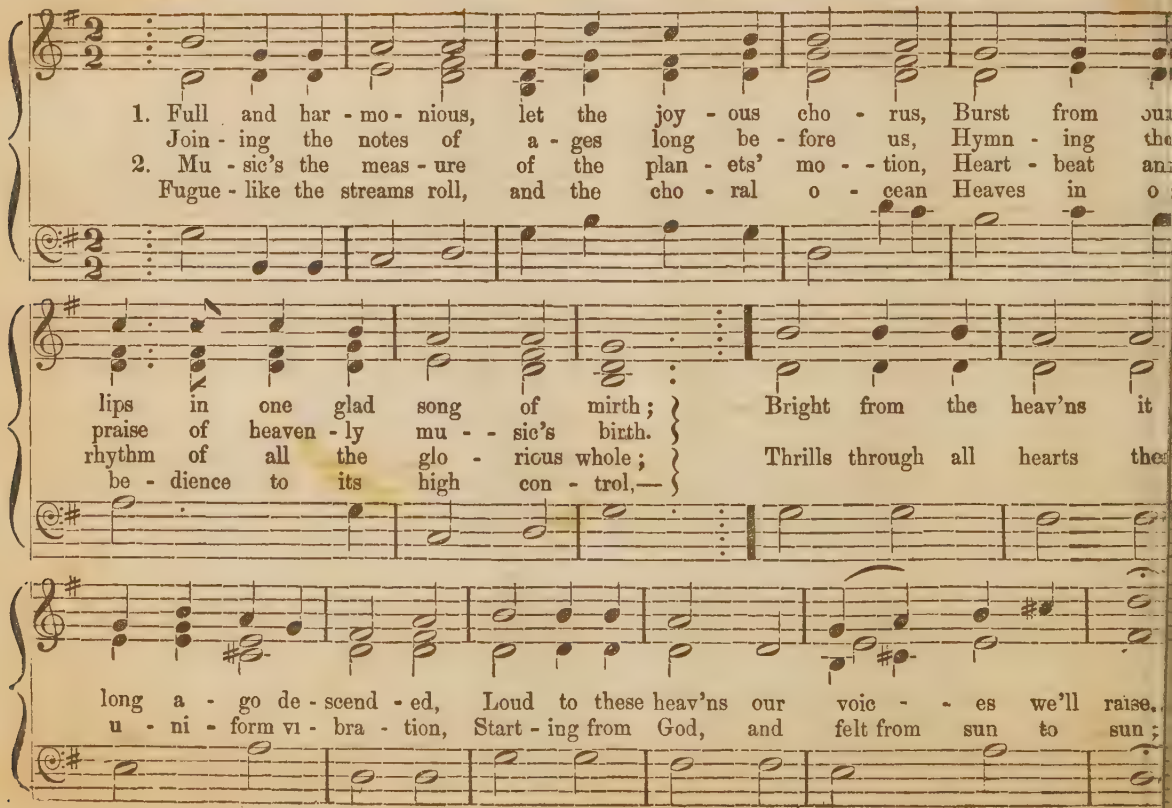
H. S. THOMPSON

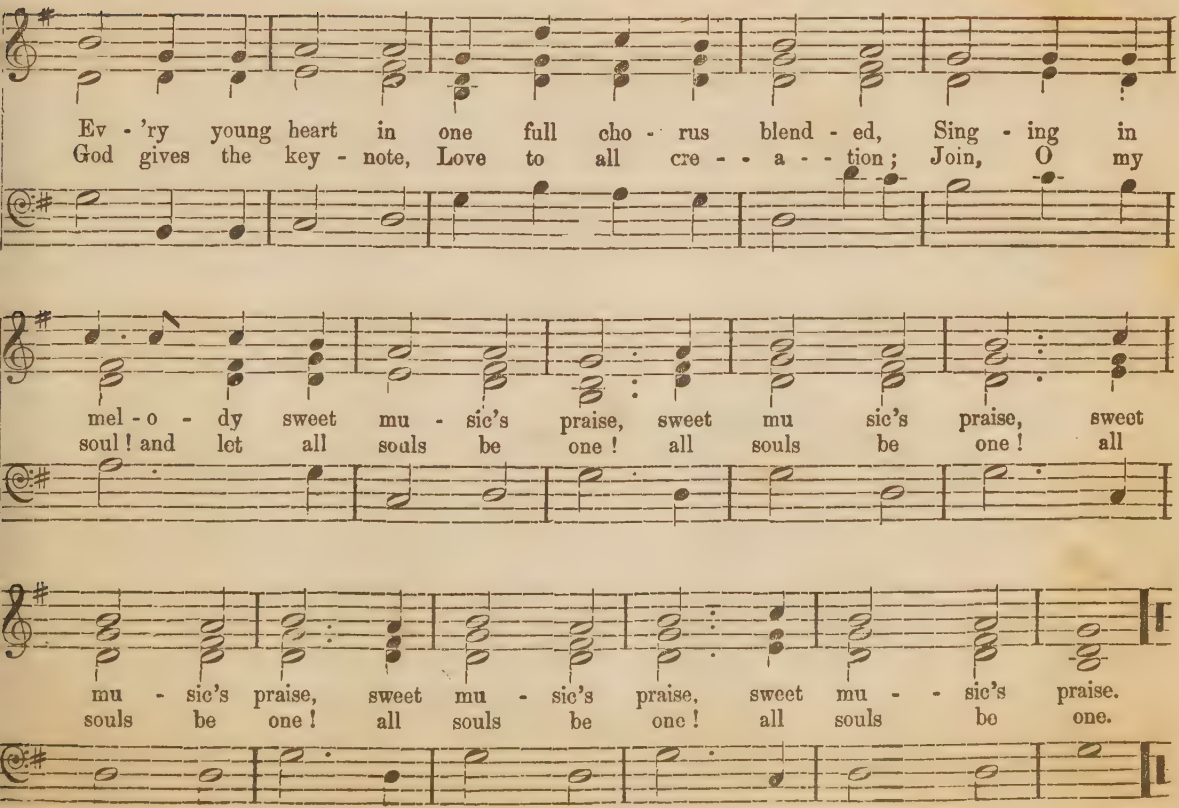

1. 'Twas a calm still night, And the moon's pale light, Shone
2. Her cheeks that once glowed, with the rose tint of health, By the
soft o'er hill and vale; When friends mute with grief, Stood a-
hand of dis - ease had turned pale; And the death damp was on the
ad lib.
round the death bed, Of my poor lost Lil - ly Dale. Oh! Lil - ly
pure.... white brow, Of my poor lost Lil - ly Dale. Oh! Lil - ly

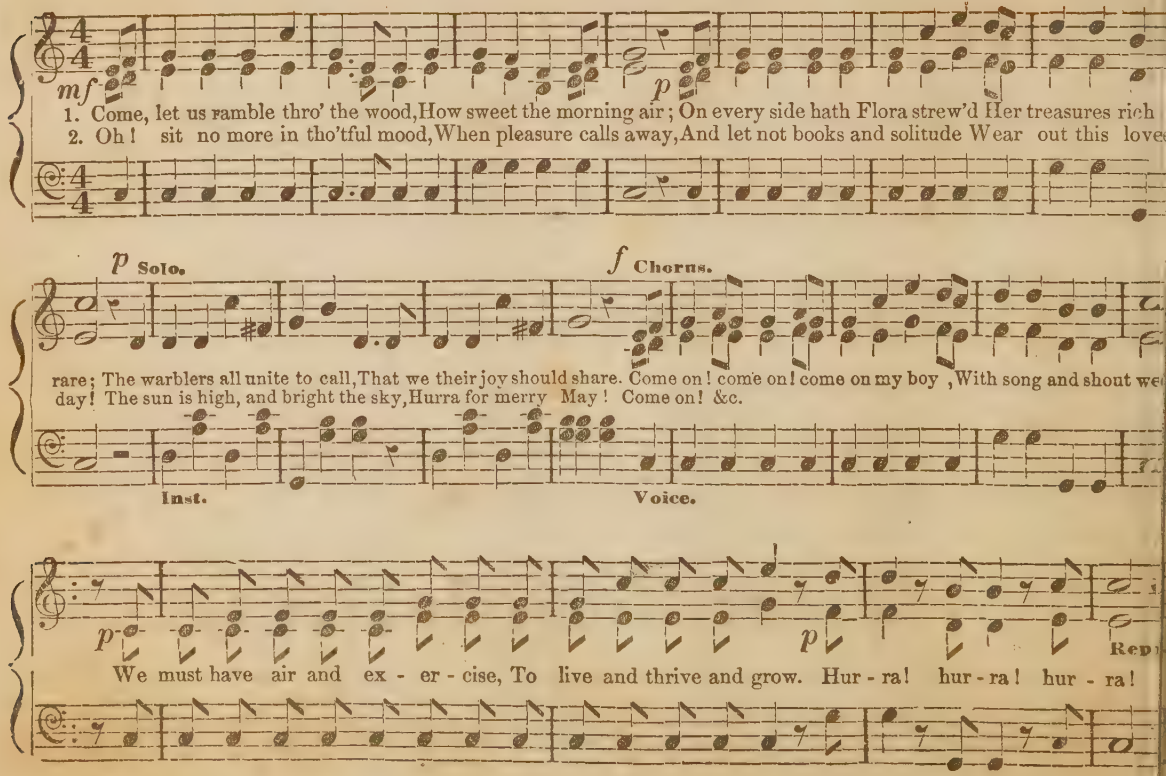

A tempo.
Sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the wild rose blos - soms o'er her
Sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the wild rose blos - soms o'er her
lit - tle green grave, 'Neath the trees in the flow - 'ry vale.
lit - tle green grave, 'Neath the trees in the flow - 'ry vale.

3 I go, she said, to the land of rest,
And ere my strength shall fail;
I must tell you where, near my own loved home,
You must lay poor Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, &c.

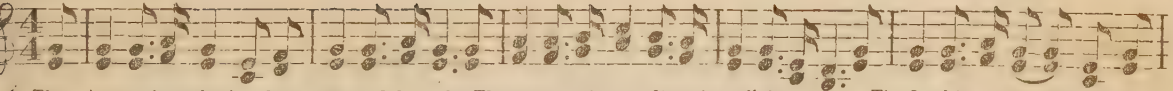
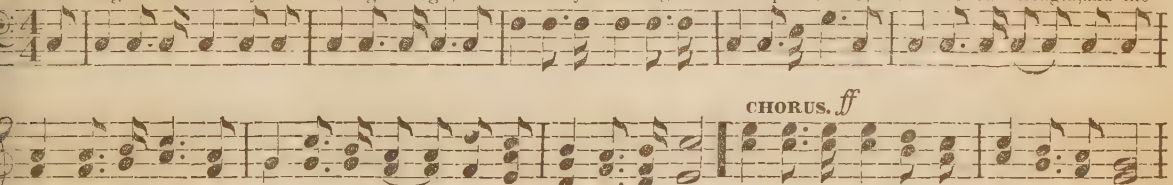
4 'Neath the chestnut tree, where the wild flowers grow,
And the stream ripples forth through the vale,
Where the birds shall warble their songs in spring,
There lay poor Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, &c.

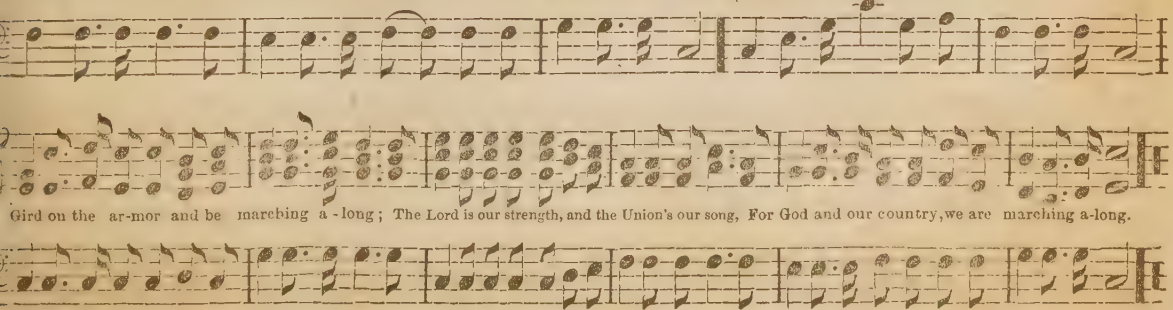

1. Full and har - mo - nious, let the joy - ous cho - rus, Burst from our
Join - ing the notes of a - ges long be - fore us, Hymn - ing the
2. Mu - sic's the meas - ure of the plan - ets' mo - - tion, Heart - beat and
Fugue - like the streams roll, and the cho - ral o - cean Heaves in o
lips in one glad song of mirth; Bright from the heav'ns it
praise of heaven - ly mu - - sic's birth.
rhythm of all the glo - rious whole; Thrills through all hearts the
be - dience to its high con - trol,—
long a - go de - scend - ed, Loud to these heav'ns our voic - - es we'll raise.
u - ni - form vi - bra - tion, Start - ing from God, and felt from sun to sun;


Ev - 'ry young heart in one full cho - rus blend - ed, Sing - ing in
God gives the key - note, Love to all cre - - a - - tion; Join, O my
mel - o - dy sweet mu - sic's praise, sweet mu sic's praise, sweet
soul! and let all souls be one! all souls be one! all
mu - sic's praise, sweet mu - sic's praise, sweet mu - - sic's praise.
souls be one! all souls be one! all souls be one.


mf
p
1. Come, let us ramble thro' the wood, How sweet the morning air; On every side hath Flora strew'd Her treasures rich
2. Oh! sit no more in tho'tful mood, When pleasure calls away, And let not books and solitude Wear out this love
p Solo.
f Chorus.
rare; The warblers all unite to call, That we their joy should share. Come on! come on! come on my boy, With song and shout we
day! The sun is high, and bright the sky, Hurra for merry May! Come on! &c.
Inst.
Voice.
p
p
We must have air and ex - er - cise, To live and thrive and grow. Hur - ra! hur - ra! hur - ra!
Rep

March movement.

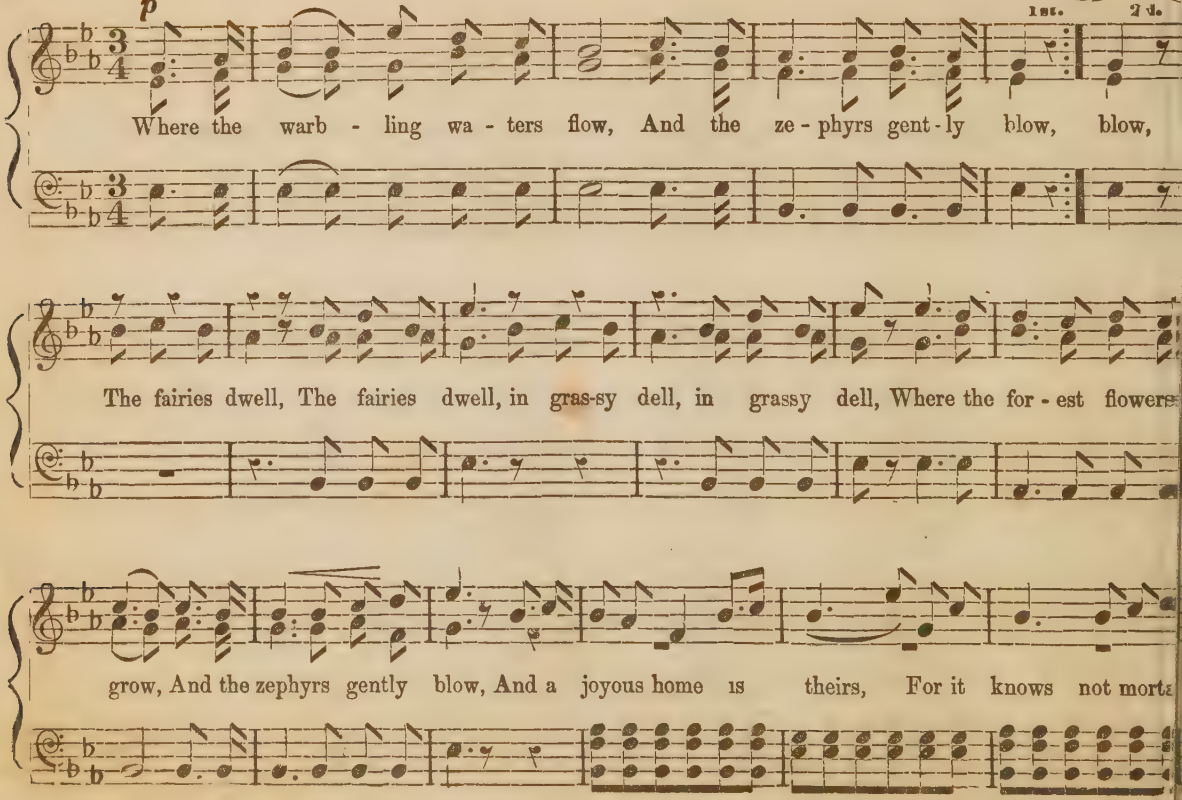

1. The Ar-my is gathering from near and from far, The trumpet is sounding the call for the war. The Lord is our strength, and the
2. The foe is be-fore us in bat-tle array, But let us not waver, or turn from the way: The Lord is our strength, and the
3. Our wives and our children we leave in your care, We feel you will help them their sorrows to bear; 'Tis hard thus to part, but we
4. We sigh for our country, we mourn for our dead, For them now, our last drop of blood we will shed; Our cause is the right one—our
5. The Flag of our coun-try is floating on high, We'll stand by that Flag till we conquer or die; The Lord is our strength, and the

CHORUS. ff
Union's our song, We'll gird on our ar-mor, and be marching a - long. Marching a - long, we are marching a - long,
Union's our song, With courage and faith, we are marching a - long. Marching a - long, &c.
hope 'twont be long, We'll keep up our hearts as we're marching a - long. Marching a - long, &c.
foe's in the wrong, Then gladly we'll sing as we're marching a - long. Marching a - long, &c.
Union's our song, We'll gird on our ar-mor, and be marching a - long. Marching a - long, &c.

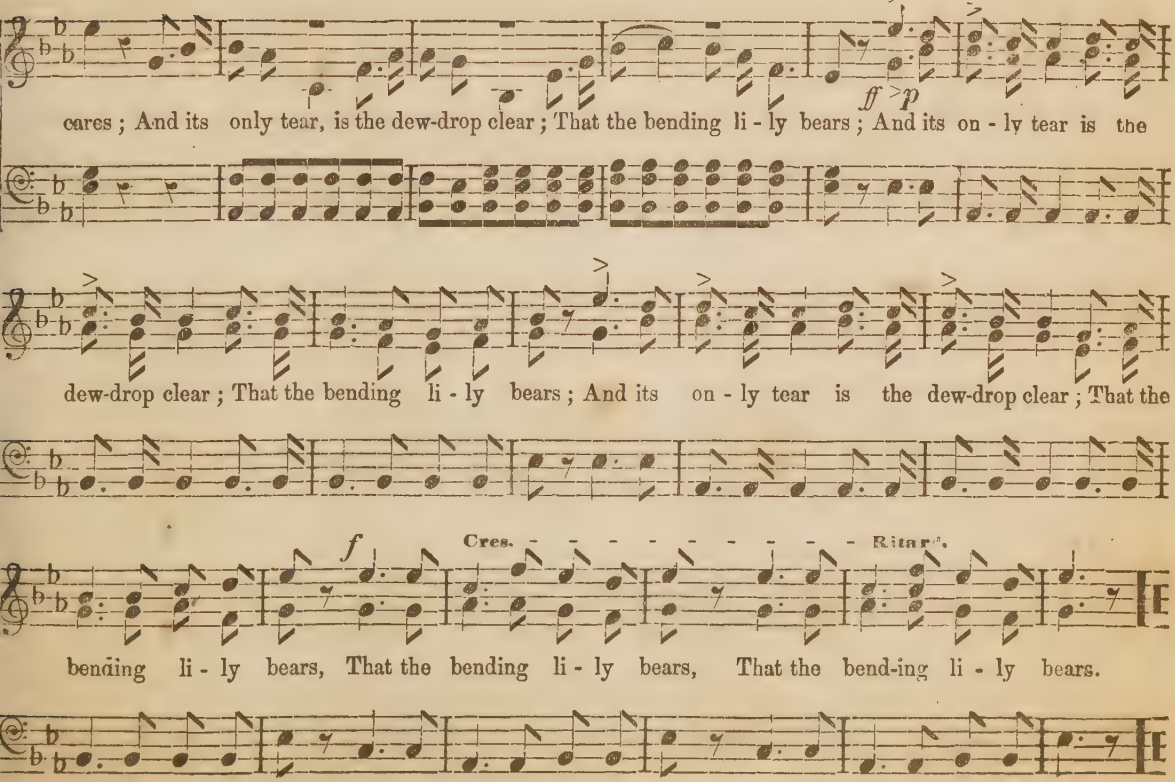

Gird on the ar-mor and be marching a - long; The Lord is our strength, and the Union's our song, For God and our country, we are marching a-long.

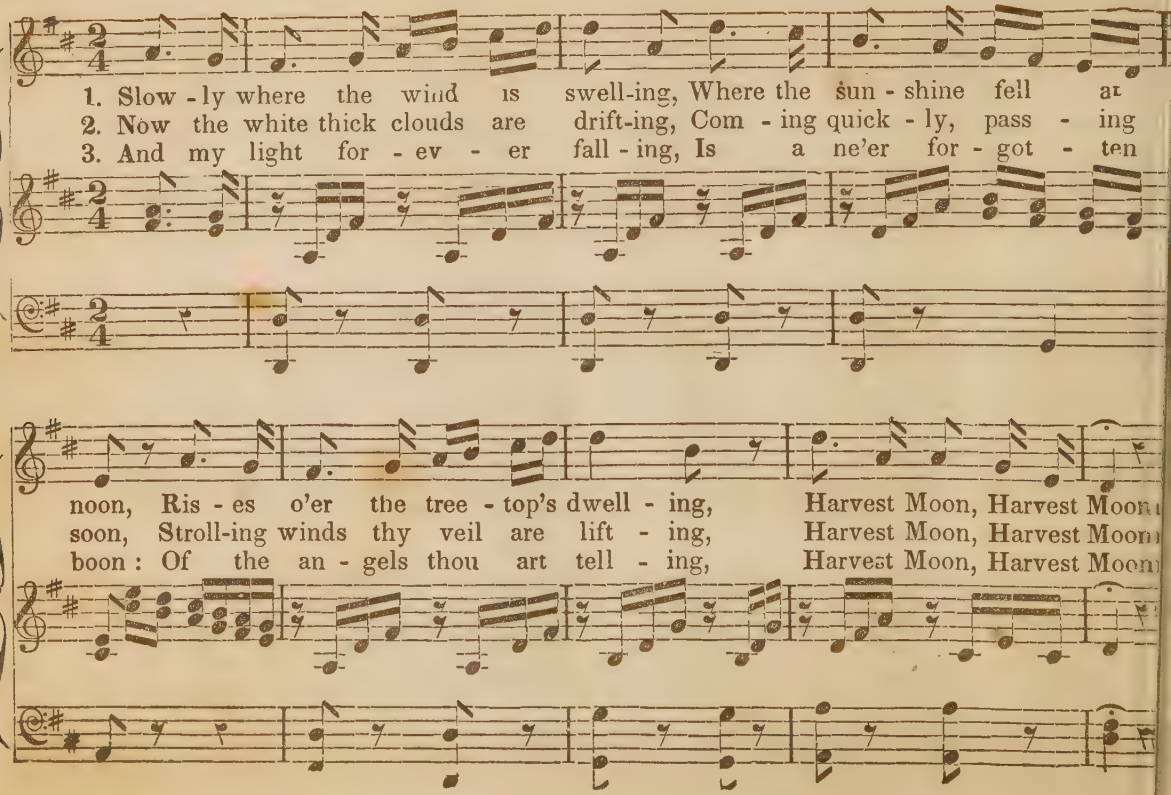
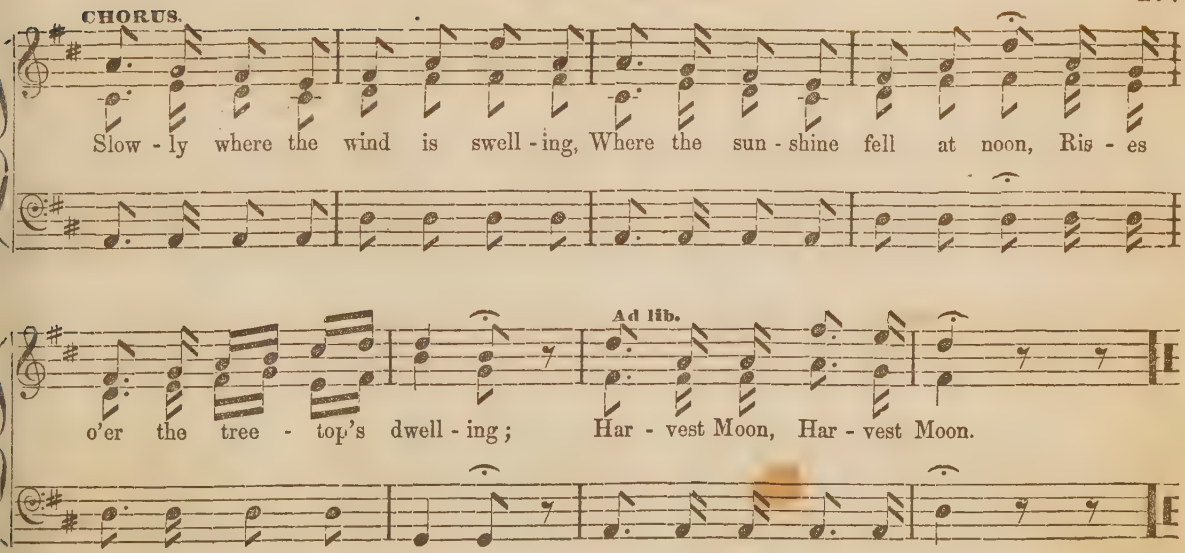
This song is for sale by OLIVER DITSON & Co., with Piano Accompaniment; also arranged with Variations for Piano.

WHERE THE WARBLING WATERS FLOW.

B. RICHARDS.


p
1st. 2 d.
Where the warb - ling wa - ters flow, And the ze - phyrs gent - ly blow, blow,
The fairies dwell, The fairies dwell, in gras-sy dell, in grassy dell, Where the for - est flowers
grow, And the zephyrs gently blow, And a joyous home is theirs, For it knows not morta


ff p
cares ; And its only tear, is the dew-drop clear ; That the bending li - ly bears ; And its on - ly tear is the
dew-drop clear ; That the bending li - ly bears ; And its on - ly tear is the dew-drop clear ; That the
f
Cres.
Ritard.
bending li - ly bears, That the bending li - ly bears, That the bend-ing li - ly bears.


1. Slow - ly where the wind is swell-ing, Where the sun - shine fell at
2. Now the white thick clouds are drift-ing, Com - ing quick - ly, pass - ing
3. And my light for - ev - er fall - ing, Is a ne'er for - got - ten
noon, Ris - es o'er the tree - top's dwell - ing, Harvest Moon, Harvest Moon
soon, Stroll-ing winds thy veil are lift - ing, Harvest Moon, Harvest Moon
boon: Of the an - gels thou art tell - ing, Harvest Moon, Harvest Moon

CHORUS.
Slow - ly where the wind is swell - ing, Where the sun - shine fell at noon, Ris - es
Ad lib.
o'er the tree - top's dwell - ing; Har - vest Moon, Har - vest Moon.

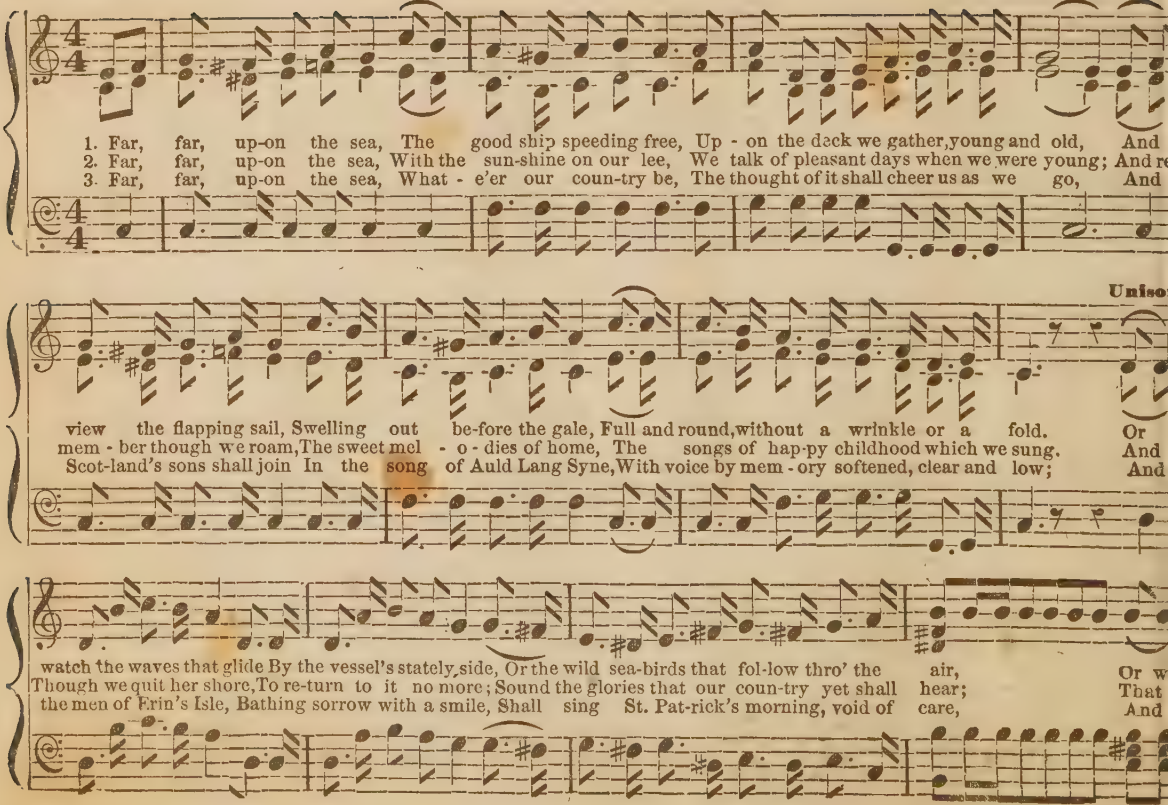
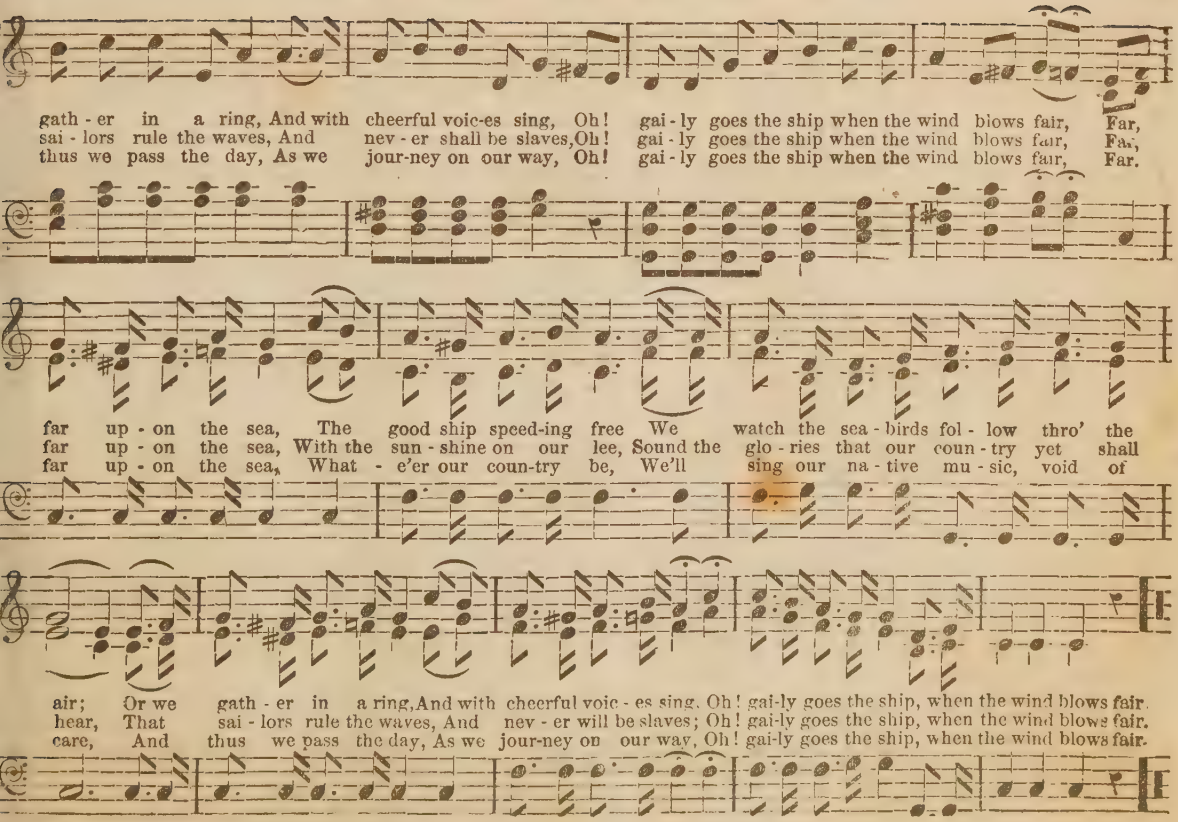
4

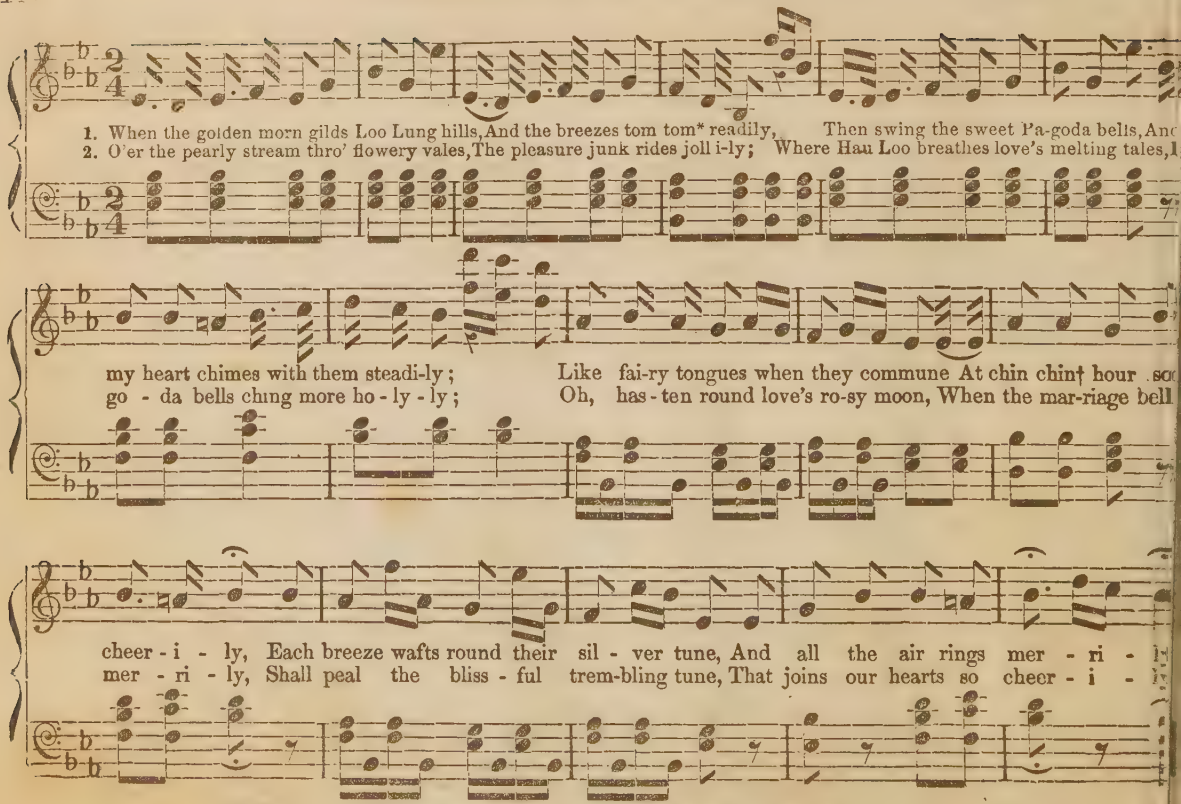
Thou didst light the weary yeoman,
Toiling when the day is gone;
Harbinger of golden autumn,
Harvest Moon, Harvest Moon.
CHORUS. Slowly where the wind, &c.

5

Round and red above the highland,
Silvering o'er its dusky cone,
Came the dreamer's floating island,
Harvest Moon, Harvest Moon.
CHORUS. Slowly where the wind, &c

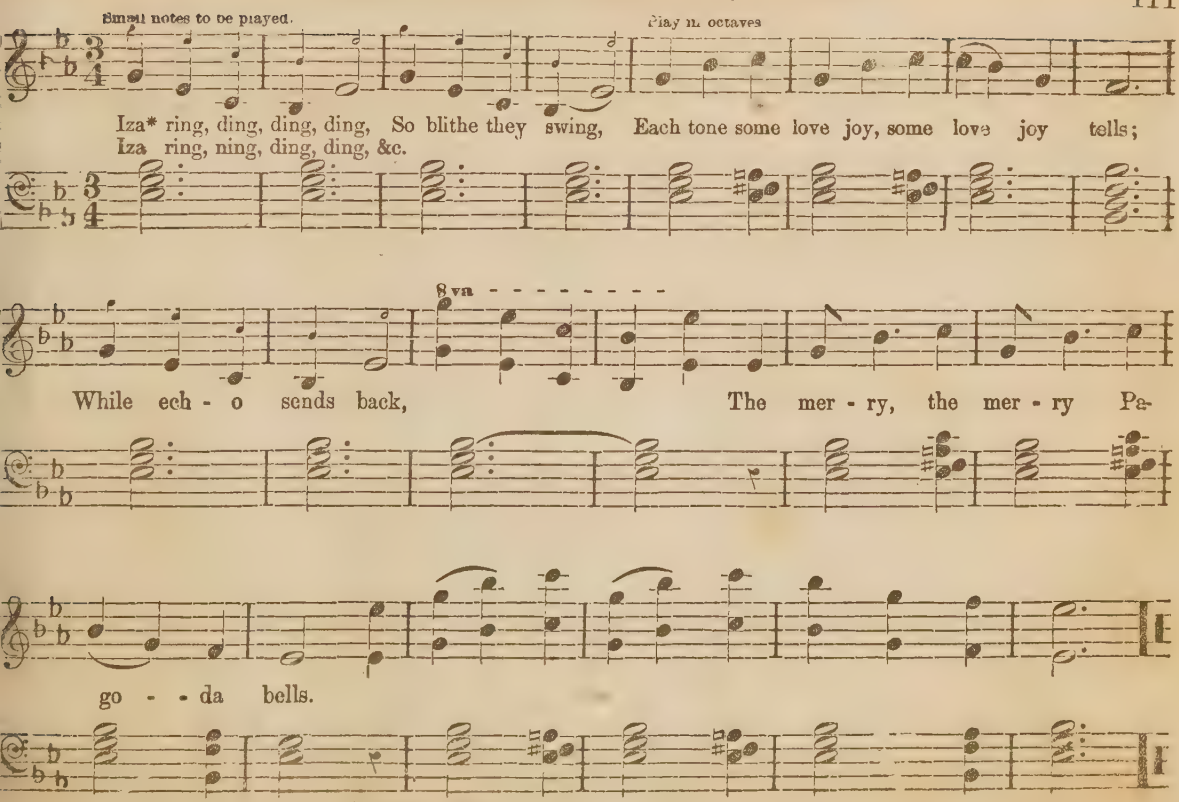
FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA.

HENRY RUSSELL

1. Far, far, up-on the sea, The good ship speeding free, Up - on the deck we gather, young and old, And
2. Far, far, up-on the sea, With the sun-shine on our lee, We talk of pleasant days when we were young; And re
3. Far, far, up-on the sea, What - e'er our coun-try be, The thought of it shall cheer us as we go, And
Uniso
view the flapping sail, Swelling out be-fore the gale, Full and round, without a wrinkle or a fold. Or
mem - ber though we roam, The sweet mel - o - dies of home, The songs of hap-py childhood which we sung. And
Scot-land's sons shall join In the song of Auld Lang Syne, With voice by mem - ory softened, clear and low; And
watch the waves that glide By the vessel's stately side, Or the wild sea-birds that fol-low thro' the air, Or w
Though we quit her shore, To re-turn to it no more; Sound the glories that our coun-try yet shall hear; That
the men of Erin's Isle, Bathing sorrow with a smile, Shall sing St. Pat-rick's morning, void of care, And

gath - er in a ring, And with cheerful voic-es sing, Oh! gai - ly goes the ship when the wind blows fair, Far,
sai - lors rule the waves, And nev - er shall be slaves, Oh! gai - ly goes the ship when the wind blows fair, Far,
thus we pass the day, As we jour-ney on our way, Oh! gai - ly goes the ship when the wind blows fair, Far.
far up - on the sea, The good ship speed-ing free We watch the sea - birds fol - low thro' the
far up - on the sea, With the sun - shine on our lee, Sound the glo - ries that our coun - try yet shall
far up - on the sea, What - e'er our coun-try be, We'll sing our na - tive mu - sic, void of
air; Or we gath - er in a ring, And with cheerful voic - es sing, Oh! gai-ly goes the ship, when the wind blows fair.
hear, That sai - lors rule the waves, And nev - er will be slaves; Oh! gai-ly goes the ship, when the wind blows fair.
care, And thus we pass the day, As we jour-ney on our way, Oh! gai-ly goes the ship, when the wind blows fair.

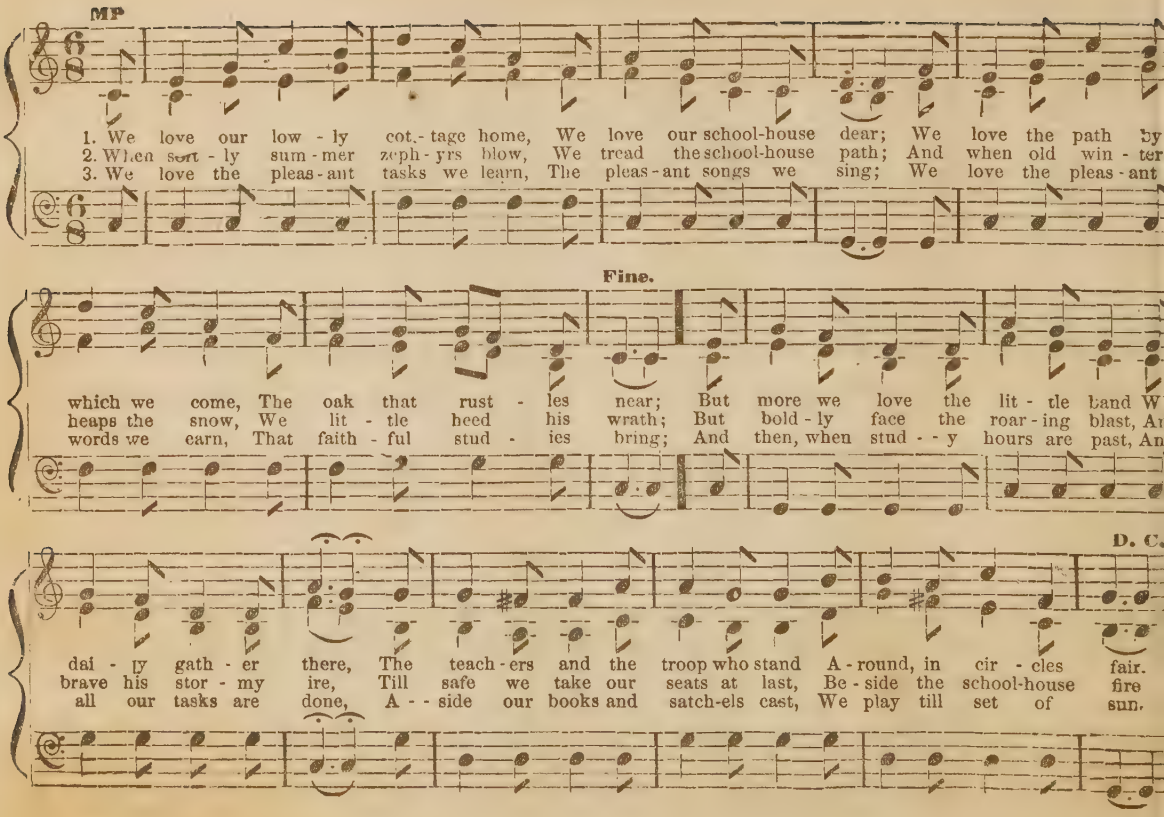
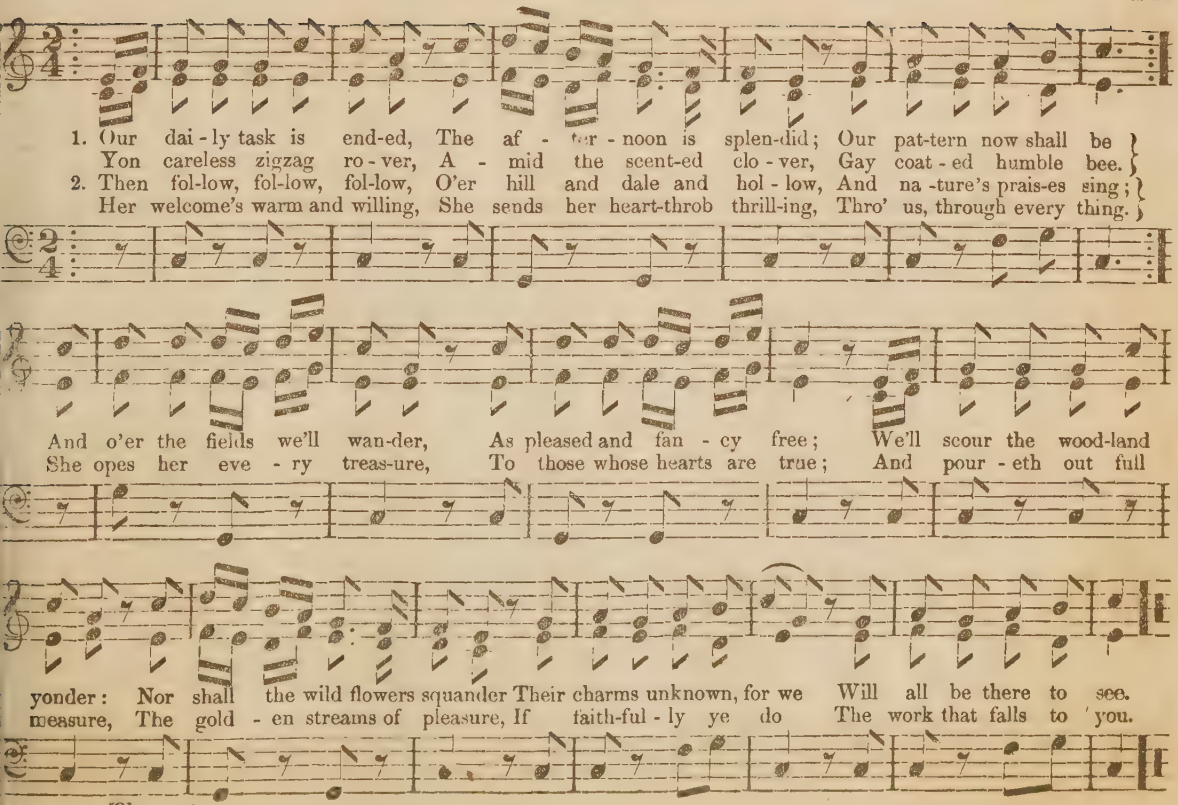

1. When the golden morn gilds Loo Lung hills, And the breezes tom tom* readily, Then swing the sweet Pa-goda bells, And
2. O'er the pearly stream thro' flowery vales, The pleasure junk rides joll i-ly; Where Hau Loo breathes love's melting tales, I
my heart chimes with them steadi-ly; Like fai-ry tongues when they commune At chin chin† hour so
go - da bells ching more ho - ly - ly; Oh, has - ten round love's ro-sy moon, When the mar-riage bell
cheer - i - ly, Each breeze wafts round their sil - ver tune, And all the air rings mer - ri -
mer - ri - ly, Shall peal the bliss - ful trem-bling tune, That joins our hearts so cheer - i -

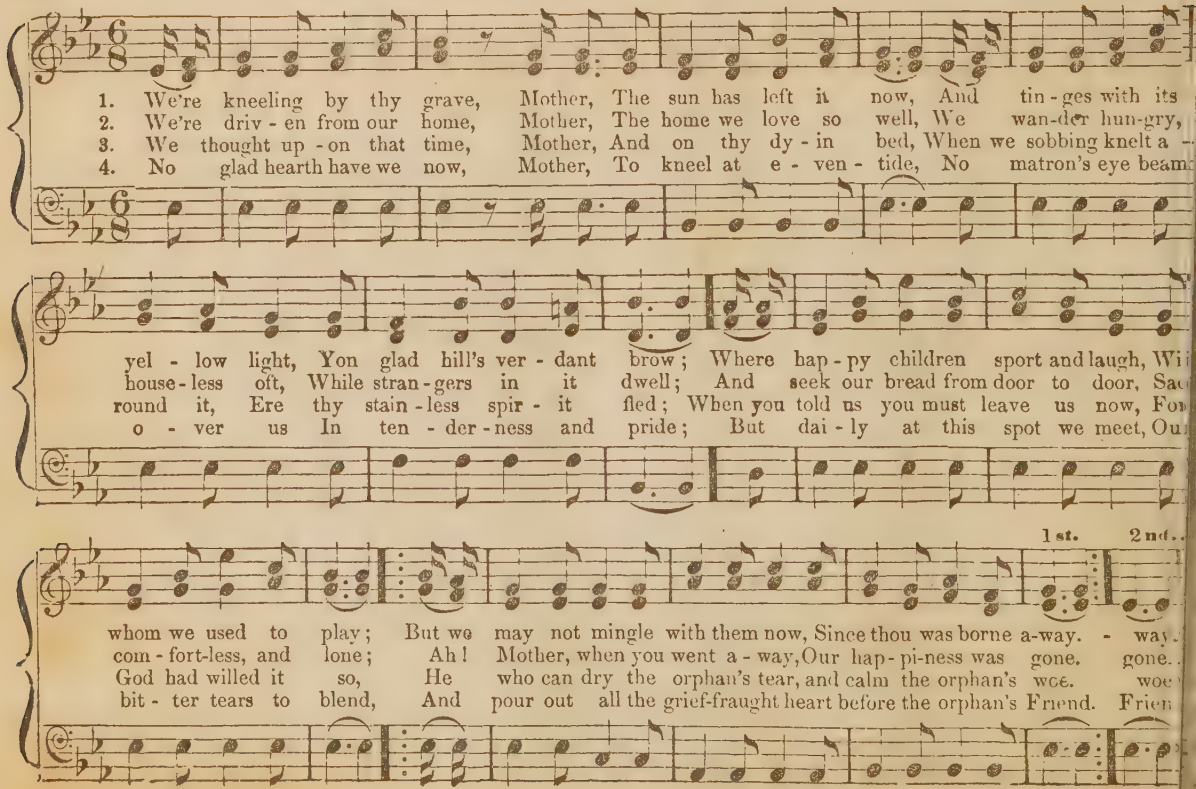
* Beating

† Religious worship; also, a salutation of homage and friendship.


Small notes to be played.
Play in octaves
Iza* ring, ding, ding, ding, So blithe they swing, Each tone some love joy, some love joy tells;
Iza ring, ning, ding, ding, &c.
8va
While ech - o sends back, The mer - ry, the mer - ry Pa-
go - - da bells.

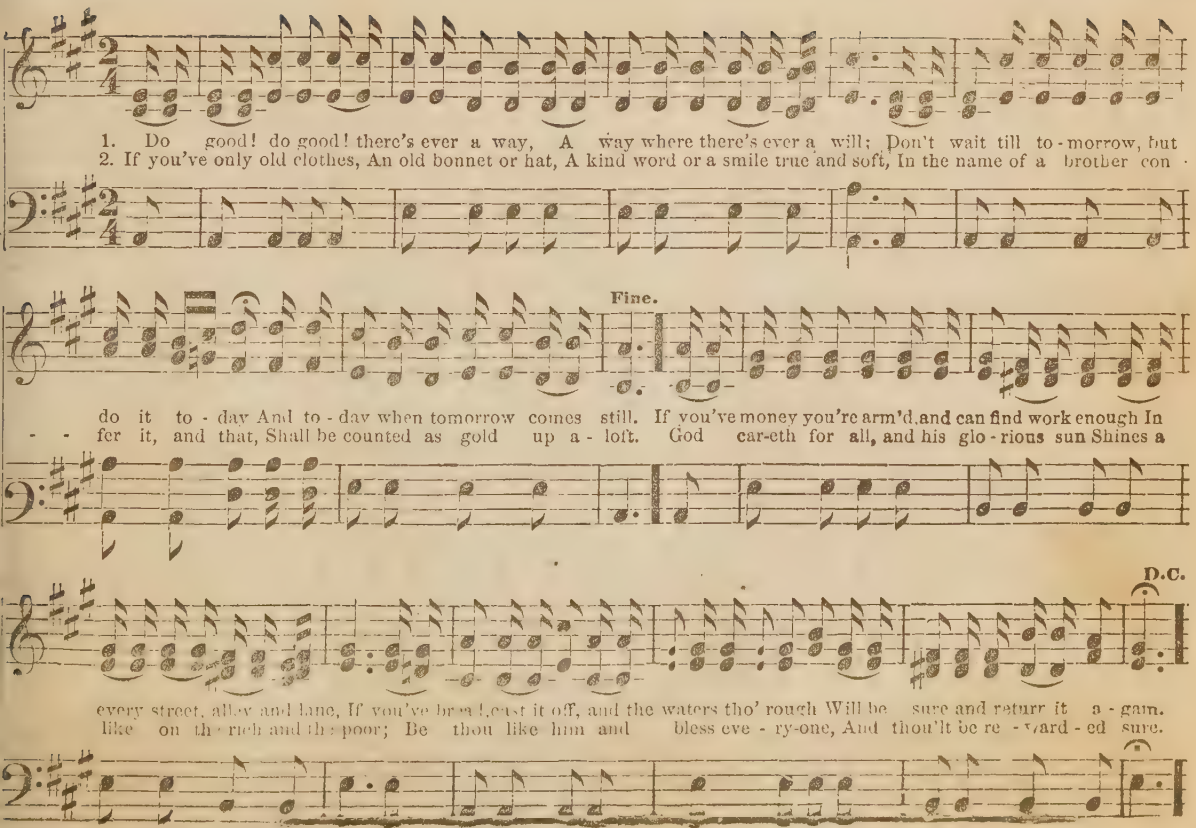
* Hark, or listen.


MF
1. We love our low - ly cot.- tage home, We love our school-house dear; We love the path by
2. When soft - ly sum - mer zeph - yrs blow, We tread the school-house path; And when old win - ter
3. We love the pleas - ant tasks we learn, The pleas - ant songs we sing; We love the pleas - ant
Fine.
which we come, The oak that rust - les near; But more we love the lit - tle band W
heaps the snow, We lit - tle heed his wrath; But bold - ly face the roar - ing blast, An
words we earn, That faith - ful stud - ies bring; And then, when stud - - y hours are past, An
D. C.
dai - ly gath - er there, The teach - ers and the troop who stand A - round, in cir - cles fair.
brave his stor - my ire, Till safe we take our seats at last, Be - side the school-house fire
all our tasks are done, A - - side our books and satch-els cast, We play till set of sun.

1. Our dai - ly task is end-ed, The af - ter - noon is splen-did; Our pat-tern now shall be
Yon careless zigzag ro - ver, A - mid the scent-ed clo - ver, Gay coat - ed humble bee.
2. Then fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, O'er hill and dale and hol - low, And na -ture's prais-es sing;
Her welcome's warm and willing, She sends her heart-throb thrill-ing, Thro' us, through every thing.
And o'er the fields we'll wan-der, As pleased and fan - cy free; We'll scour the wood-land
She opes her eve - ry treas-ure, To those whose hearts are true; And pour - eth out full
yonder: Nor shall the wild flowers squander Their charms unknown, for we Will all be there to see.
measure, The gold - en streams of pleasure, If faith-ful - ly ye do The work that falls to you.


1. We're kneeling by thy grave, Mother, The sun has left it now, And tin-ges with its
2. We're driv-en from our home, Mother, The home we love so well, We wan-der hun-gry,
3. We thought up-on that time, Mother, And on thy dy-in bed, When we sobbing knelt a-
4. No glad hearth have we now, Mother, To kneel at e-ven-tide, No matron's eye beam
yel-low light, Yon glad hill's ver-dant brow; Where hap-py children sport and laugh, Wi
house-less oft, While stran-gers in it dwell; And seek our bread from door to door, Sa
round it, Ere thy stain-less spir-it fled; When you told us you must leave us now, Fo
o-ver us In ten-der-ness and pride; But dai-ly at this spot we meet, Ou
1st. 2nd.
whom we used to play; But we may not mingle with them now, Since thou was borne a-way. - way.
com-fort-less, and lone; Ah! Mother, when you went a-way, Our hap-pi-ness was gone. gone.
God had willed it so, He who can dry the orphan's tear, and calm the orphan's woe. woe
bit-ter tears to blend, And pour out all the grief-fraught heart before the orphan's Friend. Frien

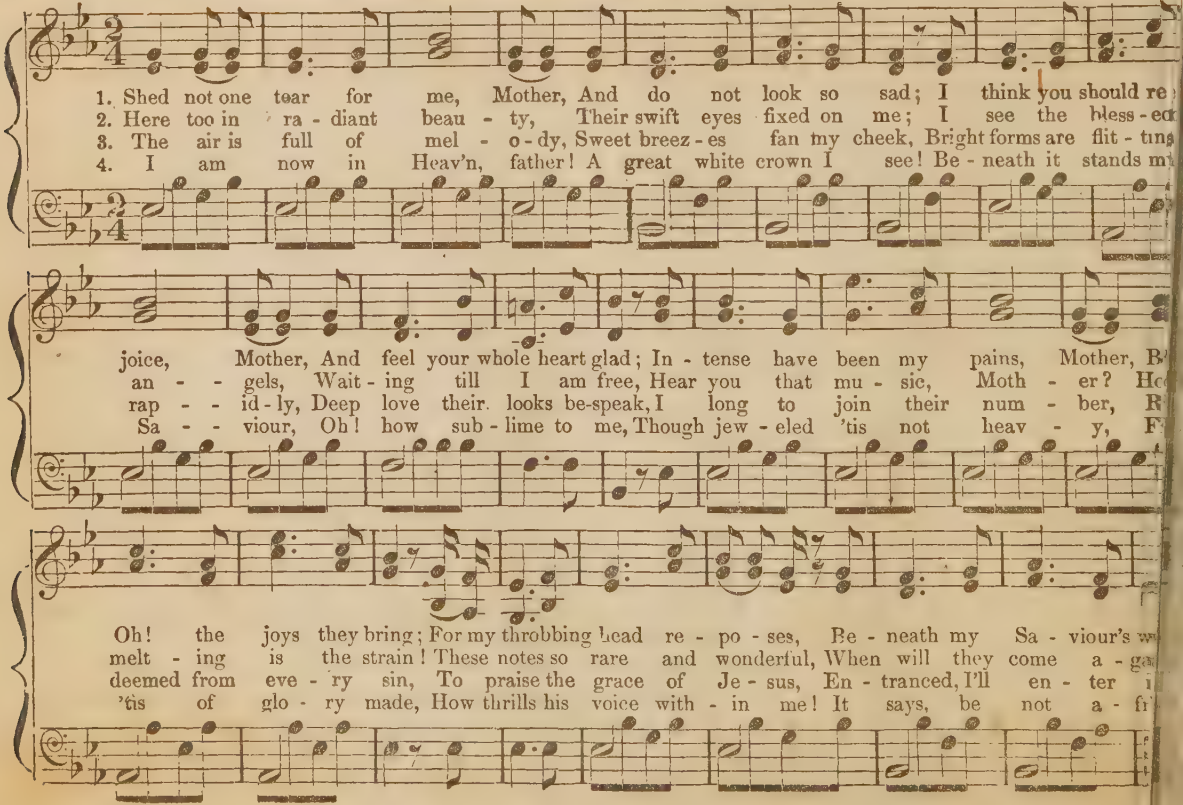
DO GOOD.

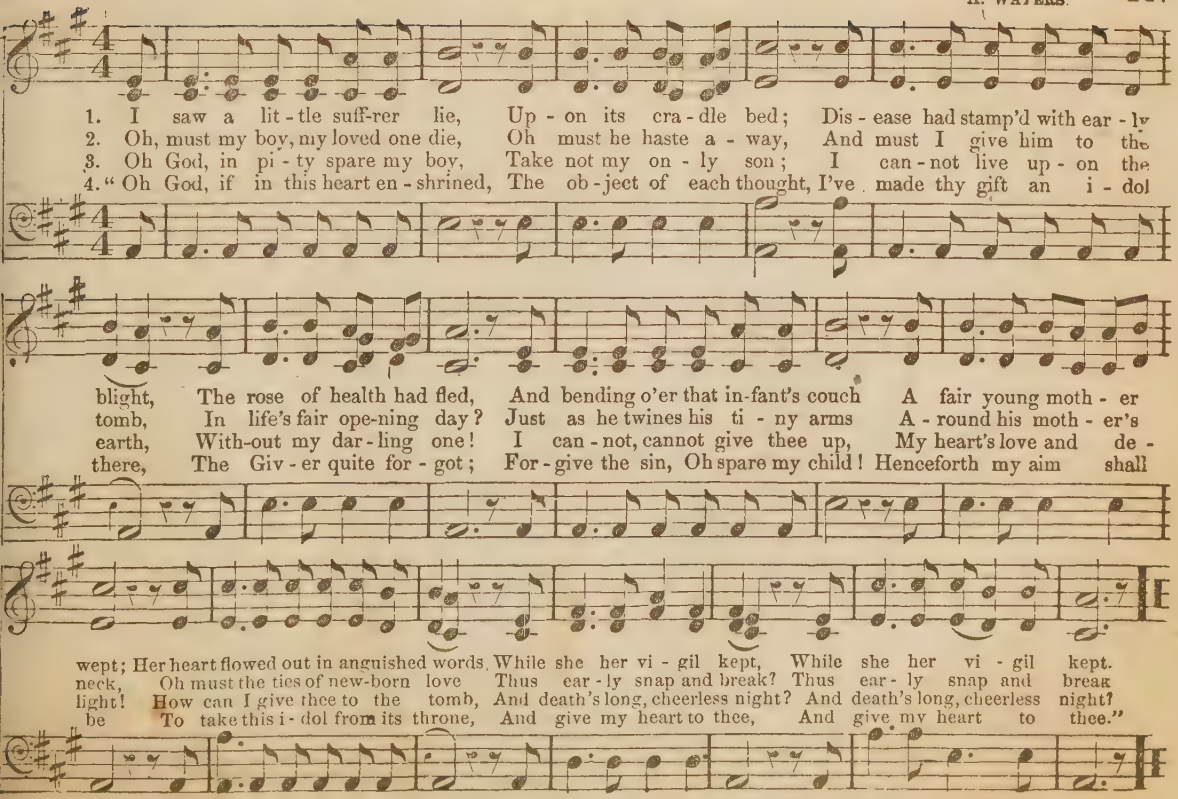
L. B. WOODBURY


1. Do good! do good! there's ever a way, A way where there's ever a will; Don't wait till to-morrow, but
2. If you've only old clothes, An old bonnet or hat, A kind word or a smile true and soft, In the name of a brother con
Fine.
do it to-day And to-day when tomorrow comes still. If you've money you're arm'd,and can find work enough In
fer it, and that, Shall be counted as gold up a-loft. God car-eth for all, and his glo-rious sun Shines a
D.C.
every street, alley and lane, If you've bread,cast it off, and the waters tho' rough Will be sure and return it a-gain.
like on the rich and the poor; Be thou like him and bless eve-ry-one, And thou'lt be re-ward-ed sure.

SHED NOT ONE TEAR FOR ME, MOTHER.

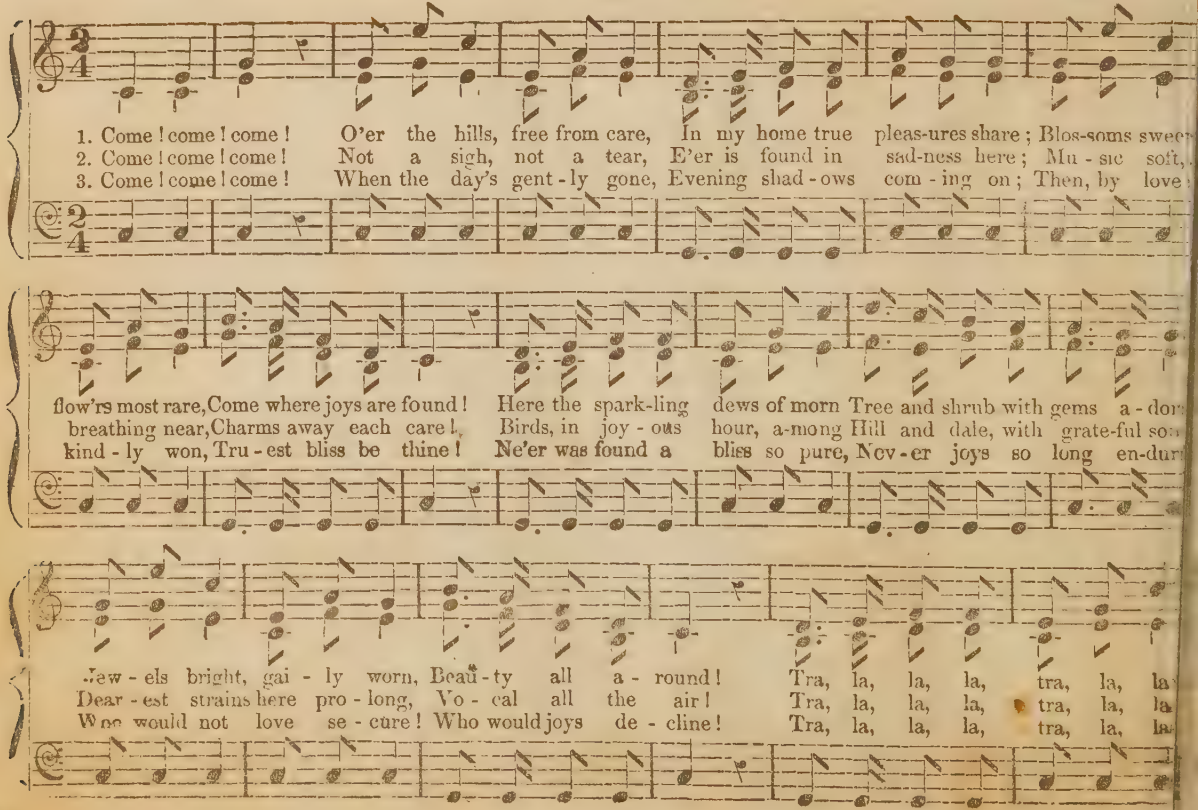
H. S. NEWELL.

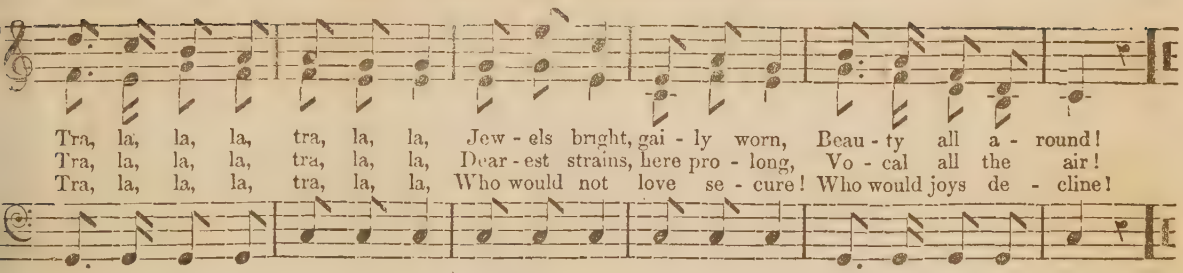

1. Shed not one tear for me, Mother, And do not look so sad; I think you should re
2. Here too in ra - diant beau - ty, Their swift eyes fixed on me; I see the bless - ed
3. The air is full of mel - o - dy, Sweet breez - es fan my cheek, Bright forms are flit - ting
4. I am now in Heav'n, father! A great white crown I see! Be - neath it stands m
joice, Mother, And feel your whole heart glad; In - tense have been my pains, Mother, B
an - - gels, Wait - ing till I am free, Hear you that mu - sic, Moth - er? Ho
rap - - id - ly, Deep love their looks be-speak, I long to join their num - ber, R
Sa - - viour, Oh! how sub - lime to me, Though jew - eled 'tis not heav - y, F
Oh! the joys they bring; For my throbbing head re - po - ses, Be - neath my Sa - viour's w
melt - ing is the strain! These notes so rare and wonderful, When will they come a - ga
deemed from eve - ry sin, To praise the grace of Je - sus, En - tranced, I'll en - ter
'tis of glo - ry made, How thrills his voice with - in me! It says, be not a - f


1. I saw a lit-tle suff-rer lie, Up-on its cra-dle bed; Dis-ease had stamp'd with ear-ly
2. Oh, must my boy, my loved one die, Oh must he haste a-way, And must I give him to the
3. Oh God, in pi-ty spare my boy, Take not my on-ly son; I can-not live up-on the
4. "Oh God, if in this heart en-shrined, The ob-ject of each thought, I've made thy gift an i-dol
blight, The rose of health had fled, And bending o'er that in-fant's couch A fair young moth-er
tomb, In life's fair ope-ning day? Just as he twines his ti-ny arms A-round his moth-er's
earth, With-out my dar-ling one! I can-not, cannot give thee up, My heart's love and de-
there, The Giv-er quite for-got; For-give the sin, Oh spare my child! Henceforth my aim shall
wept; Her heart flowed out in anguished words While she her vi-gil kept, While she her vi-gil kept.
neck, Oh must the ties of new-born love Thus ear-ly snap and break? Thus ear-ly snap and break
light! How can I give thee to the tomb, And death's long, cheerless night? And death's long, cheerless night?
be To take this i-dol from its throne, And give my heart to thee, And give my heart to thee."

MOUNTAIN MAID'S INVITATION.

RAINER


1. Come! come! come! O'er the hills, free from care, In my home true pleas-ures share; Blos-soms swee
2. Come! come! come! Not a sigh, not a tear, E'er is found in sad-ness here; Mu-sic soft,
3. Come! come! come! When the day's gent-ly gone, Evening shad-ows com-ing on; Then, by love
flow'rs most rare, Come where joys are found! Here the spark-ling dews of morn Tree and shrub with gems a-dor
breathing near, Charms away each care! Birds, in joy-ous hour, a-mong Hill and dale, with grate-ful so
kind-ly won, Tru-est bliss be thine! Ne'er was found a bliss so pure, Nev-er joys so long en-dur
Jew-els bright, gai-ly worn, Beau-ty all a-round! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la
Dear-est strains here pro-long, Vo-cal all the air! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la
Who would not love se-cure! Who would joys de-cline! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la


Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, Jew - els bright, gai - ly worn, Beau - ty all a - round!
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, Dear - est strains, here pro - long, Vo - cal all the air!
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, Who would not love se - cure! Who would joys de - cline!

SCHOOL DAYS.

1

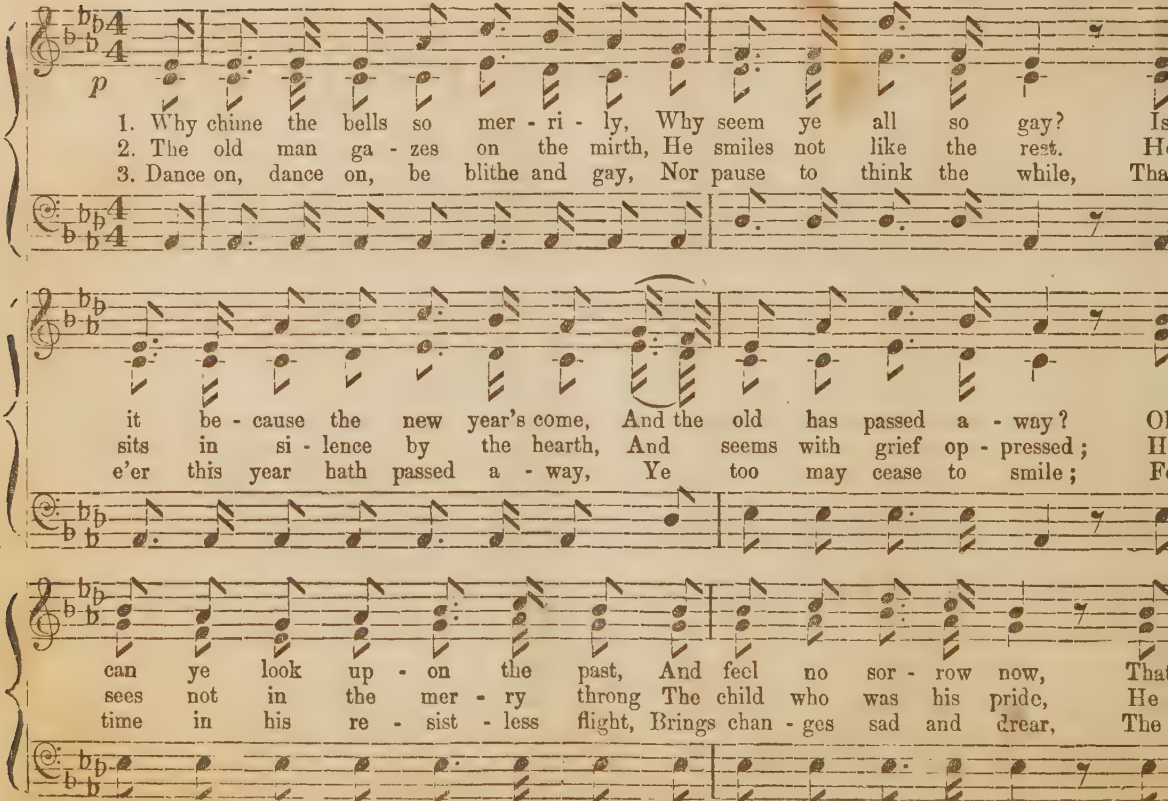
Hark! hark! hark! joyous sounds mark the day,
When from school we join in play,
Not a care clouds our way,
All is fill'd with bliss;
Like the sunbeams fair and bright,
Pleasant thoughts the hour invite.
Blest with hope, free and light,
Be each day like this,
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,
Blest with hope, free and light
Be each day like this.

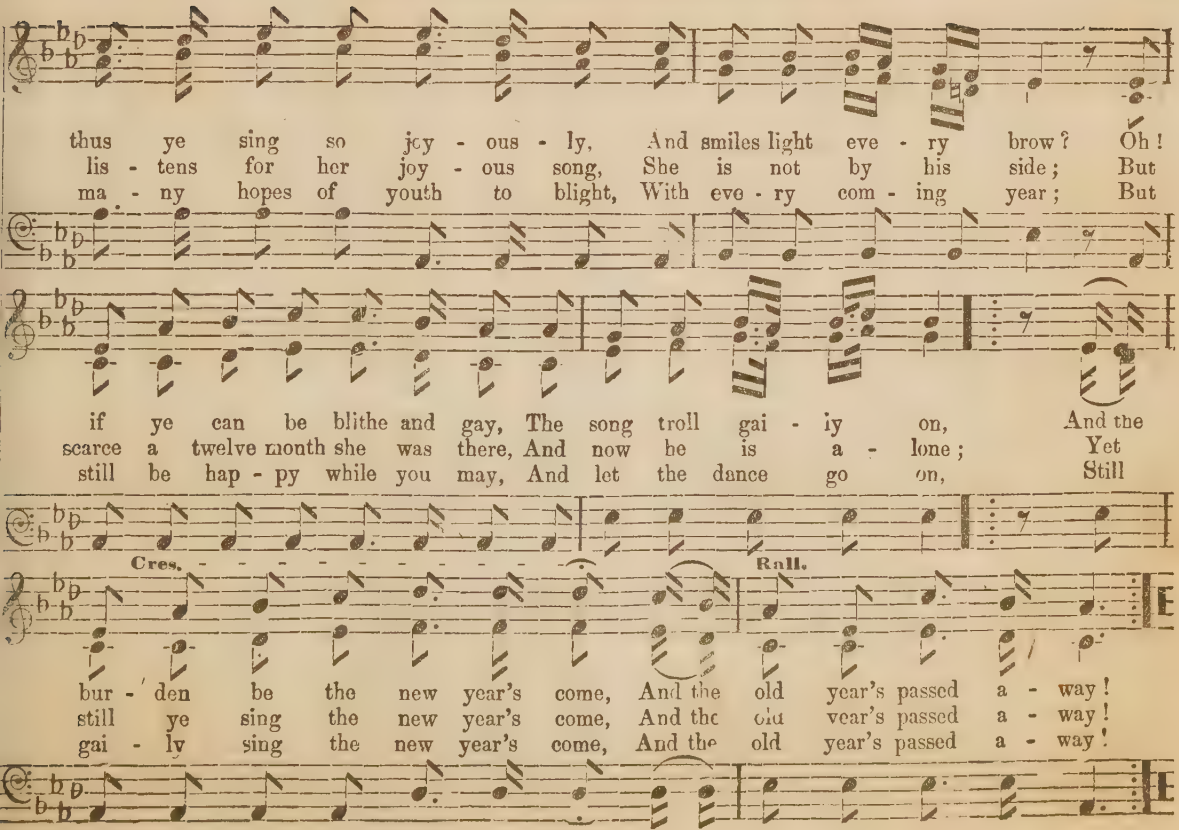
2

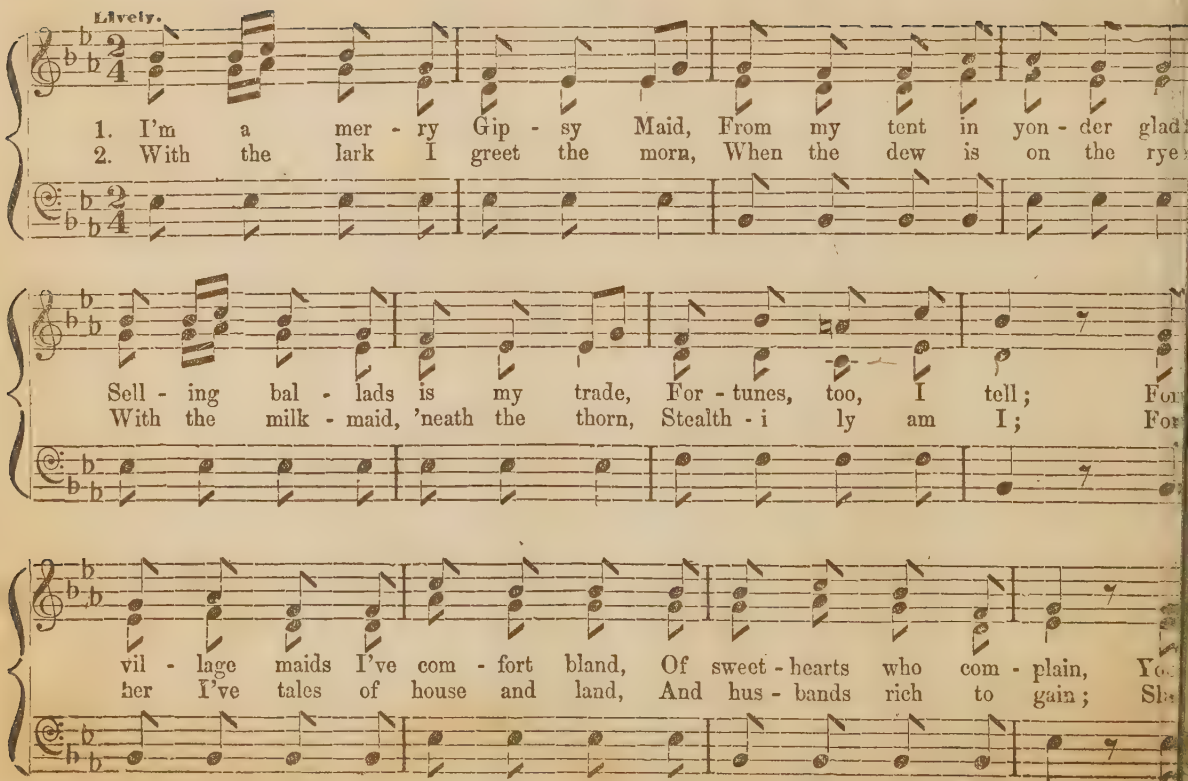
Hark! hark! hark!
Time rolls on, 'tis the call
Bids us on to Learning's hall
Wisdom's voice points to all,
Hopes the dearest known.
Faithful to our duties here,
Never may a pain be near,
Ne'er be seen sorrow's tear,
Joyous days our own.
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,
Ne'er be seen sorrow's tear,
Joyous days our own.

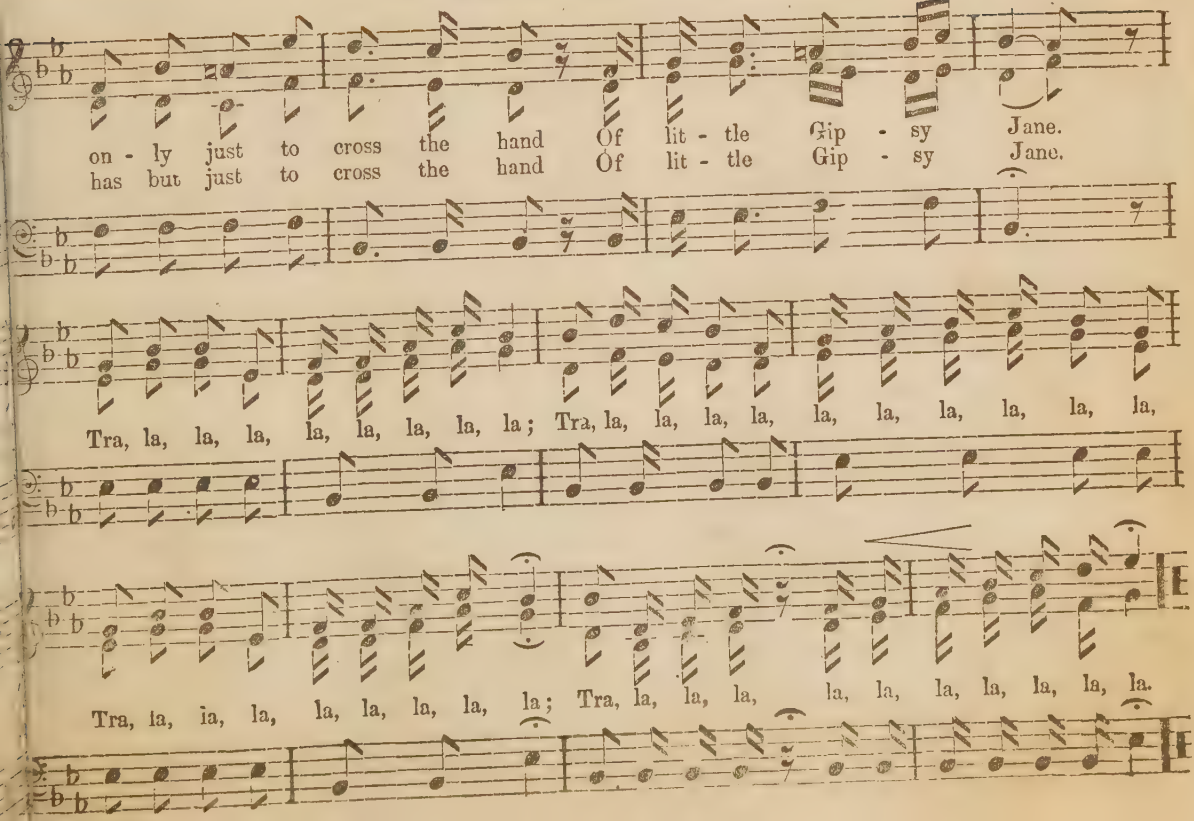
WHY CHIME THE BELLS SO MERRILY?

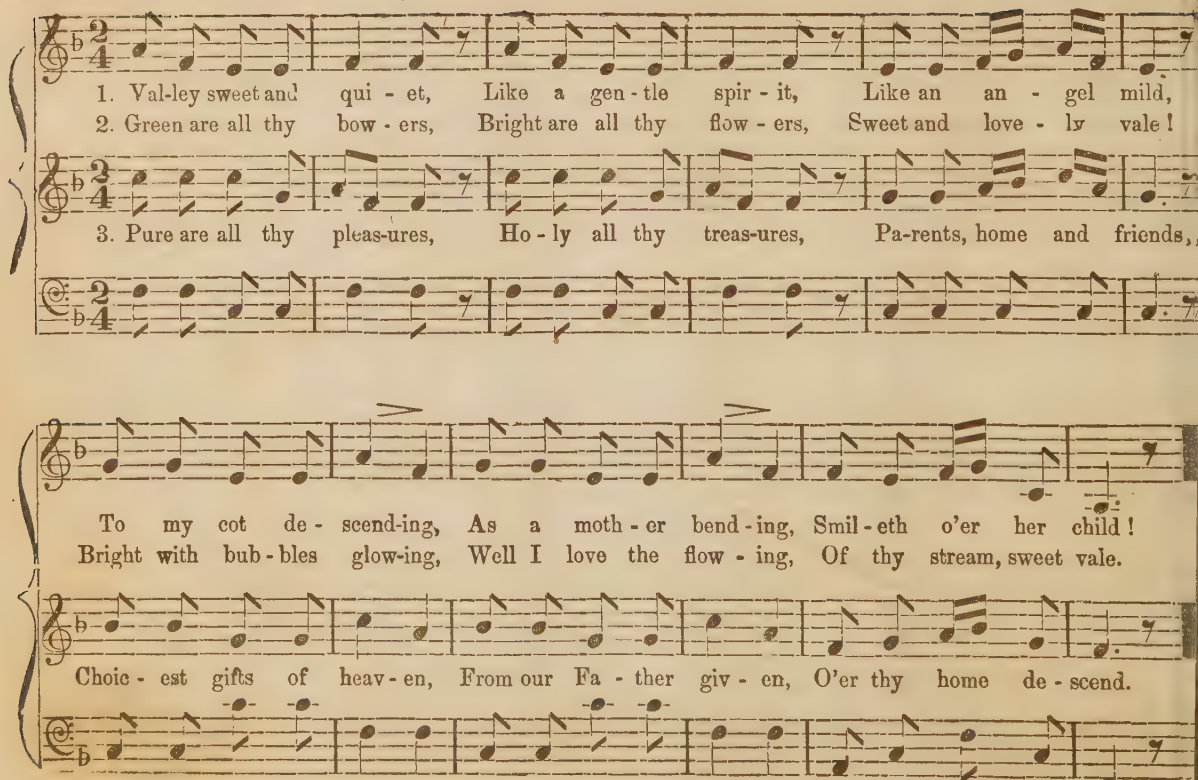
Words by J. B. PHILLIPS


p
1. Why chime the bells so mer - ri - ly, Why seem ye all so gay? Is
2. The old man ga - zes on the mirth, He smiles not like the rest. H
3. Dance on, dance on, be blithe and gay, Nor pause to think the while, Tha
it be - cause the new year's come, And the old has passed a - way? O
sits in si - lence by the hearth, And seems with grief op - pressed; H
e'er this year hath passed a - way, Ye too may cease to smile; F
can ye look up - on the past, And feel no sor - row now, Tha
sees not in the mer - ry throng The child who was his pride, He
time in his re - sist - less flight, Brings chan - ges sad and drear, The


thus ye sing so joy - ous - ly, And smiles light eve - ry brow? Oh!
lis - tens for her joy - ous song, She is not by his side; But
ma - ny hopes of youth to blight, With eve - ry com - ing year; But
if ye can be blithe and gay, The song troll gai - ly on, And the
scarce a twelve month she was there, And now he is a - lone; Yet
still be hap - py while you may, And let the dance go on, Still
Cres.
Rall.
bur - den be the new year's come, And the old year's passed a - way!
still ye sing the new year's come, And the old year's passed a - way!
gai - ly sing the new year's come, And the old year's passed a - way!

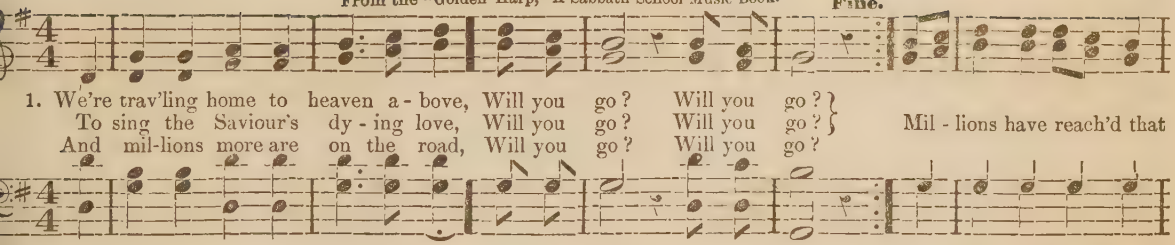

Lively.
1. I'm a mer - ry Gip - sy Maid, From my tent in yon - der glad
2. With the lark I greet the morn, When the dew is on the rye
Sell - ing bal - lads is my trade, For - tunes, too, I tell;
With the milk - maid, 'neath the thorn, Stealth - i ly am I;
vil - lage maids I've com - fort bland, Of sweet - hearts who com - plain,
her I've tales of house and land, And hus - bands rich to gain;


on - ly just to cross the hand Of lit - tle Gip - sy Jane.
has but just to cross the hand Of lit - tle Gip - sy Jane.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la; Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la; Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.


1. Val-ley sweet and qui - et, Like a gen - tle spir - it, Like an an - gel mild,
2. Green are all thy bow - ers, Bright are all thy flow - ers, Sweet and love - ly vale!
3. Pure are all thy pleas-ures, Ho - ly all thy treas-ures, Pa-rents, home and friends,
To my cot de - scend-ing, As a moth - er bend - ing, Smil - eth o'er her child!
Bright with bub - bles glow-ing, Well I love the flow - ing, Of thy stream, sweet vale.
Choic - est gifts of heav - en, From our Fa - ther giv - en, O'er thy home de - scend.

WILL YOU GO?

From the "Golden Harp," A Sabbath School Music Book.


Fine.
1. We're trav'ling home to heaven a - bove, Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dy - ing love, Will you go? Will you go?
And mil-lions more are on the road, Will you go? Will you go?
Mil - lions have reach'd that
D. C.
blest a - bode, An - oint - ed kings and priests to God;

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb, Will you go? &c.
In rapturous strains to praise his name, Will you go? &c.
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
The crown of life we there shall wear, Will you go? &c.

3 We're going to join the Heavenly Choir, Will you go, &c.
To raise our voice and tune the lyre: Will you go? &c.
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring, Will you go? &c.

4 The way to Heaven is free for all, Will you go? &c.
For Jew and Gentile, great and small, Will you go? &c.
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start. Will you go? &c.

Invitation of Jesus.

1 Come unto me, the Saviour cries,
Children come! children come!
Flee folly's path; be early wise;
O, now come! O, now come!
Sit at my feet, and learn of me,
Patient and meek, and lowly be;
Deny yourselves and follow me,—
Children come! children come!

2 Yes, blessed Saviour, at thy call
We will come! we will come!
To follow thee, forsaking all;
Now we come! now we come!
Implant thy Spirit in each heart,
Thy truth and love, and peace impart!
Thus to be with thee where thou art, We will come. &c

SONG OF THE PONEY.

Poetry and Music from the German

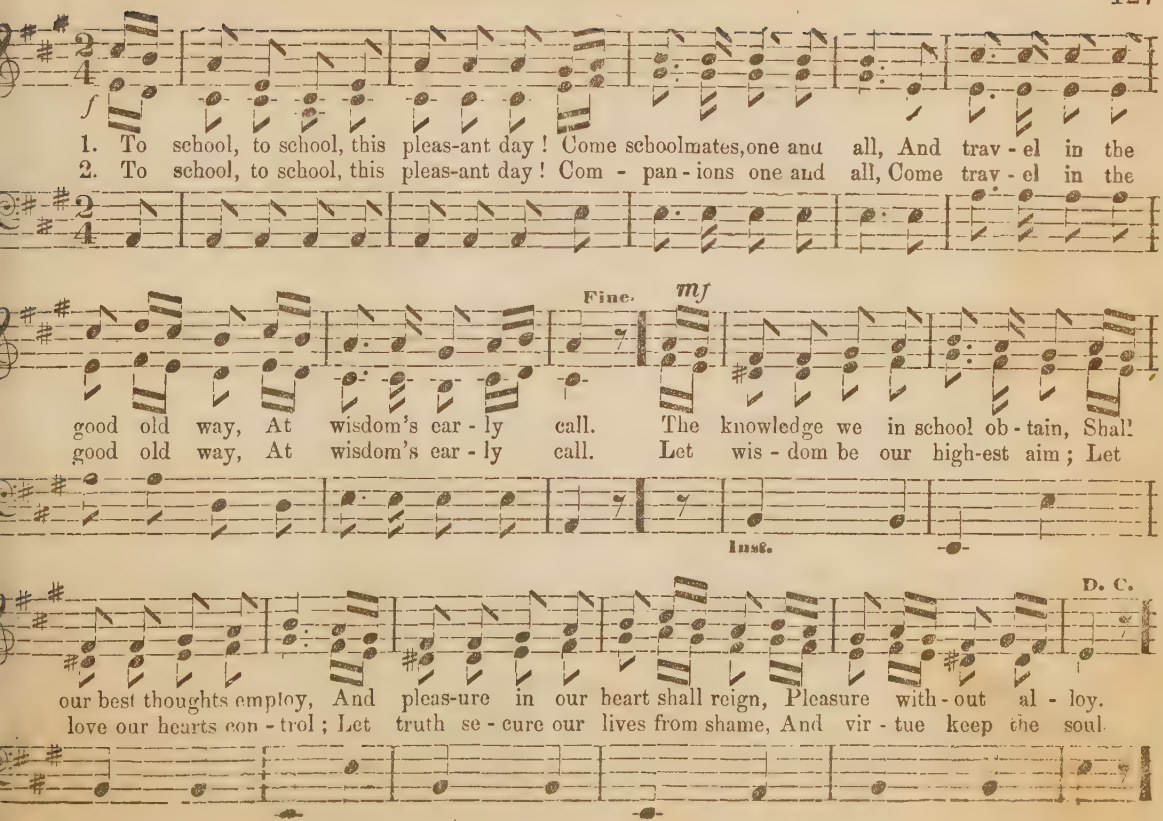
Duet.

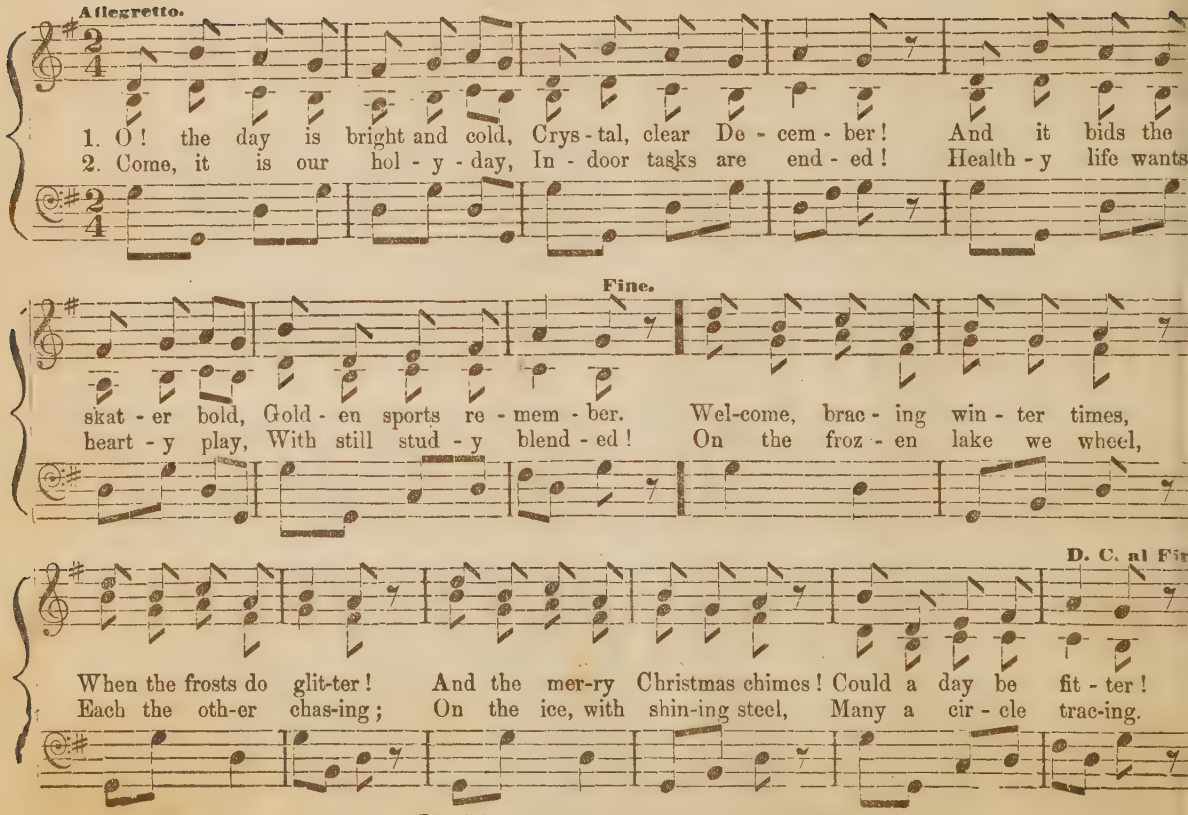
1. Tramp, tramp, tramp, Go a - long, to camp. Be the way or clear or sto - ny
2. Ho, ho, ho, Mer - ry now we go; On the high-way ne'er and fas - ter
3. Ha, ha, ha, Come we from a - far, Find we Sis - ters, fath - er, moth -

Inst.

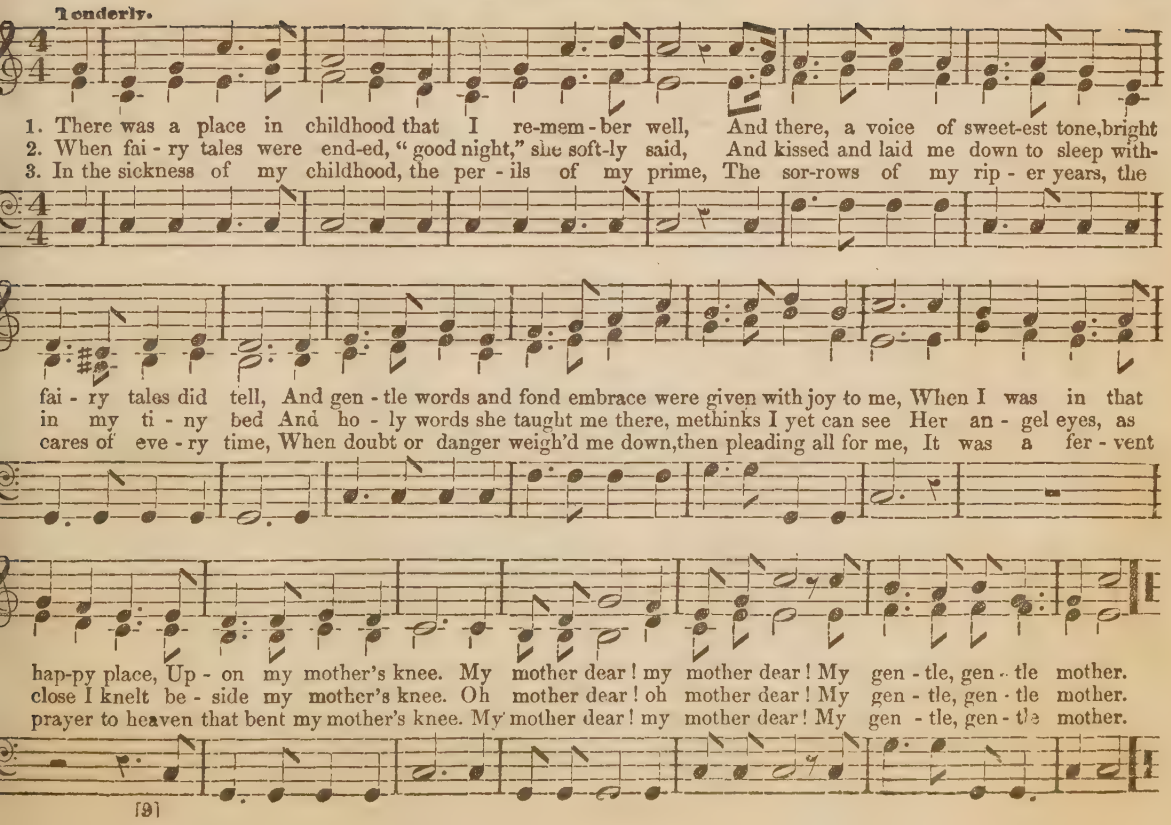
Chorus.

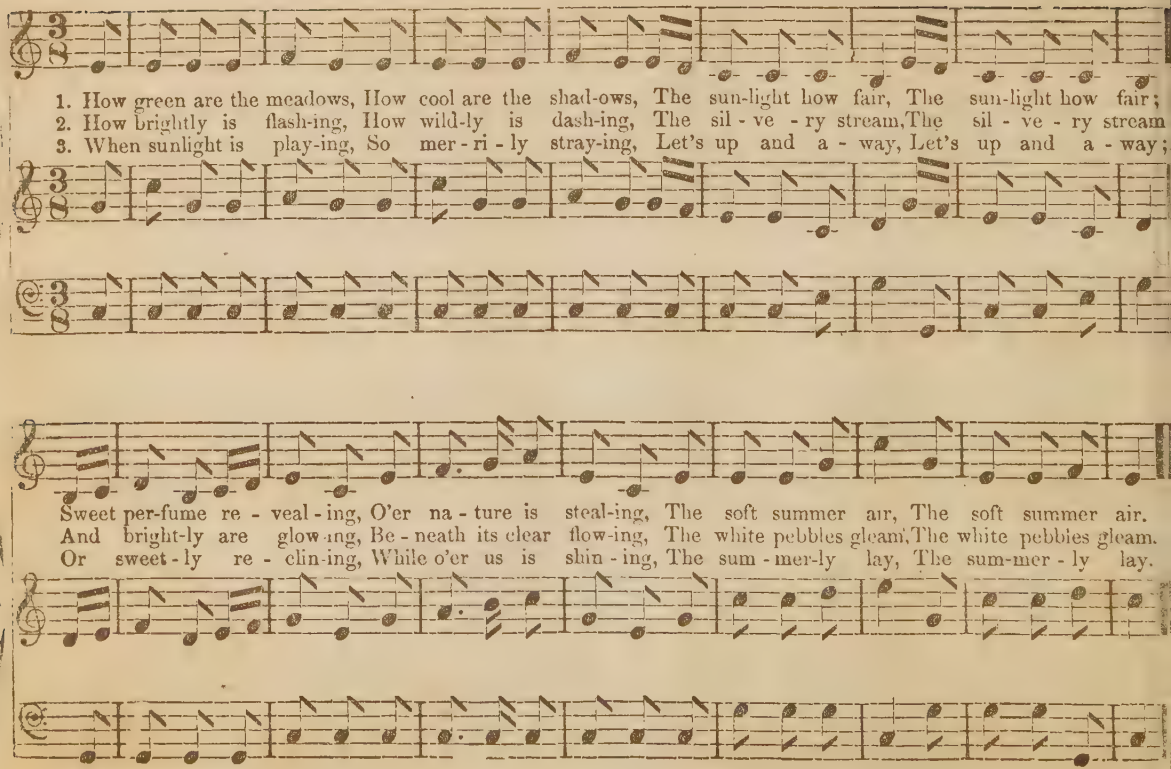
But don't break your neck, my po-ney; Go along, to camp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tr
But take care, don't throw your master; Mer - ry now we go, Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

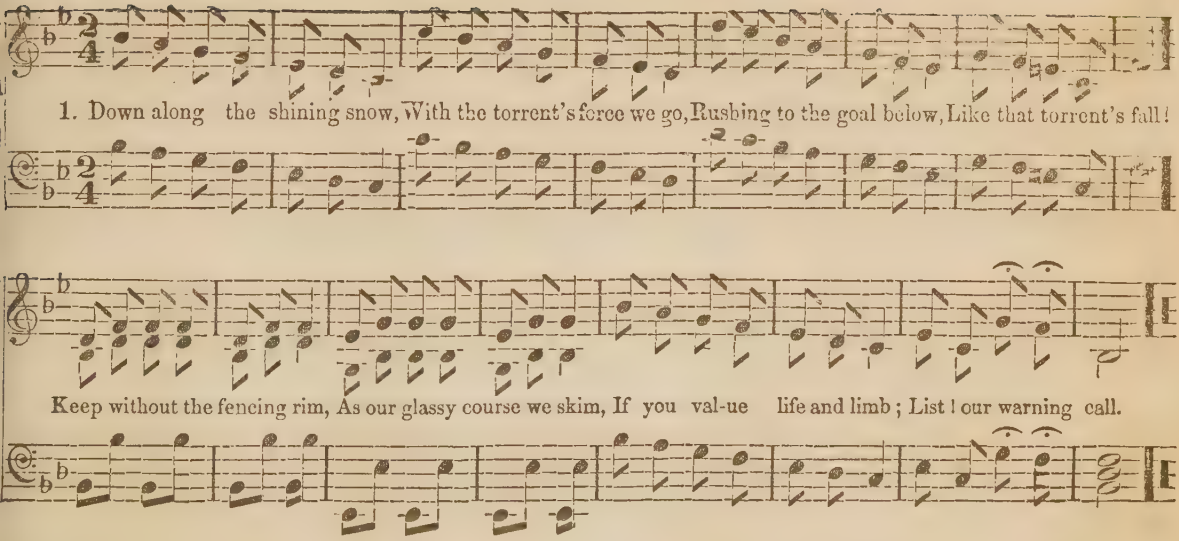
Po - ney al - so find a broth-er, Come we from a - far, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

f
1. To school, to school, this pleas-ant day! Come schoolmates, one and all, And trav-el in the
2. To school, to school, this pleas-ant day! Com-pan-ions one and all, Come trav-el in the
Fine.
mf
good old way, At wisdom's ear-ly call. The knowledge we in school ob-tain, Shall
good old way, At wisdom's ear-ly call. Let wis-dom be our high-est aim; Let
Insf.
D. C.
our best thoughts employ, And pleas-ure in our heart shall reign, Pleasure with-out al-loy.
love our hearts con-trol; Let truth se-cure our lives from shame, And vir-tue keep the soul


Allegretto.
1. O! the day is bright and cold, Crys-tal, clear De-cem-ber! And it bids the
2. Come, it is our hol-y-day, In-door tasks are end-ed! Health-y life wants
Fine.
skat-er bold, Gold-en sports re-mem-ber. Wel-come, brac-ing win-ter times,
heart-y play, With still stud-y blend-ed! On the froz-en lake we wheel,
D. C. al Fi
When the frosts do glit-ter! And the mer-ry Christmas chimes! Could a day be fit-ter!
Each the oth-er chas-ing; On the ice, with shin-ing steel, Many a cir-cle trac-ing.

From "Baker's Elementary Music Book," by permission.


Tenderly.
1. There was a place in childhood that I re-mem-ber well, And there, a voice of sweet-est tone, bright
2. When fai-ry tales were end-ed, "good night," she soft-ly said, And kissed and laid me down to sleep with-
3. In the sickness of my childhood, the per-ils of my prime, The sor-rows of my rip-er years, the
fai-ry tales did tell, And gen-tle words and fond embrace were given with joy to me, When I was in that
in my ti-ny bed And ho-ly words she taught me there, methinks I yet can see Her an-gel eyes, as
cares of eve-ry time, When doubt or danger weigh'd me down, then pleading all for me, It was a fer-vent
hap-py place, Up-on my mother's knee. My mother dear! my mother dear! My gen-tle, gen-tle mother.
close I knelt be-side my mother's knee. Oh mother dear! oh mother dear! My gen-tle, gen-tle mother.
prayer to heaven that bent my mother's knee. My mother dear! my mother dear! My gen-tle, gen-tle mother.


1. How green are the meadows, How cool are the shad-ows, The sun-light how fair, The sun-light how fair;
2. How brightly is flash-ing, How wild-ly is dash-ing, The sil - ve - ry stream, The sil - ve - ry stream
3. When sunlight is play-ing, So mer-ri - ly stray-ing, Let's up and a - way, Let's up and a - way;
Sweet per-fume re - veal - ing, O'er na - ture is steal-ing, The soft summer air, The soft summer air.
And bright-ly are glow-ing, Be - neath its clear flow-ing, The white pebbles gleam, The white pebbles gleam.
Or sweet - ly re - clin-ing, While o'er us is shin - ing, The sum - mer-ly lay, The sum-mer - ly lay.

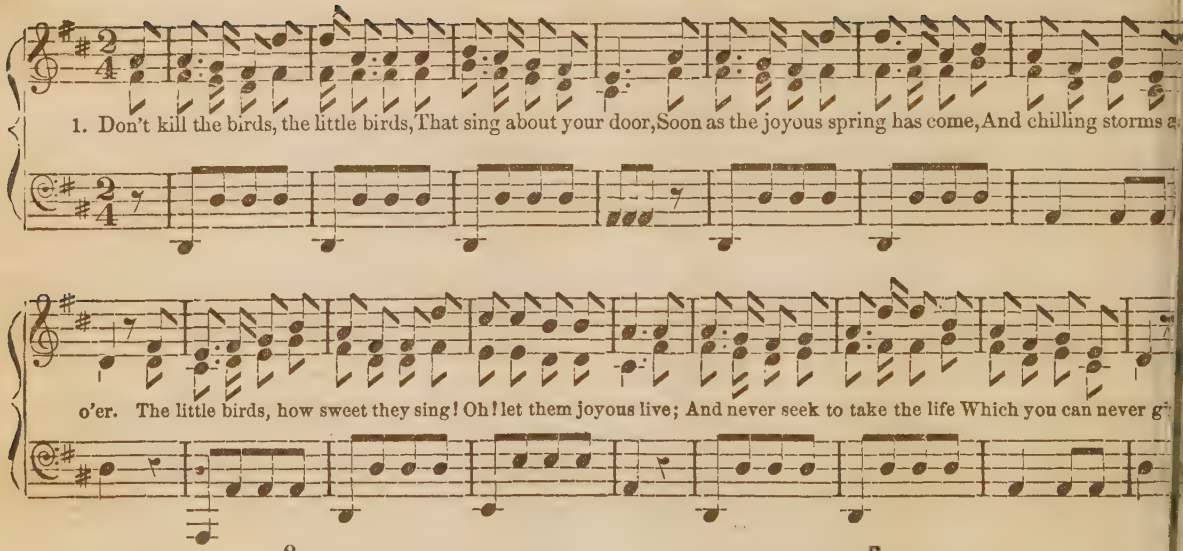

1. Down along the shining snow, With the torrent's force we go, Rushing to the goal below, Like that torrent's fall!
Keep without the fencing rim, As our glassy course we skim, If you val-ue life and limb; List! our warning call.

2

Some may rein the Arab steed,
Onward urge his headlong speed,
By the flower-bespangled mead,
'Mid the smiles of June;
But the steel-shod sled for me!
And glad voices clear and free!
While snows sparkle brilliantly
'Neath the silent moon.

3

Supple are our limbs and strong,
Flying on our sleds along;—
Shout for him who clears the throng,
Dashing merrily!
Time for caution and for care,
When our foreheads manhood wear;—
Clean as ice our spirits are;
Then sing cherrily!

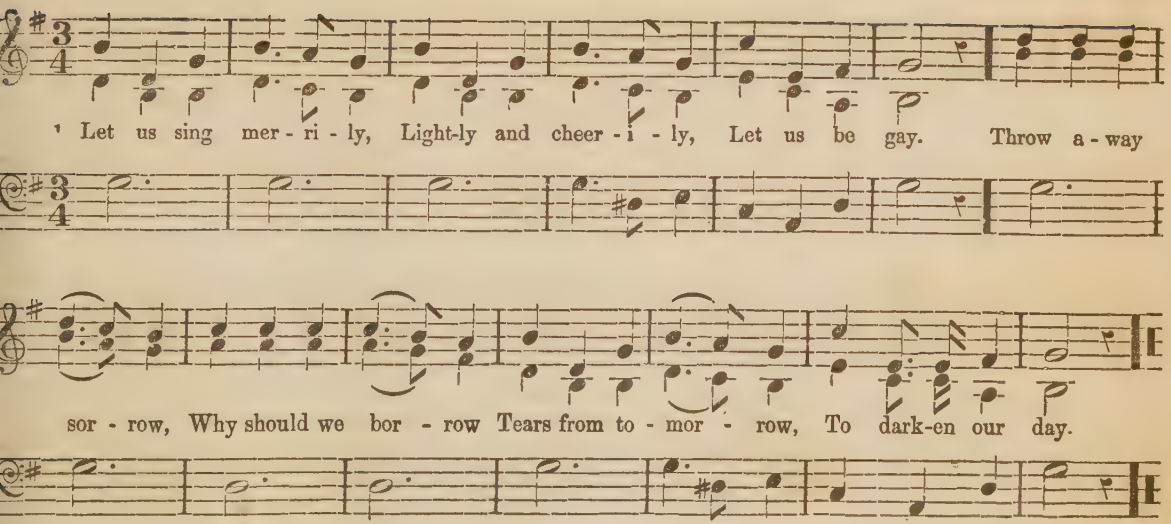

1. Don't kill the birds, the little birds, That sing about your door, Soon as the joyous spring has come, And chilling storms a
o'er. The little birds, how sweet they sing! Oh! let them joyous live; And never seek to take the life Which you can never g

2

Don't kill the birds—the little birds
That play among the trees;
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
Should we dispense with these.
The little birds, how fond they play!
Do not disturb their sport;
But let them warble forth their songs
Till winter cuts them short.

3

Don't kill the birds—the happy birds
That bless the field and grove;
So innocent to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.
The happy birds—the tuneful birds,
How pleasant 'tis to see!
No spot can be a cheerless place,
Where'er their presence be.


1 Let us sing mer - ri - ly, Light-ly and cheer - i - ly, Let us be gay. Throw a - way
sor - row, Why should we bor - row Tears from to - mor - row, To dark-en our day.

2

Out in the breezy earth,
Summer's sweet voice of mirth,
  Echoes around.
Soft winds are blowing,
Blossoms are glowing,
Streamlets are flowing,
  With fetterless bound.

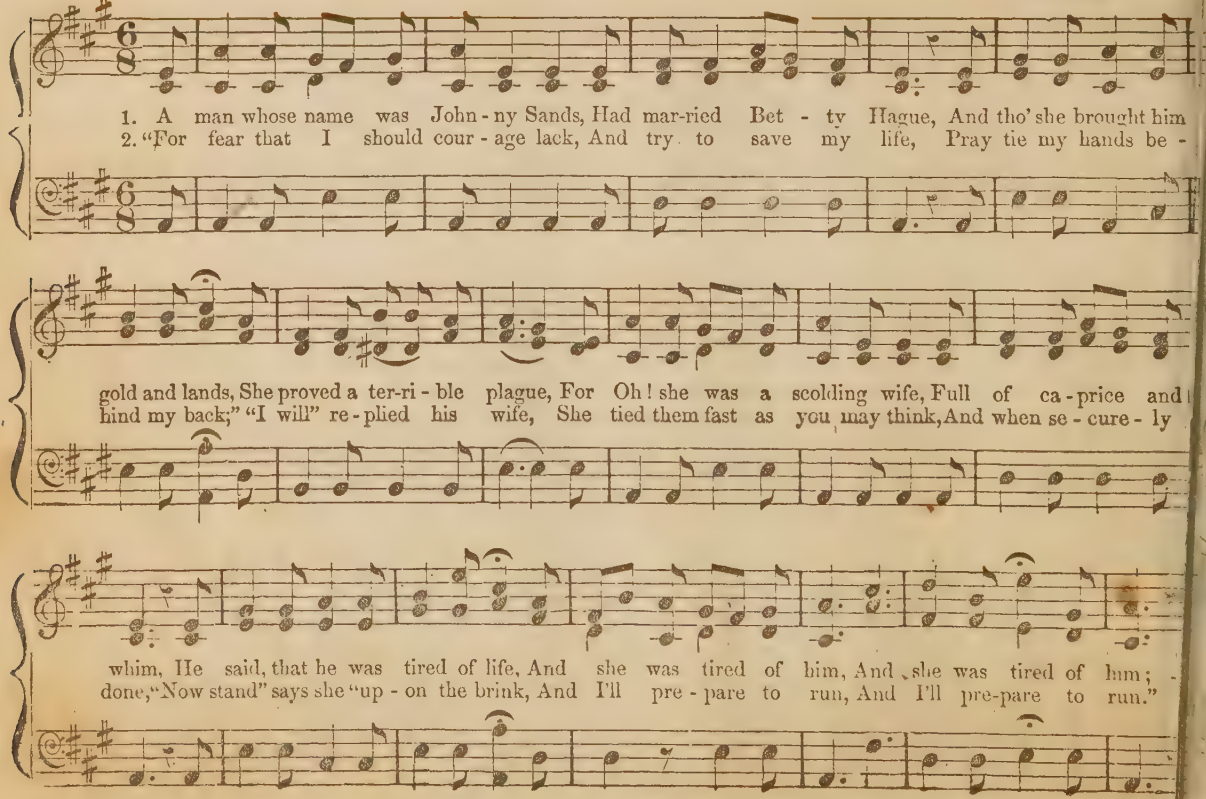
3

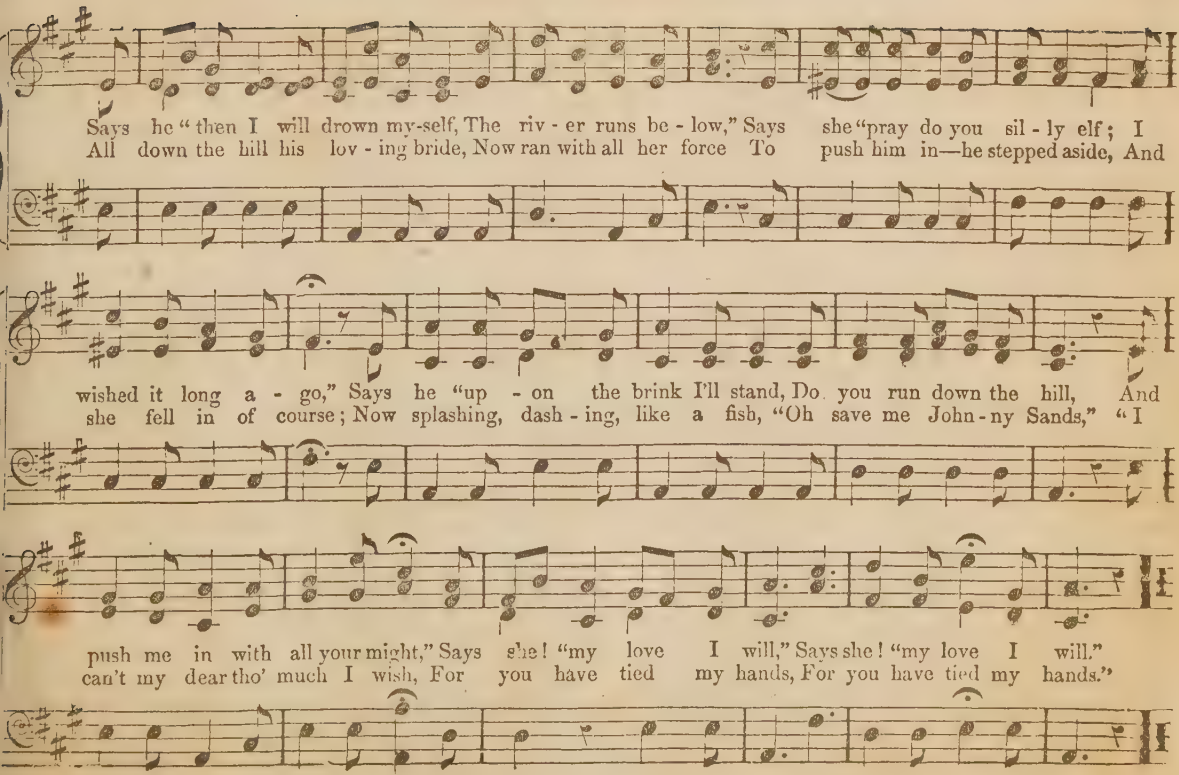
Grateful and glad are we,
Singing thus merrily,
  Blithely and gay.
Careless of sorrow,
Lightly we borrow.
Hopes from to-morrow,
  To gladden to-day.

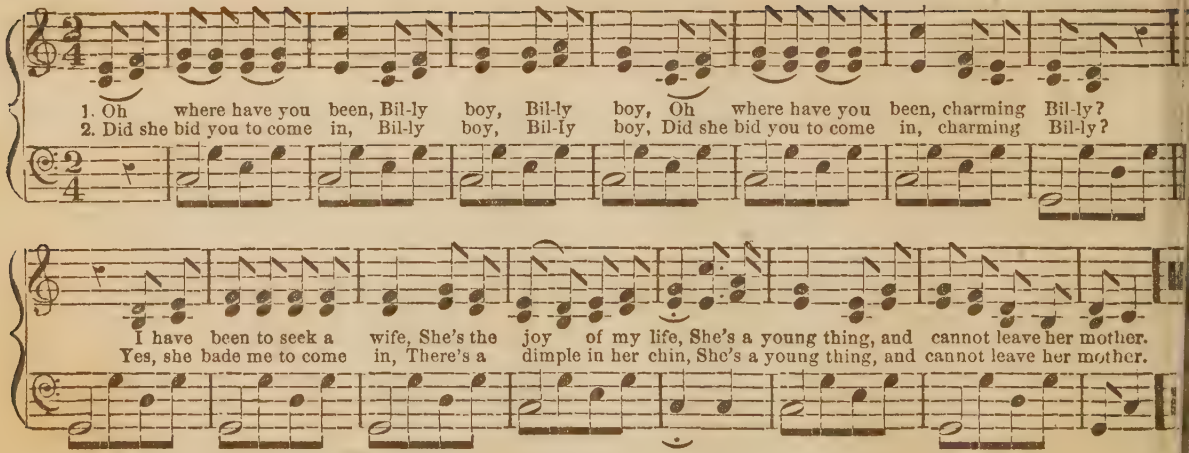
From "Baker's Elementary Music Book," by permission.

JOHNNY SANDS.

J SINCLAIR.


1. A man whose name was John - ny Sands, Had mar-ried Bet - ty Hague, And tho' she brought him
2. "For fear that I should cour - age lack, And try to save my life, Pray tie my hands be -
gold and lands, She proved a ter-ri - ble plague, For Oh! she was a scolding wife, Full of ca - price and
hind my back;" "I will" re - plied his wife, She tied them fast as you may think, And when se - cure - ly
whim, He said, that he was tired of life, And she was tired of him, And she was tired of him;
done, "Now stand" says she "up - on the brink, And I'll pre - pare to run, And I'll pre-pare to run."


Says he "then I will drown my-self, The riv - er runs be - low," Says she "pray do you sil - ly elf; I
All down the hill his lov - ing bride, Now ran with all her force To push him in—he stepped aside, And
wished it long a - go," Says he "up - on the brink I'll stand, Do you run down the hill, And
she fell in of course; Now splashing, dash - ing, like a fish, "Oh save me John - ny Sands," "I
push me in with all your might," Says she! "my love I will," Says she! "my love I will."
can't my dear tho' much I wish, For you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands."


1. Oh where have you been, Bil-ly boy, Bil-ly boy, Oh where have you been, charming Bil-ly?
2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil-ly boy, Bil-ly boy, Did she bid you to come in, charming Bil-ly?
I have been to seek a wife, She's the joy of my life, She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.
Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a dimple in her chin, She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

3

Did she set for you a chair, Billy boy, Billy boy,
Did she set for you a chair, charming Billy?
Yes, she set for me a chair,
She has ringlets in her hair,
She's a young thing, &c.

4

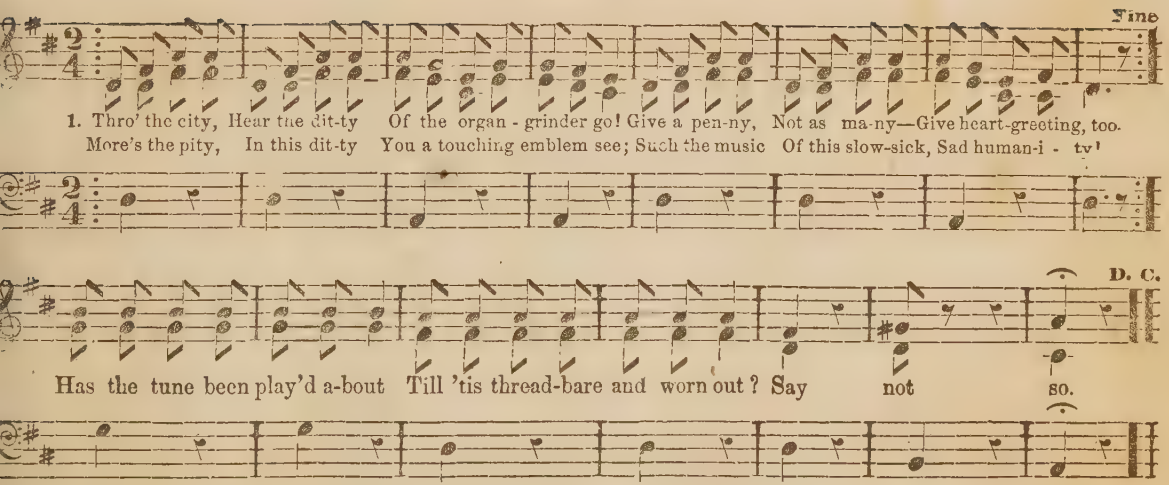
Can she make a cherry pie, Billy boy, Billy boy,
Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy?
She can make a cherry pie,
Quick as a cat can wink her eye,
She's a young thing, &c.

5

Are her eyes very bright, Billy boy, Billy boy,
Are her eyes very bright, charming Billy?
Yes, her eyes are very bright,
But alas, they're minus sight,
She's a young thing, &c.

6

How old is she, Billy boy, Billy boy,
How old is she, charming Billy?
She's three times six, four times seven,
Twenty-eight and eleven,
She's a young thing, &c.


Fine
1. Thro' the city, Hear the dit-ty Of the organ-grinder go! Give a pen-ny, Not as ma-ny—Give heart-greeting, too.
More's the pity, In this dit-ty You a touching emblem see; Such the music Of this slow-sick, Sad human-i-ty!
D. C.
Has the tune been play'd a-bout Till 'tis thread-bare and worn out? Say not so.

Crowds are starving,
Few are carving
  Little selfish fortunes out;
Chilled with slighting,
Stunned with fighting,
  Love must beg about;
Count you in despair the cost
Of the cure? and is man lost?

Go, poor doubt!
Wicked city,
Humdrum ditty,
  Want, and war, and slavery now,
But a glory,
Past all story,
  Soon shall gild man's brow.

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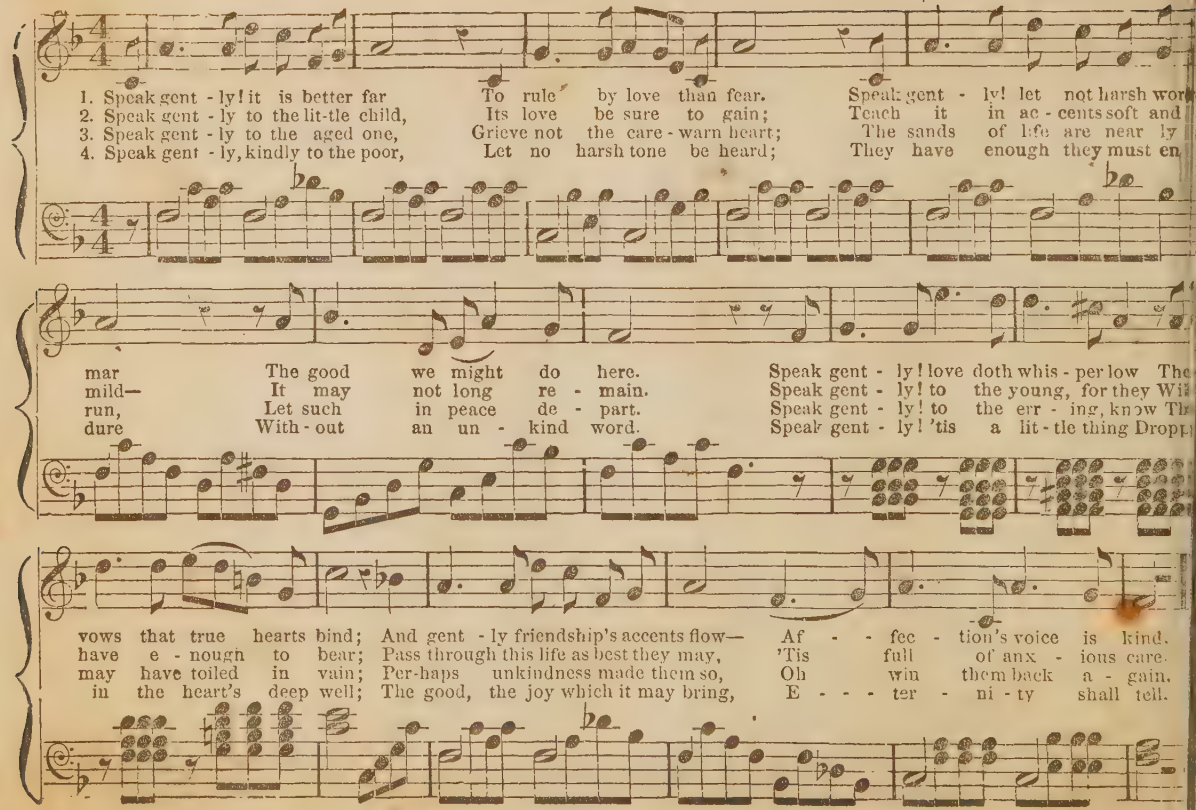
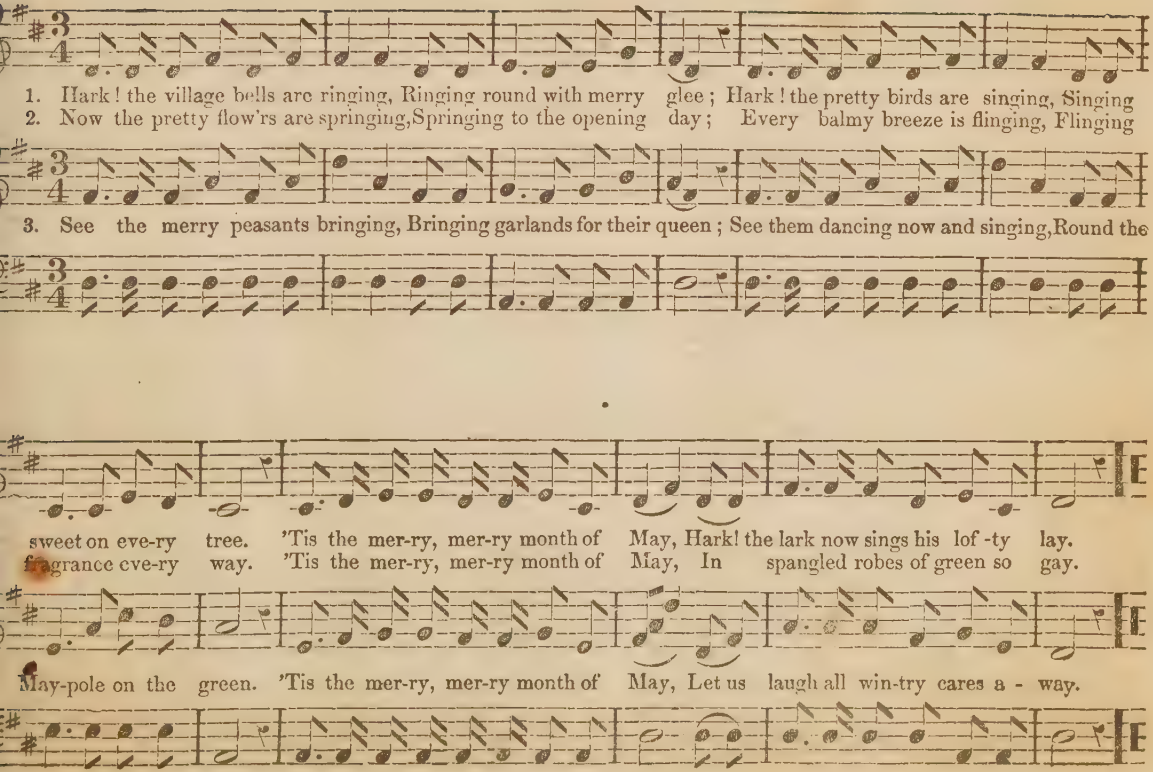
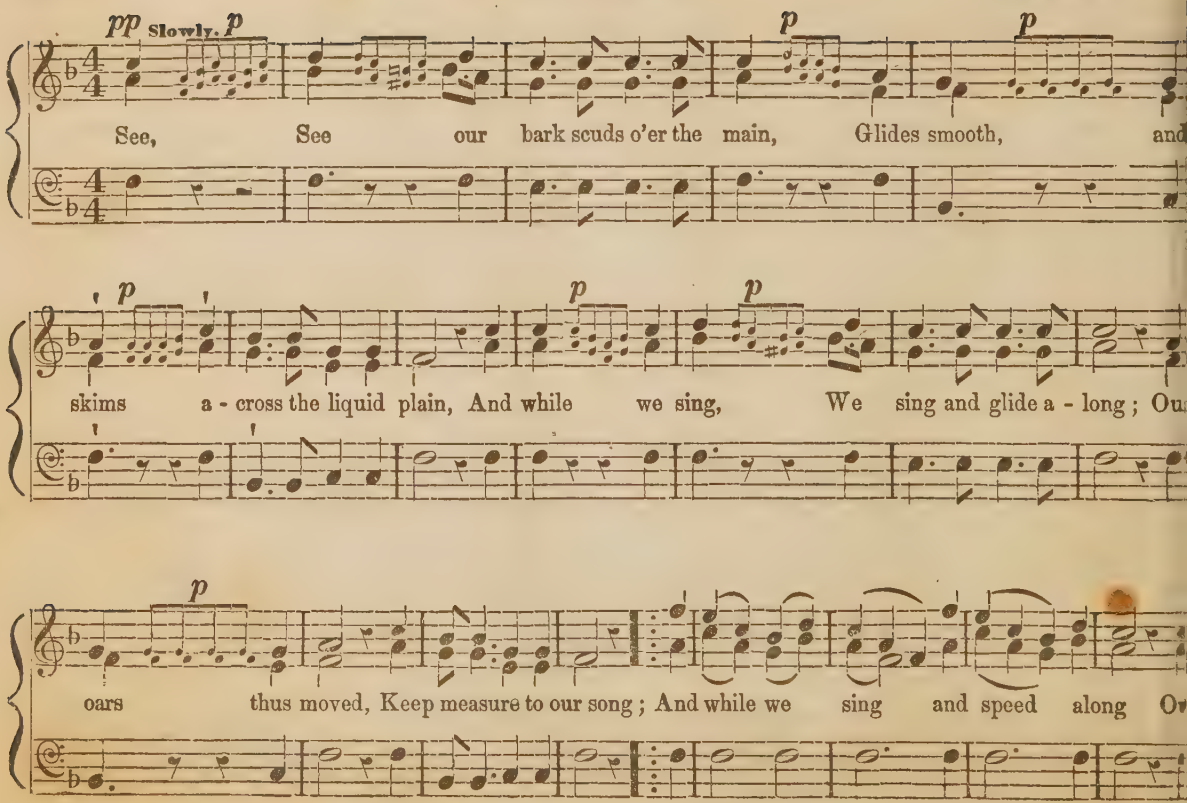
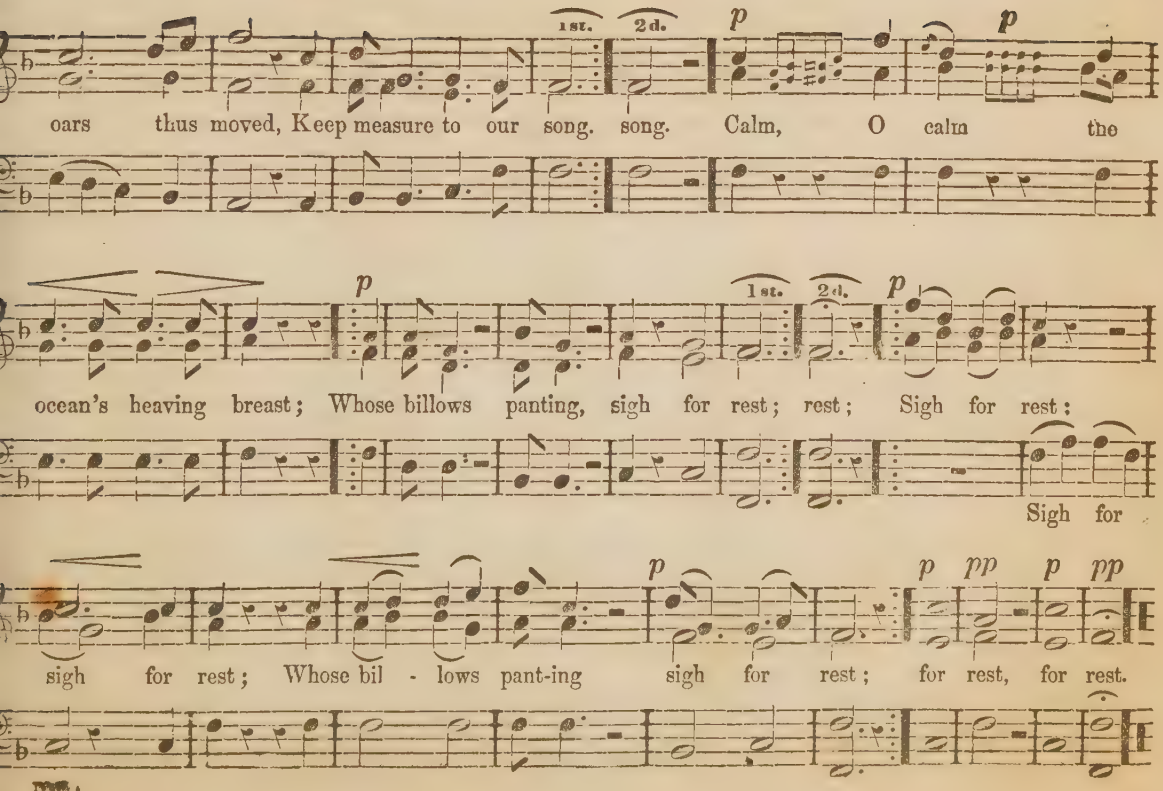
SPEAK GENTLY.

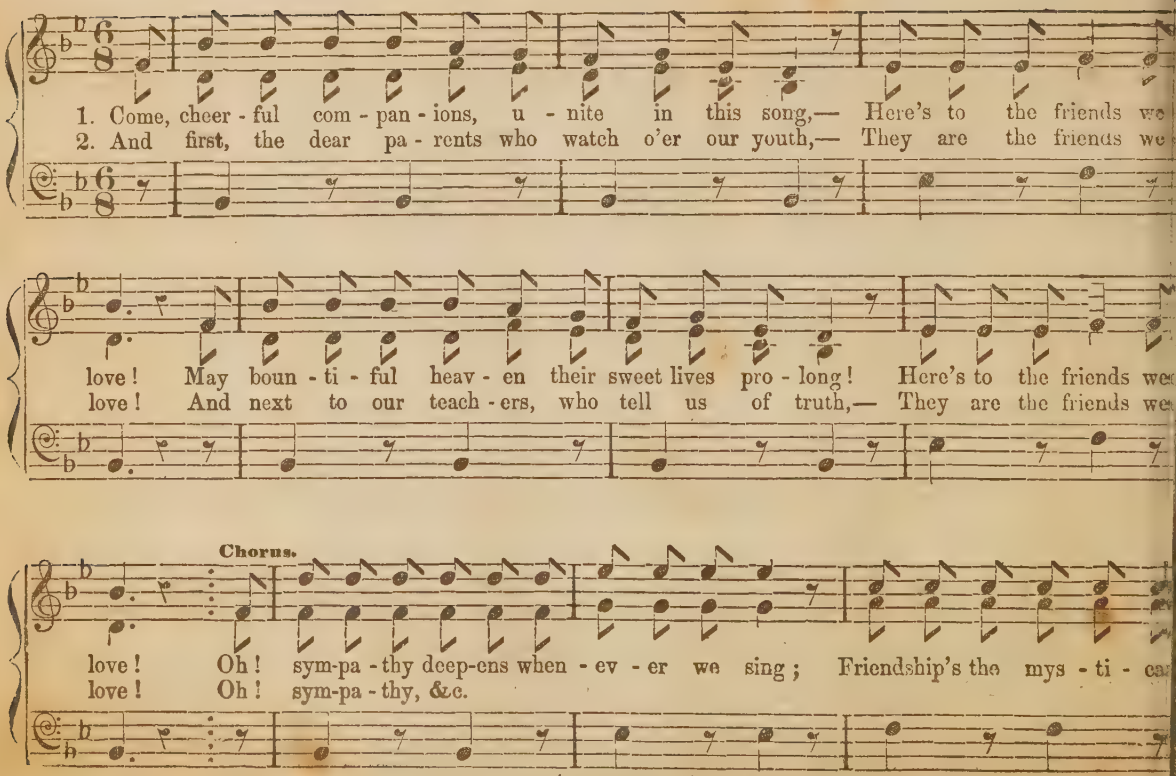
W. V. WALLACE

1. Speak gent - ly! it is better far To rule by love than fear. Speak gent - ly! let not harsh wor
2. Speak gent - ly to the lit-tle child, Its love be sure to gain; Teach it in ac - cents soft and
3. Speak gent - ly to the aged one, Grieve not the care - warn heart; The sands of life are near ly
4. Speak gent - ly, kindly to the poor, Let no harsh tone be heard; They have enough they must en
mar The good we might do here. Speak gent - ly! love doth whis - per low The
mild— It may not long re - main. Speak gent - ly! to the young, for they Wil
run, Let such in peace de - part. Speak gent - ly! to the err - ing, know Th
dure With - out an un - kind word. Speak gent - ly! 'tis a lit - tle thing Dropp
vows that true hearts bind; And gent - ly friendship's accents flow— Af - - fec - tion's voice is kind.
have e - nough to bear; Pass through this life as best they may, 'Tis full of anx - ious care.
may have toiled in vain; Per-haps unkindness made them so, Oh win them back a - gain.
in the heart's deep well; The good, the joy which it may bring, E - - - ter - ni - ty shall tell.

1. Hark! the village bells are ringing, Ringing round with merry glee; Hark! the pretty birds are singing, Singing
2. Now the pretty flow'rs are springing, Springing to the opening day; Every balmy breeze is flinging, Flinging
3. See the merry peasants bringing, Bringing garlands for their queen; See them dancing now and singing, Round the
sweet on eve-ry tree. 'Tis the mer-ry, mer-ry month of May, Hark! the lark now sings his lof-ty lay.
fragrance eve-ry way. 'Tis the mer-ry, mer-ry month of May, In spangled robes of green so gay.
May-pole on the green. 'Tis the mer-ry, mer-ry month of May, Let us laugh all win-try cares a - way.

SEE OUR BARK.

STEVENSON.


pp Slowly. p
p
p
See, See our bark scuds o'er the main, Glides smooth, and
p
p
p
skims a - cross the liquid plain, And while we sing, We sing and glide a - long; Ou
p
oars thus moved, Keep measure to our song; And while we sing and speed along O


1st.
2d.
p
p
oars thus moved, Keep measure to our song. song. Calm, O calm the
p
1st.
2d.
p
ocean's heaving breast; Whose billows panting, sigh for rest; rest; Sigh for rest:
Sigh for
p
p pp p pp
sigh for rest; Whose bil - lows pant-ing sigh for rest; for rest, for rest.


1. Come, cheer - ful com - pan - ions, u - nite in this song,— Here's to the friends we
2. And first, the dear pa - rents who watch o'er our youth,— They are the friends we
love! May boun - ti - ful heav - en their sweet lives pro - long! Here's to the friends we
love! And next to our teach - ers, who tell us of truth,— They are the friends we
Chorus.
love! Oh! sym-pa - thy deep-ens when - ev - er we sing; Friendship's the mys - ti - ca
love! Oh! sym-pa - thy, &c.

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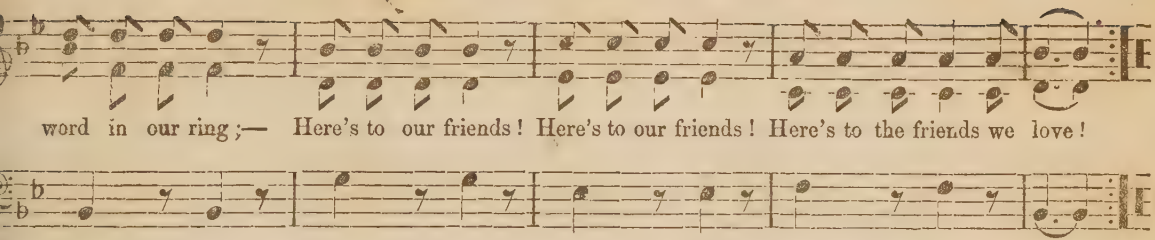
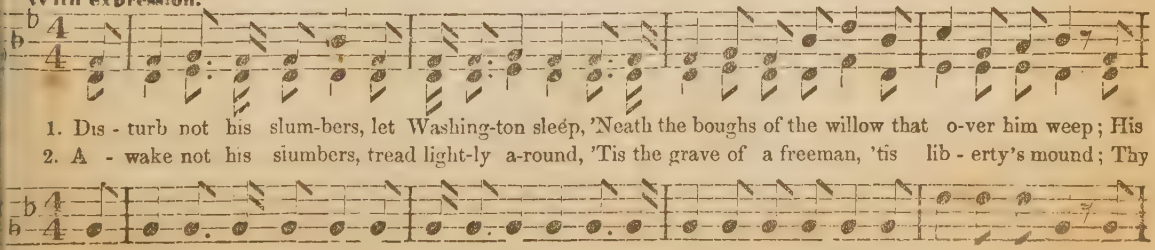


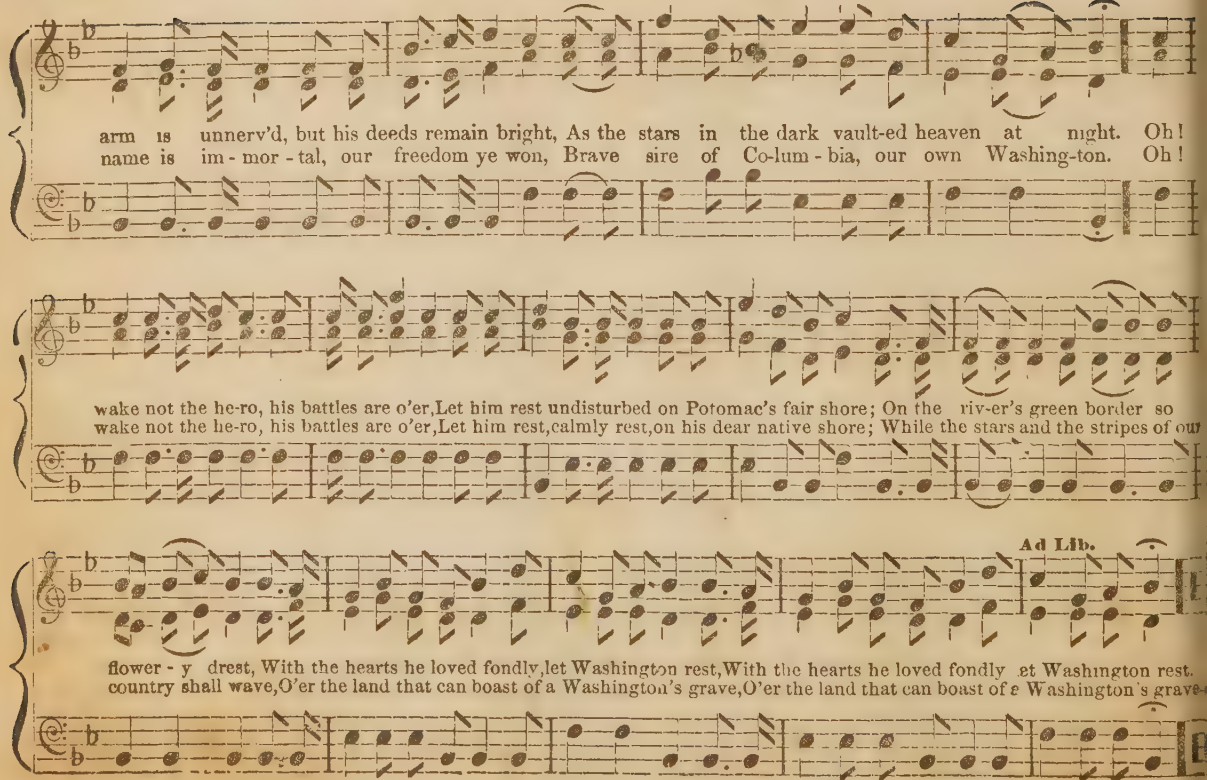
3 Next, think of the absent, to all of us dear,—
Think of the friends we love! [here!
Oh! would they were with us, oh! would they were
They are the friends we love!
Oh! sympathy, &c.

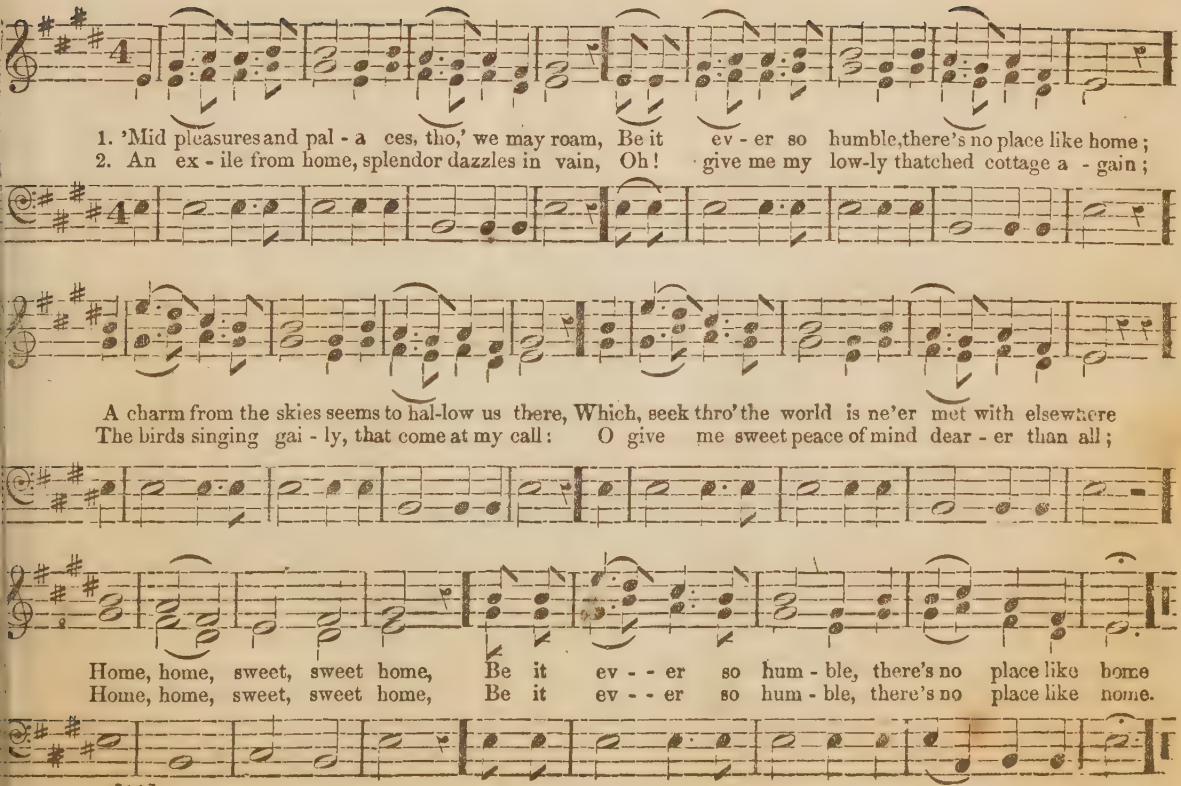
4 And here's to the good, and the wise, and the true,—
They are the friends we love!
Their beautiful lives are for me and for you.—
They are the friends we love!
Oh! sympathy, &c.

THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

Altered from CROSBY

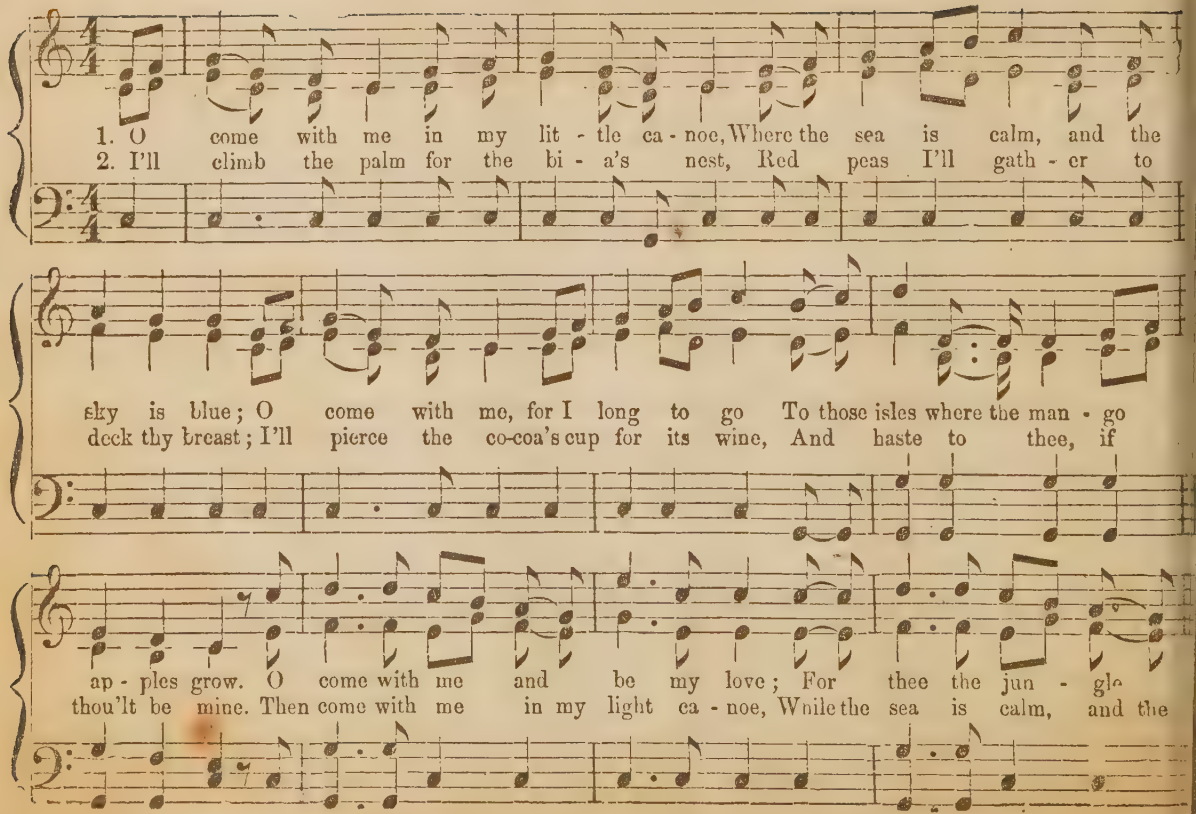

With expression.
1. Dis - turb not his slum-bers, let Washing-ton sleep, 'Neath the boughs of the willow that o-ver him weep; His
2. A - wake not his slumbers, tread light-ly a-round, 'Tis the grave of a freeman, 'tis lib - erty's mound; Thy

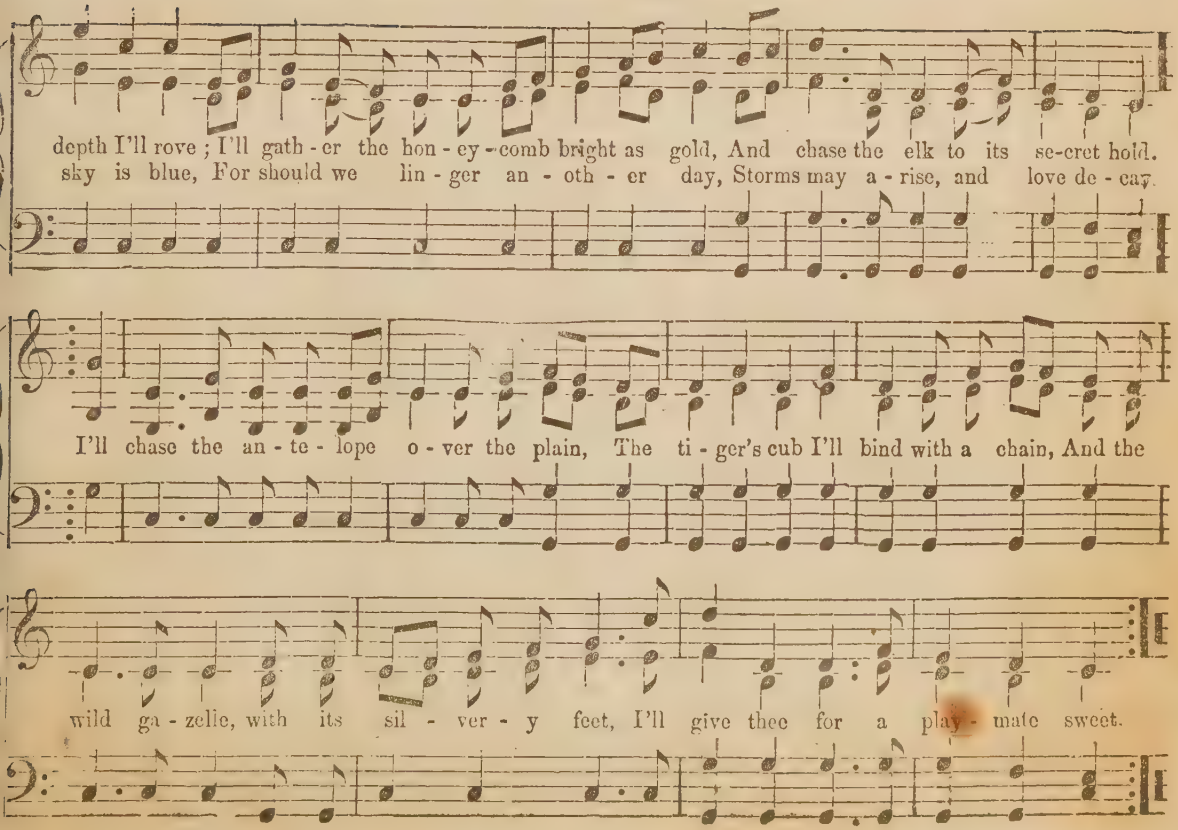

arm is unnerv'd, but his deeds remain bright, As the stars in the dark vault-ed heaven at night. Oh!
name is im-mor-tal, our freedom ye won, Brave sire of Co-lum-bia, our own Washing-ton. Oh!
wake not the he-ro, his battles are o'er,Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore; On the riv-er's green border so
wake not the he-ro, his battles are o'er,Let him rest,calmly rest,on his dear native shore; While the stars and the stripes of our
Ad Lib.
flower-y drest, With the hearts he loved fondly,let Washington rest,With the hearts he loved fondly et Washington rest.
country shall wave,O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's grave,O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's grave


1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a ces, tho,' we may roam, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home;
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor dazzles in vain, Oh! give me my low-ly thatched cottage a - gain;
A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there, Which, seek thro' the world is ne'er met with elsewhere
The birds singing gai - ly, that come at my call: O give me sweet peace of mind dear - er than all;
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - - er so hum - ble, there's no place like nome.

OSSIAN'S SERENADE.

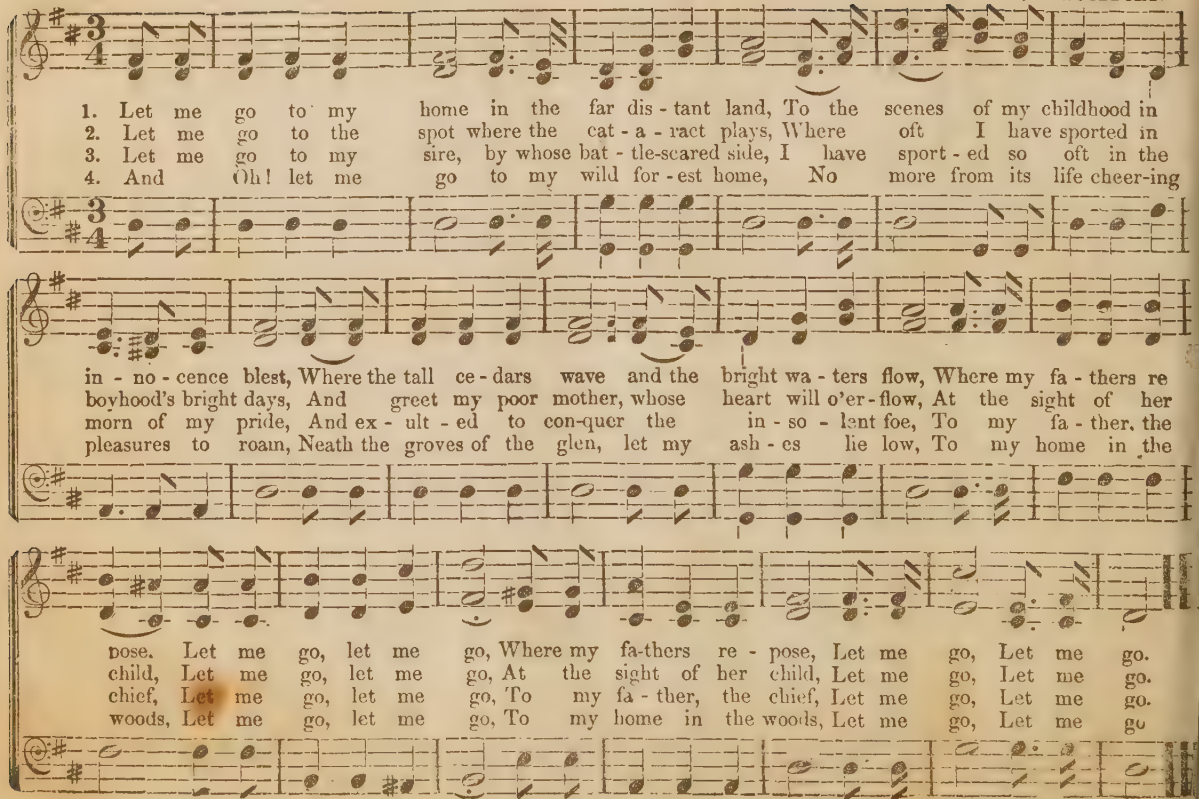
O. M. DODGE.

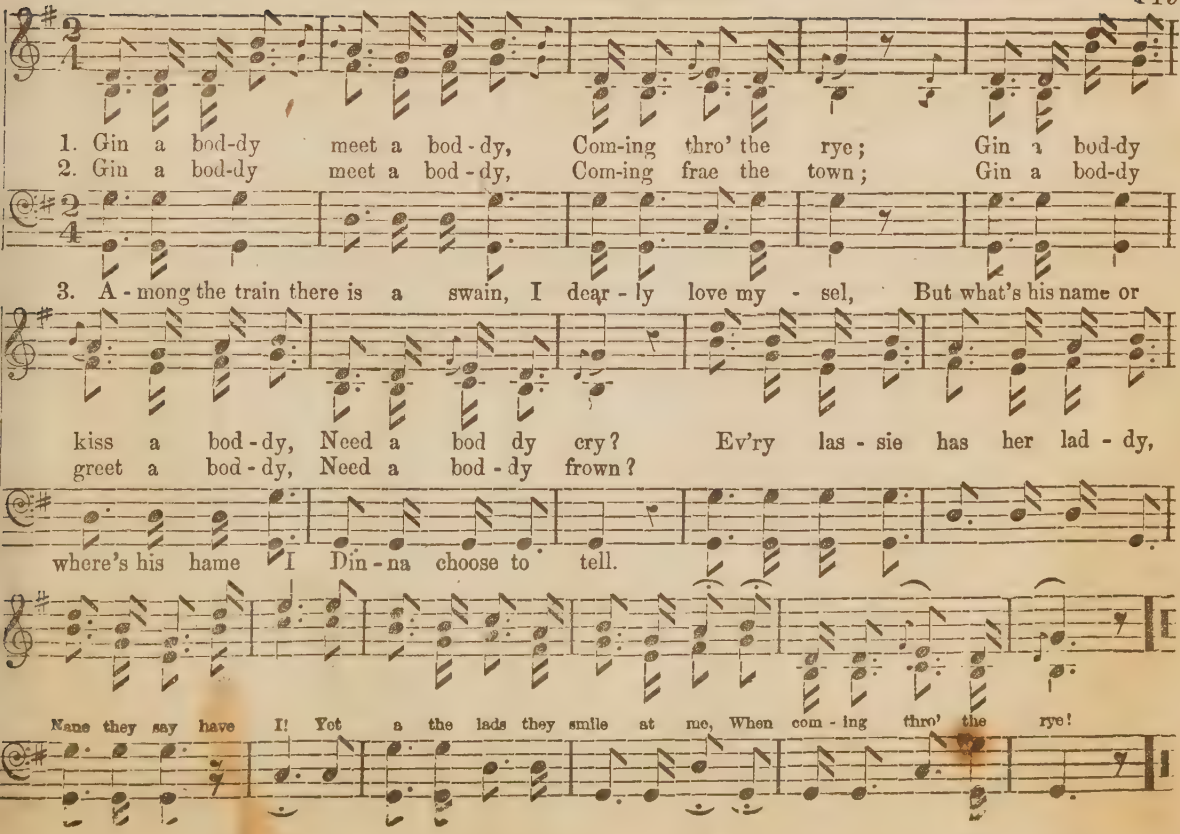

1. O come with me in my lit - tle ca - noe, Where the sea is calm, and the
2. I'll climb the palm for the bi - a's nest, Red peas I'll gath - er to
sky is blue; O come with me, for I long to go To those isles where the man - go
deck thy breast; I'll pierce the co-coa's cup for its wine, And haste to thee, if
ap - ples grow. O come with me and be my love; For thee the jun - gle
thou'lt be mine. Then come with me in my light ca - noe, While the sea is calm, and the


depth I'll rove; I'll gath - er the hon - ey - comb bright as gold, And chase the elk to its se-cret hold.
sky is blue, For should we lin - ger an - oth - er day, Storms may a - rise, and love de - cay.
I'll chase the an - te - lope o - ver the plain, The ti - ger's cub I'll bind with a chain, And the
wild ga - zelle, with its sil - ver - y feet, I'll give thee for a play - mate sweet.

THE INDIAN'S PRAYER.

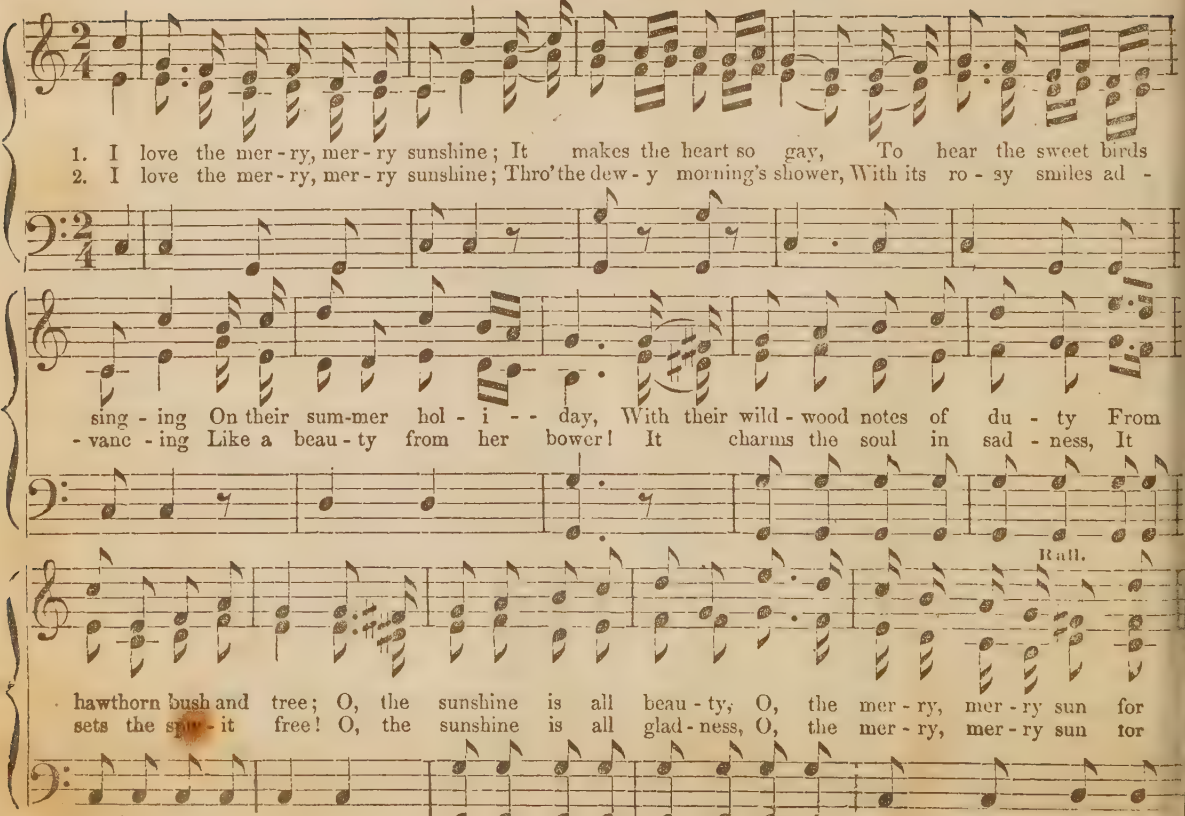
I. B. WOODBURY.

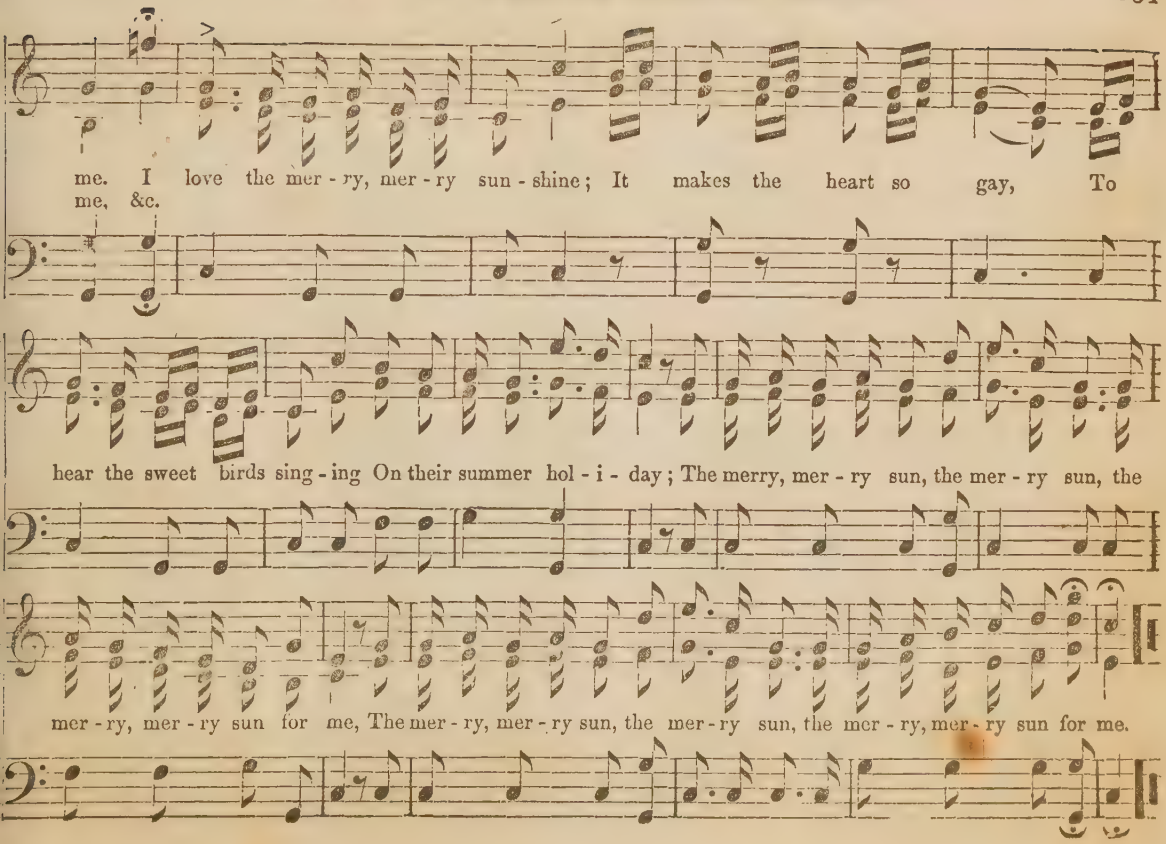

1. Let me go to my home in the far dis - tant land, To the scenes of my childhood in
2. Let me go to the spot where the cat - a - ract plays, Where oft I have sported in
3. Let me go to my sire, by whose bat - tle-scared side, I have sport - ed so oft in the
4. And Oh! let me go to my wild for - est home, No more from its life cheer-ing
in - no - cence blest, Where the tall ce - dars wave and the bright wa - ters flow, Where my fa - thers re
boyhood's bright days, And greet my poor mother, whose heart will o'er - flow, At the sight of her
morn of my pride, And ex - ult - ed to con-quer the in - so - lent foe, To my fa - ther, the
pleasures to roam, Neath the groves of the glen, let my ash - es lie low, To my home in the
pose. Let me go, let me go, Where my fa-thers re - pose, Let me go, Let me go.
child, Let me go, let me go, At the sight of her child, Let me go, Let me go.
chief, Let me go, let me go, To my fa - ther, the chief, Let me go, Let me go.
woods, Let me go, let me go, To my home in the woods, Let me go, Let me go

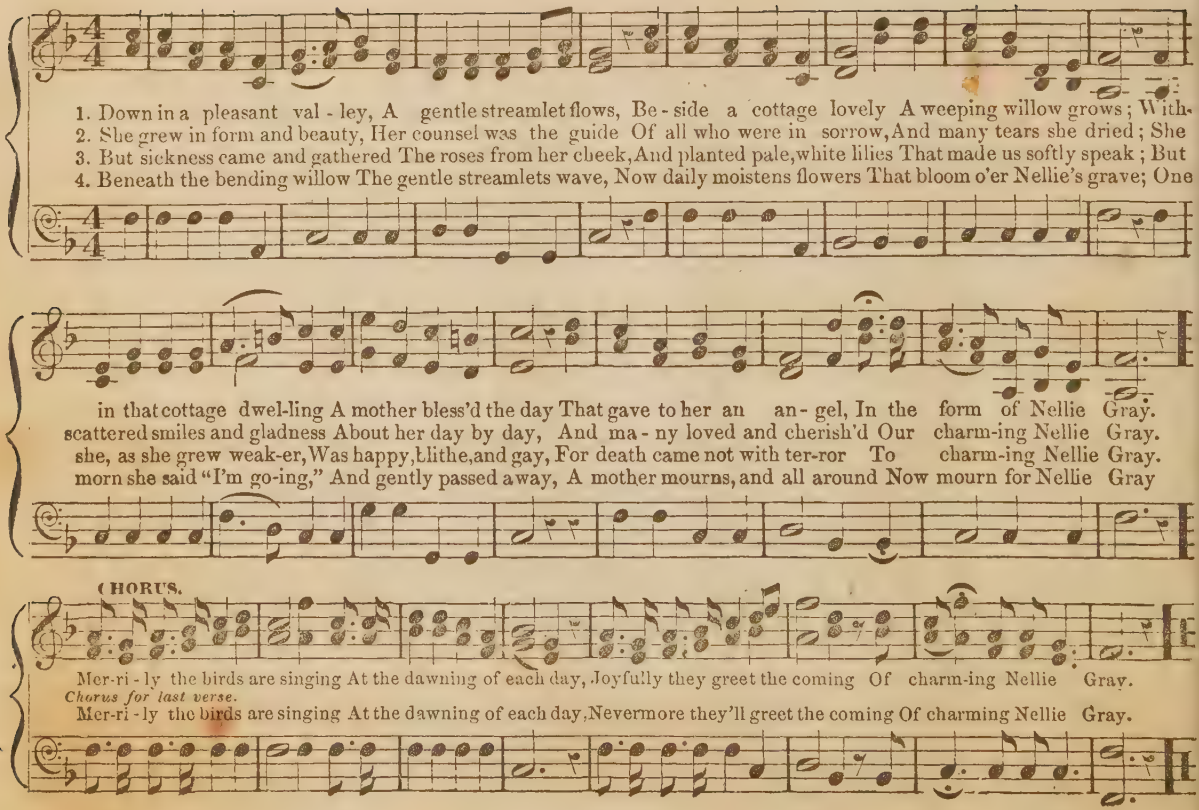

1. Gin a bod-dy meet a bod-dy, Com-ing thro' the rye; Gin a bod-dy
2. Gin a bod-dy meet a bod-dy, Com-ing frae the town; Gin a bod-dy
3. A-mong the train there is a swain, I dear-ly love my-sel, But what's his name or
kiss a bod-dy, Need a bod dy cry? Ev'ry las-sie has her lad-dy,
greet a bod-dy, Need a bod-dy frown?
where's his hame I Din-na choose to tell.
Nane they say have I! Yet a the lads they smile at me, When com-ing thro' the rye!

I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE.

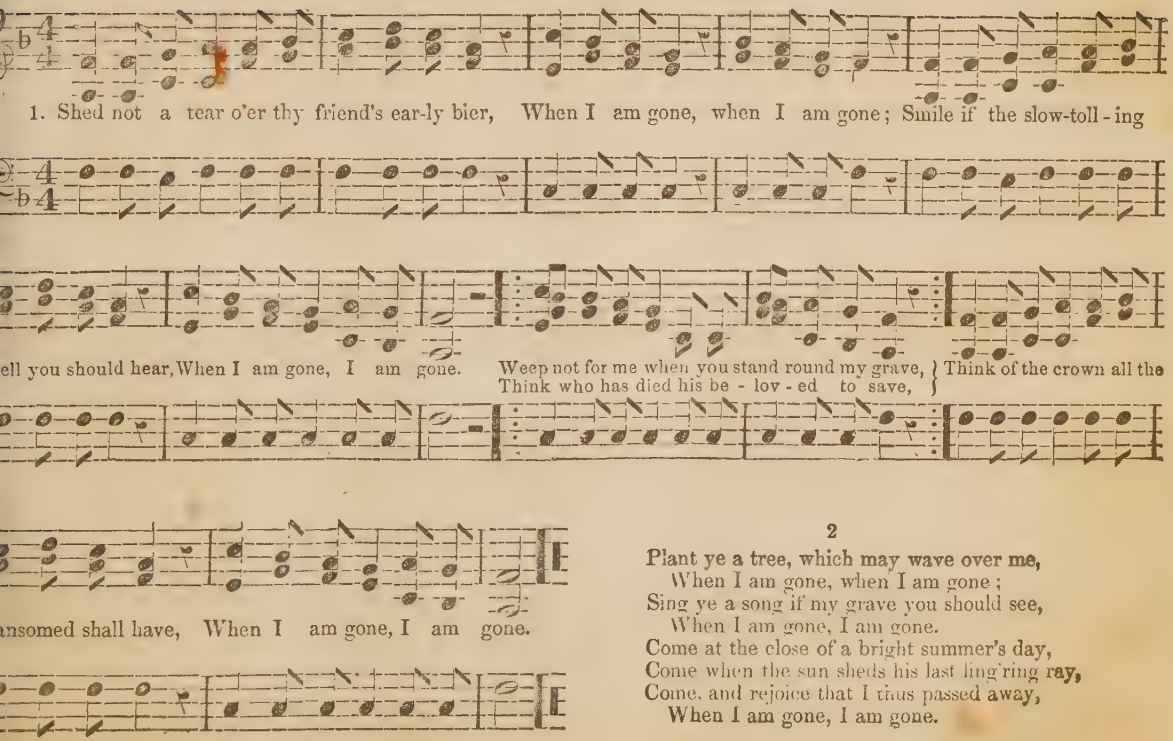
S. GLOVER.


1. I love the mer-ry, mer-ry sunshine; It makes the heart so gay, To hear the sweet birds
2. I love the mer-ry, mer-ry sunshine; Thro' the dew-y morning's shower, With its ro-sy smiles ad-
sing-ing On their sum-mer hol-i--day, With their wild-wood notes of du-ty From
-vanc-ing Like a beau-ty from her bower! It charms the soul in sad-ness, It
Rall.
hawthorn bush and tree; O, the sunshine is all beau-ty, O, the mer-ry, mer-ry sun for
sets the spir-it free! O, the sunshine is all glad-ness, O, the mer-ry, mer-ry sun for


me. I love the mer - ry, mer - ry sun - shine; It makes the heart so gay, To
me, &c.
hear the sweet birds sing - ing On their summer hol - i - day; The merry, mer - ry sun, the mer - ry sun, the
mer - ry, mer - ry sun for me, The mer - ry, mer - ry sun, the mer - ry sun, the mer - ry, mer - ry sun for me.

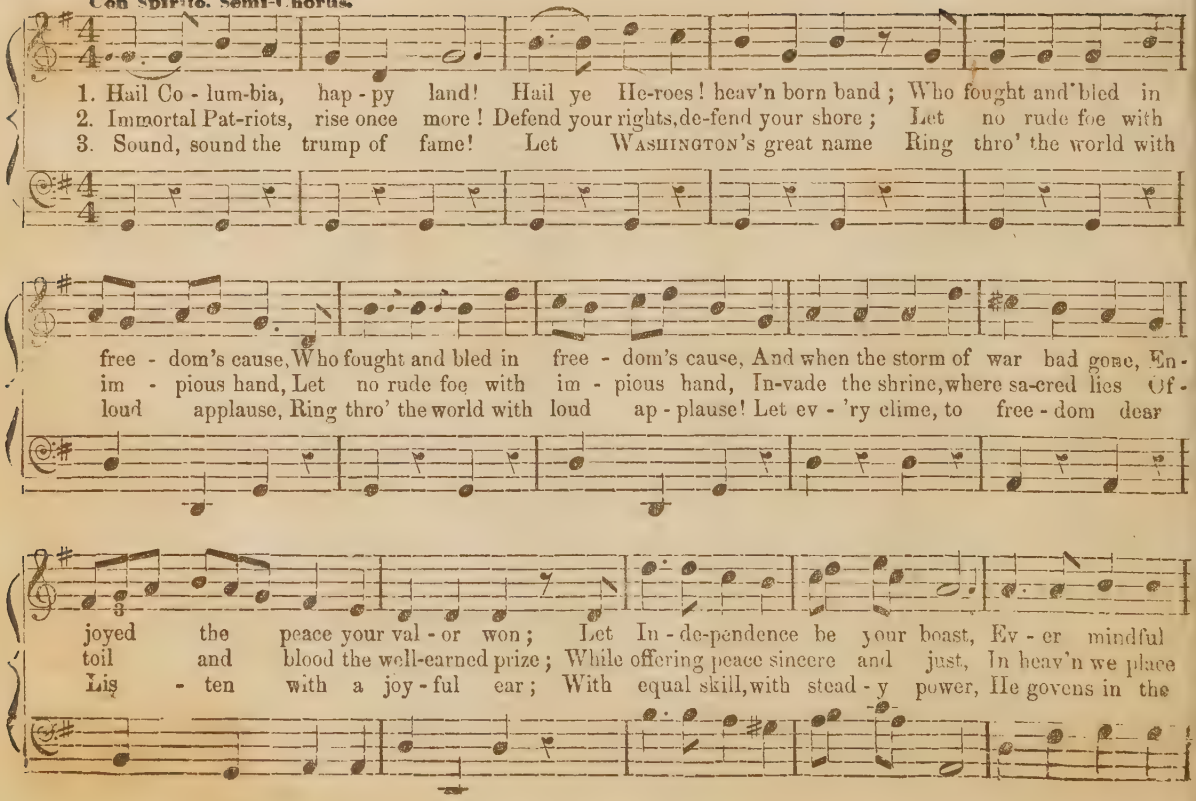

1. Down in a pleasant val - ley, A gentle streamlet flows, Be - side a cottage lovely A weeping willow grows; With-
2. She grew in form and beauty, Her counsel was the guide Of all who were in sorrow, And many tears she dried; She
3. But sickness came and gathered The roses from her cheek, And planted pale, white lilies That made us softly speak; But
4. Beneath the bending willow The gentle streamlets wave, Now daily moistens flowers That bloom o'er Nellie's grave; One
in that cottage dwel-ling A mother bless'd the day That gave to her an an - gel, In the form of Nellie Gray.
scattered smiles and gladness About her day by day, And ma - ny loved and cherish'd Our charm-ing Nellie Gray.
she, as she grew weak-er, Was happy, blithe, and gay, For death came not with ter-ror To charm-ing Nellie Gray.
morn she said "I'm go-ing," And gently passed away, A mother mourns, and all around Now mourn for Nellie Gray
CHORUS.
Mer-ri - ly the birds are singing At the dawning of each day, Joyfully they greet the coming Of charm-ing Nellie Gray.
Chorus for last verse.
Mer-ri - ly the birds are singing At the dawning of each day, Nevermore they'll greet the coming Of charming Nellie Gray.

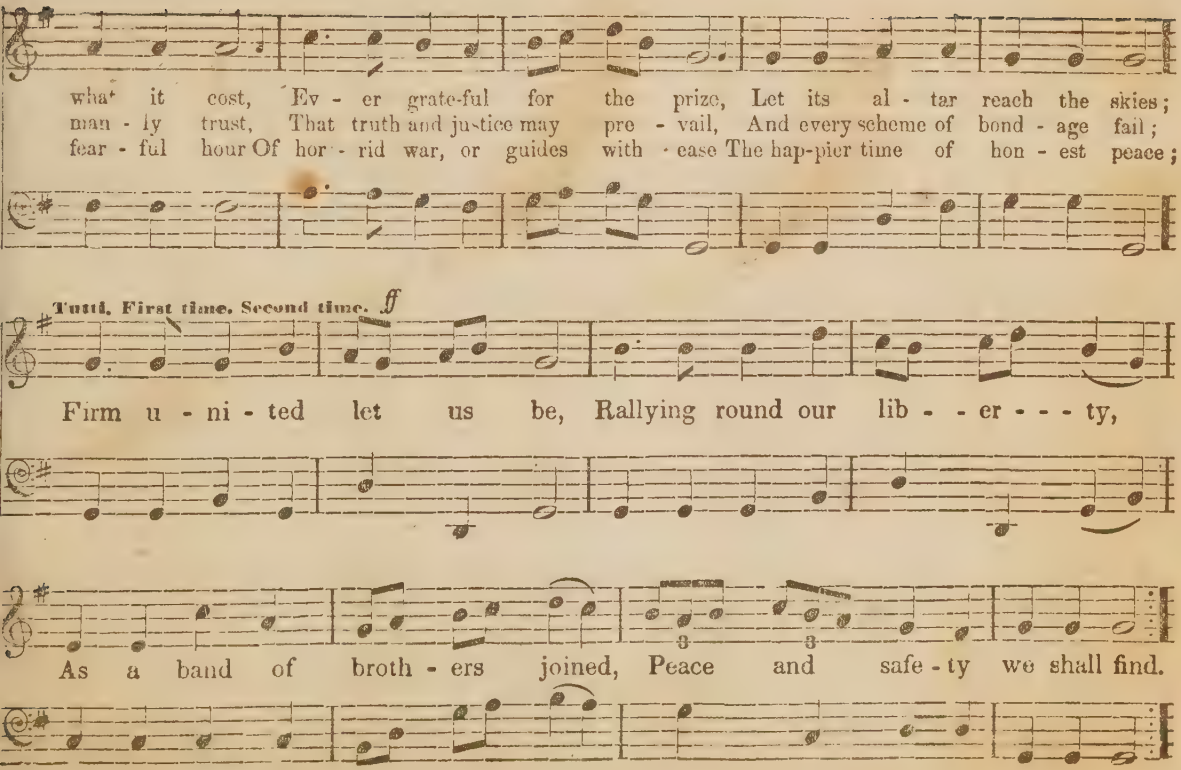
From the "Golden Harp," A Sabbath School Music Book


1. Shed not a tear o'er thy friend's ear-ly bier, When I am gone, when I am gone; Smile if the slow-toll-ing
ell you should hear, When I am gone, I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave,
Think who has died his be-lov-ed to save,
Think of the crown all the
ansomed shall have, When I am gone, I am gone.

2

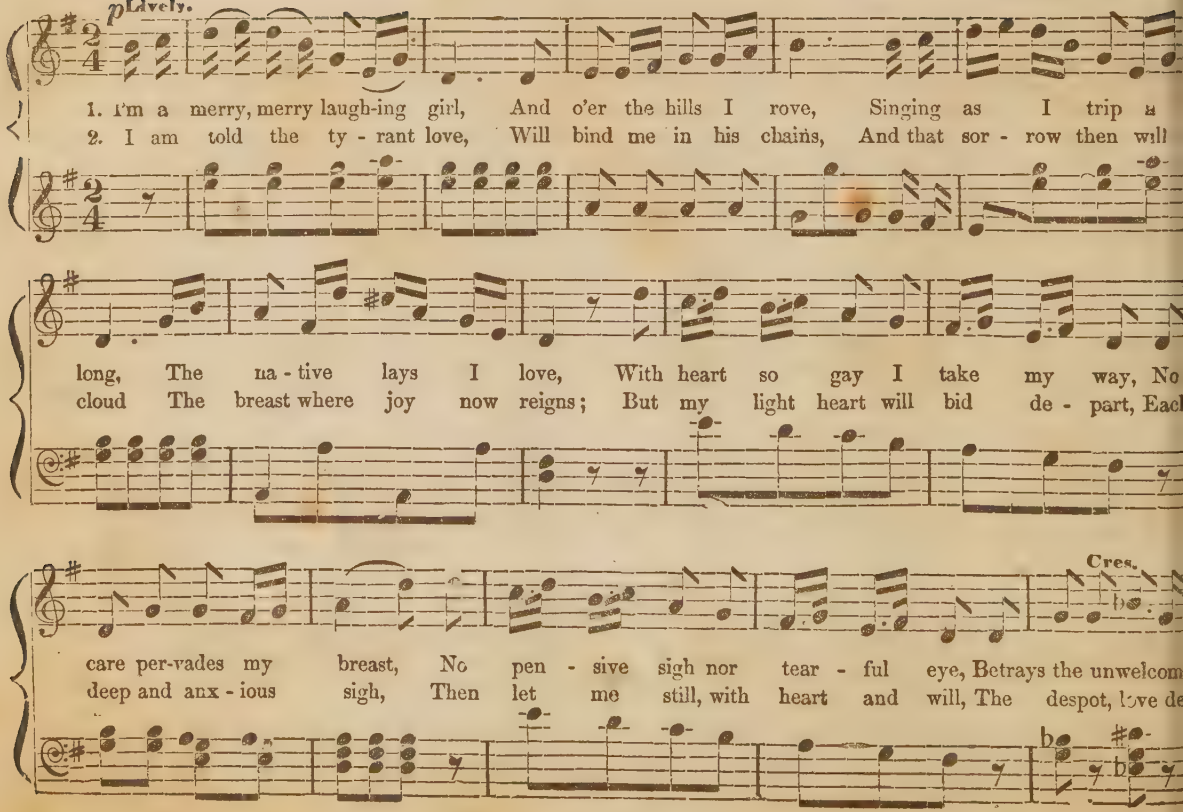
Plant ye a tree, which may wave over me,
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Sing ye a song if my grave you should see,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray,
Come, and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone, I am gone.

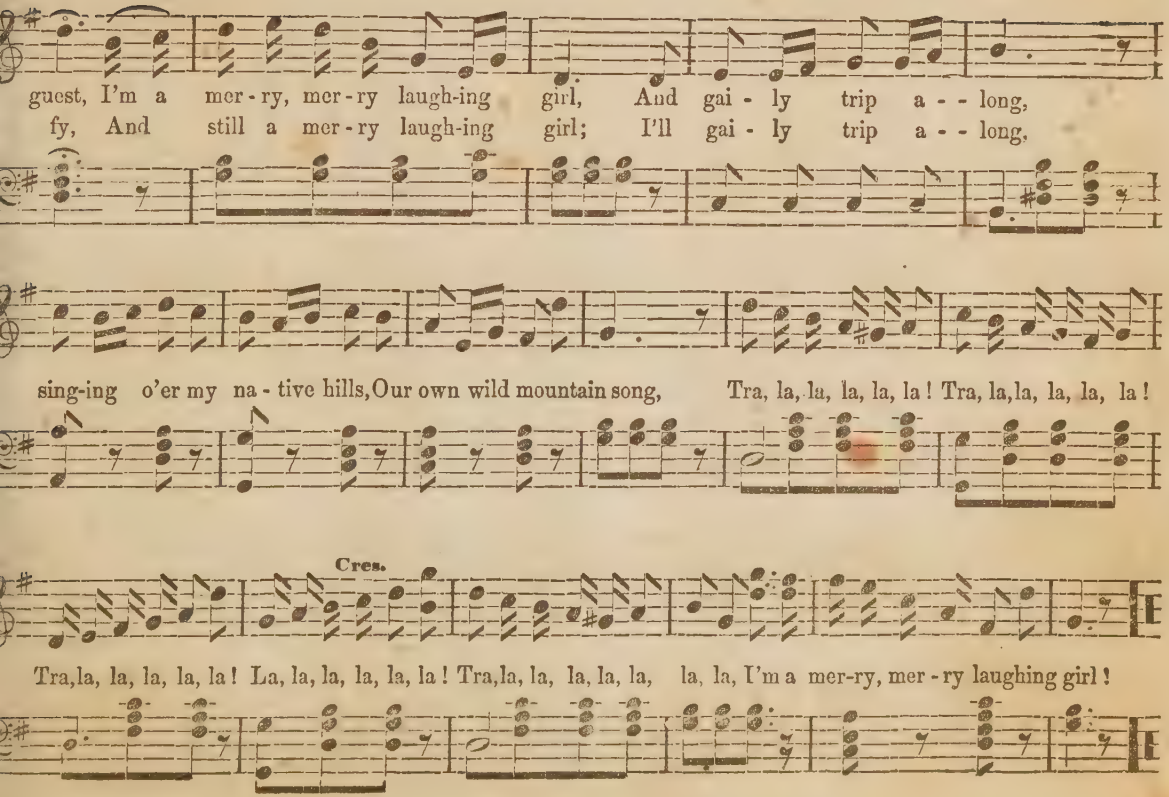

Con Spirito. Semi-Chorus.
1. Hail Co - lum-bia, hap - py land! Hail ye He-roes! heav'n born band; Who fought and bled in
2. Immortal Pat-riots, rise once more! Defend your rights, de-fend your shore; Let no rude foe with
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let WASHINGTON's great name Ring thro' the world with
free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And when the storm of war had gone, En-
im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, In-vade the shrine, where sa-cred lies Of-
loud applause, Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause! Let ev - 'ry clime, to free - dom dear
joyed the peace your val - or won; Let In - de-pendence be your boast, Ev - er mindful
toil and blood the well-earned prize; While offering peace sincere and just, In heav'n we place
Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; With equal skill, with stead - y power, He govens in the

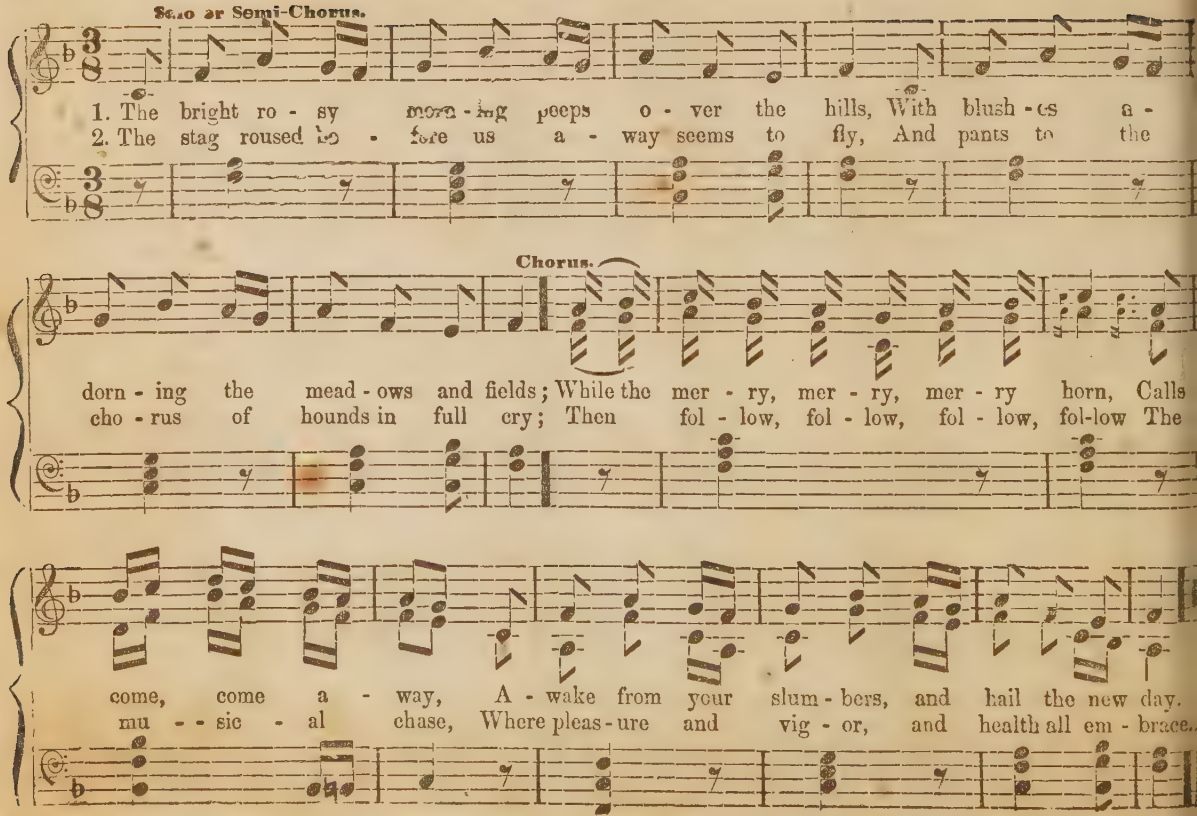

what it cost, Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies;
man - ly trust, That truth and justice may pre - vail, And every scheme of bond - age fail;
fear - ful hour Of hor - rid war, or guides with ease The hap-pier time of hon - est peace;
Tutti. First time. Second time. ff
Firm u - ni - ted let us be, Rallying round our lib - - er - - - ty,
As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

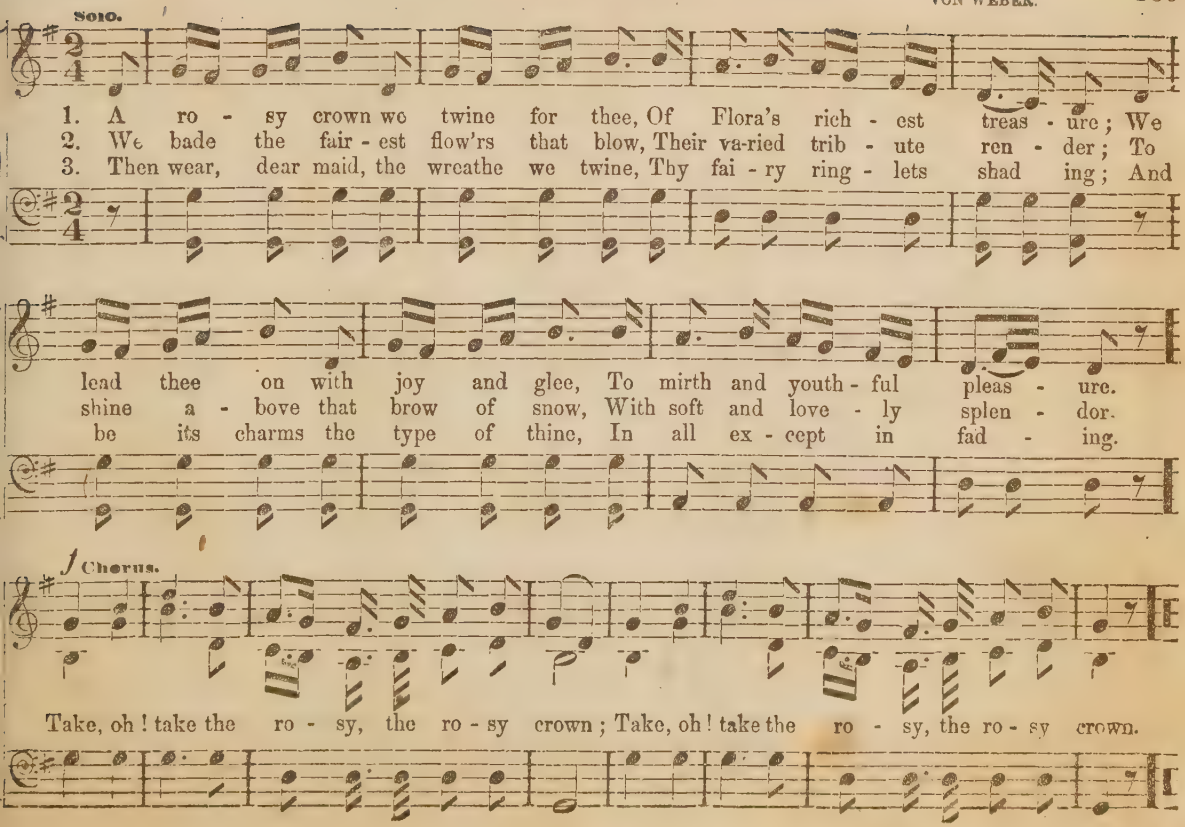
I'M A MERRY LAUGHING GIRL.

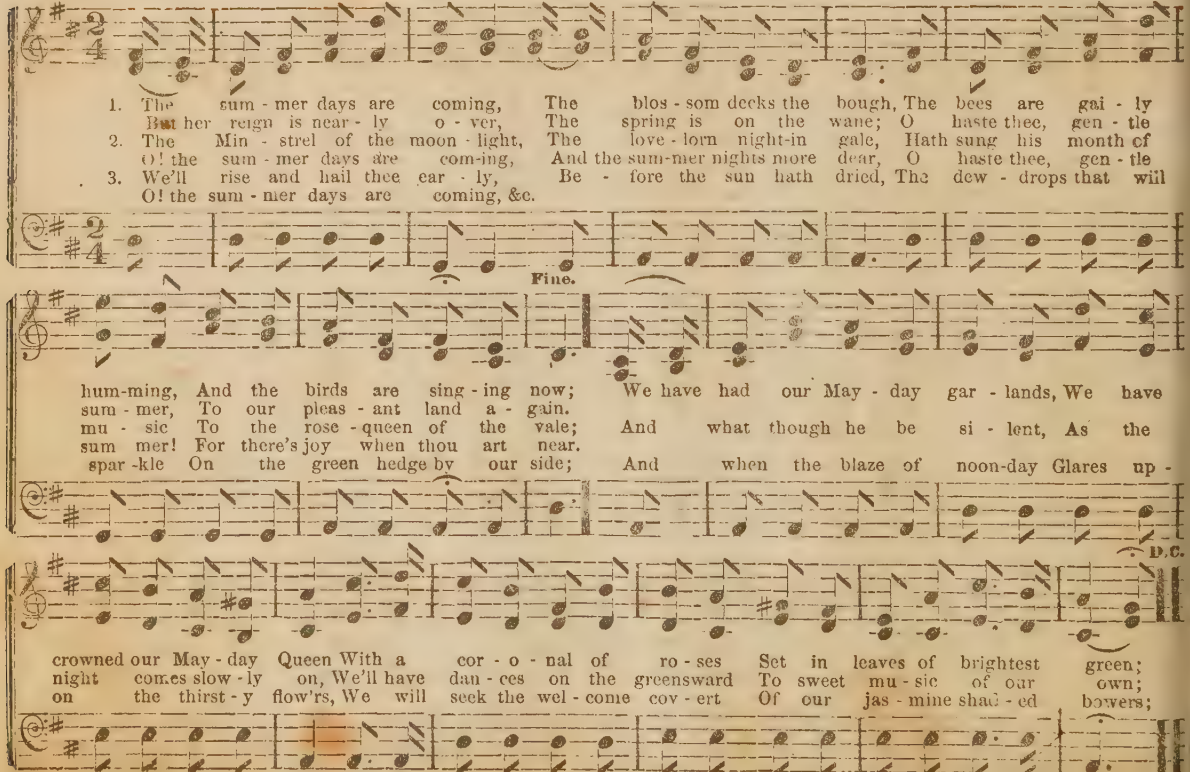
C. W. GLOVER


p Lively.
1. I'm a merry, merry laugh-ing girl, And o'er the hills I rove, Singing as I trip a
2. I am told the ty - rant love, Will bind me in his chains, And that sor - row then will
long, The na - tive lays I love, With heart so gay I take my way, No
cloud The breast where joy now reigns; But my light heart will bid de - part, Eac
Cres.
care per-vades my breast, No pen - sive sigh nor tear - ful eye, Betrays the unwelcom
deep and anx - ious sigh, Then let me still, with heart and will, The despot, love de


guest, I'm a mer-ry, mer-ry laugh-ing girl, And gai-ly trip a--long,
fy, And still a mer-ry laugh-ing girl; I'll gai-ly trip a--long,
sing-ing o'er my na-tive hills, Our own wild mountain song, Tra, la, la, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la, la, la!
Cres.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la! La, la, la, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, I'm a mer-ry, mer-ry laughing girl!


Solo or Semi-Chorus.
1. The bright ro - sy morn - ing peeps o - ver the hills, With blush - es a -
2. The stag roused be - fore us a - way seems to fly, And pants to the
Chorus.
dorn - ing the mead - ows and fields; While the mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry horn, Calls
cho - rus of hounds in full cry; Then fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol-low The
come, come a - way, A - wake from your slum - bers, and hail the new day.
mu - - sic - al chase, Where pleas - ure and vig - or, and health all em - brace.


Solo.
1. A ro - sy crown we twine for thee, Of Flora's rich - est treas - ure; We
2. We bade the fair - est flow'rs that blow, Their va-ried trib - ute ren - der; To
3. Then wear, dear maid, the wreathe we twine, Thy fai - ry ring - lets shad ing; And
lead thee on with joy and glee, To mirth and youth - ful pleas - ure.
shine a - bove that brow of snow, With soft and love - ly splen - dor.
be its charms the type of thine, In all ex - cept in fad - ing.
f Chorus.
Take, oh! take the ro - sy, the ro - sy crown; Take, oh! take the ro - sy, the ro - sy crown.


1. The sum - mer days are coming, The blos - som decks the bough, The bees are gai - ly
But her reign is near - ly o - ver, The spring is on the wane; O haste thee, gen - tle
2. The Min - strel of the moon - light, The love - lorn night-in gale, Hath sung his month of
O! the sum - mer days are com-ing, And the sum-mer nights more dear, O haste thee, gen - tle
3. We'll rise and hail thee ear - ly, Be - fore the sun hath dried, The dew - drops that will
O! the sum - mer days are coming, &c.
Fine.
hum-ming, And the birds are sing - ing now; We have had our May - day gar - lands, We have
sum - mer, To our pleas - ant land a - gain.
mu - sic To the rose - queen of the vale; And what though he be si - lent, As the
sum mer! For there's joy when thou art near.
spar -kle On the green hedge by our side; And when the blaze of noon-day Glares up -
D.C.
crowned our May - day Queen With a cor - o - nal of ro - ses Set in leaves of brightest green;
night comes slow - ly on, We'll have dan - ces on the greensward To sweet mu - sic of our own;
on the thirst - y flow'rs, We will seek the wel - come cov - ert Of our jas - mine shad - ed bowers;

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

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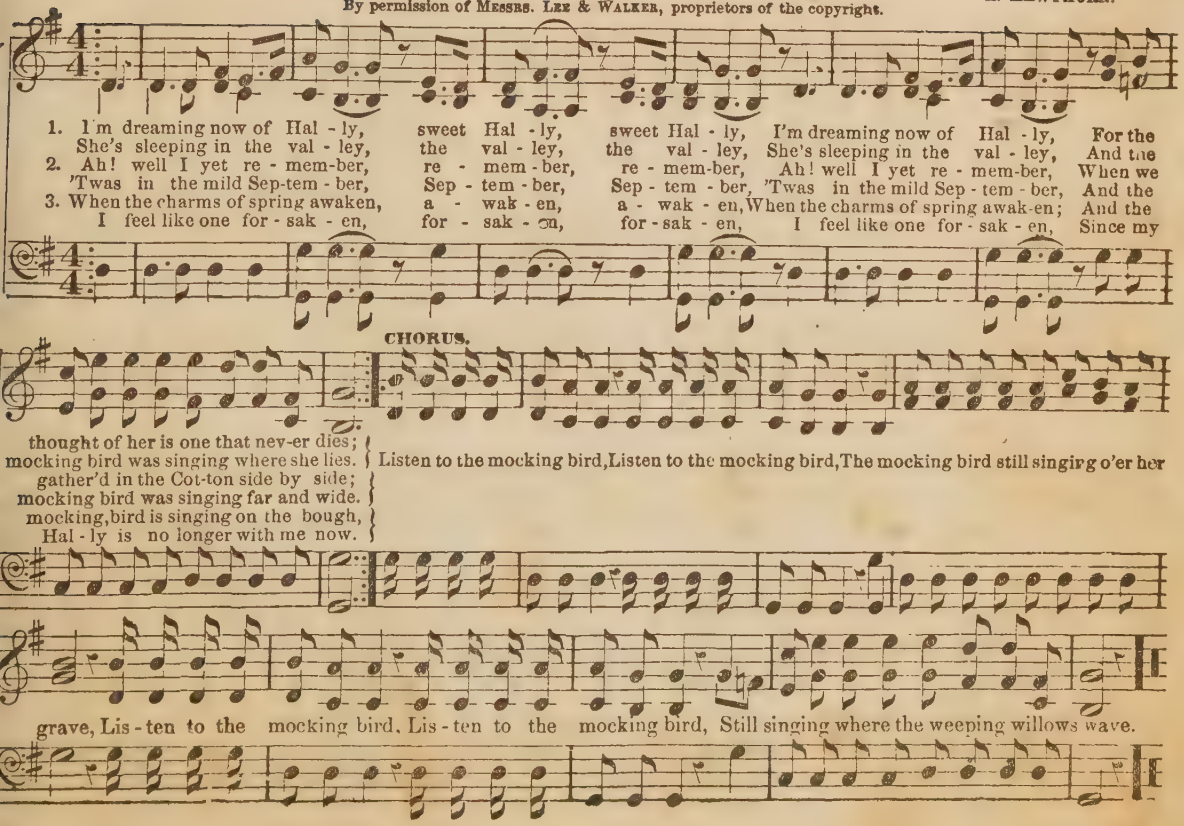
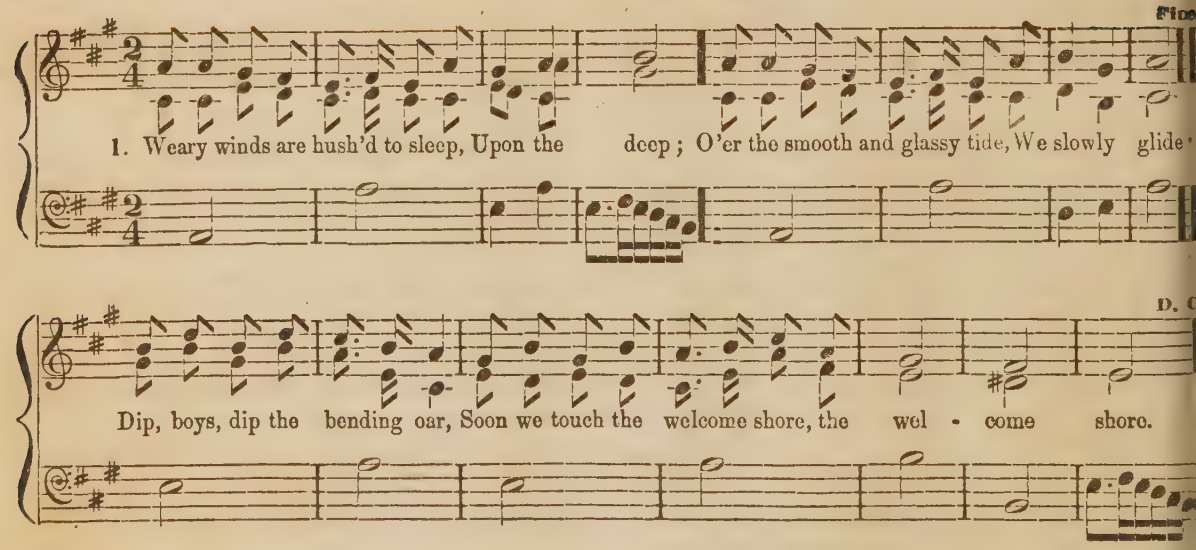

1. I'm dreaming now of Hal - ly, sweet Hal - ly, sweet Hal - ly, I'm dreaming now of Hal - ly, For the
She's sleeping in the val - ley, the val - ley, the val - ley, She's sleeping in the val - ley, And the
2. Ah! well I yet re - mem-ber, re - mem - ber, re - mem-ber, Ah! well I yet re - mem-ber, When we
'Twas in the mild Sep-tem - ber, Sep - tem - ber, Sep - tem - ber, 'Twas in the mild Sep - tem - ber, And the
3. When the charms of spring awaken, a - wak - en, a - wak - en, When the charms of spring awak-en; And the
I feel like one for - sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en, I feel like one for - sak - en, Since my
CHORUS.
thought of her is one that nev-er dies;
mocking bird was singing where she lies.
gather'd in the Cot-ton side by side;
mocking bird was singing far and wide.
mocking, bird is singing on the bough,
Hal - ly is no longer with me now.
Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, The mocking bird still singing o'er her
grave, Lis - ten to the mocking bird. Lis - ten to the mocking bird, Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

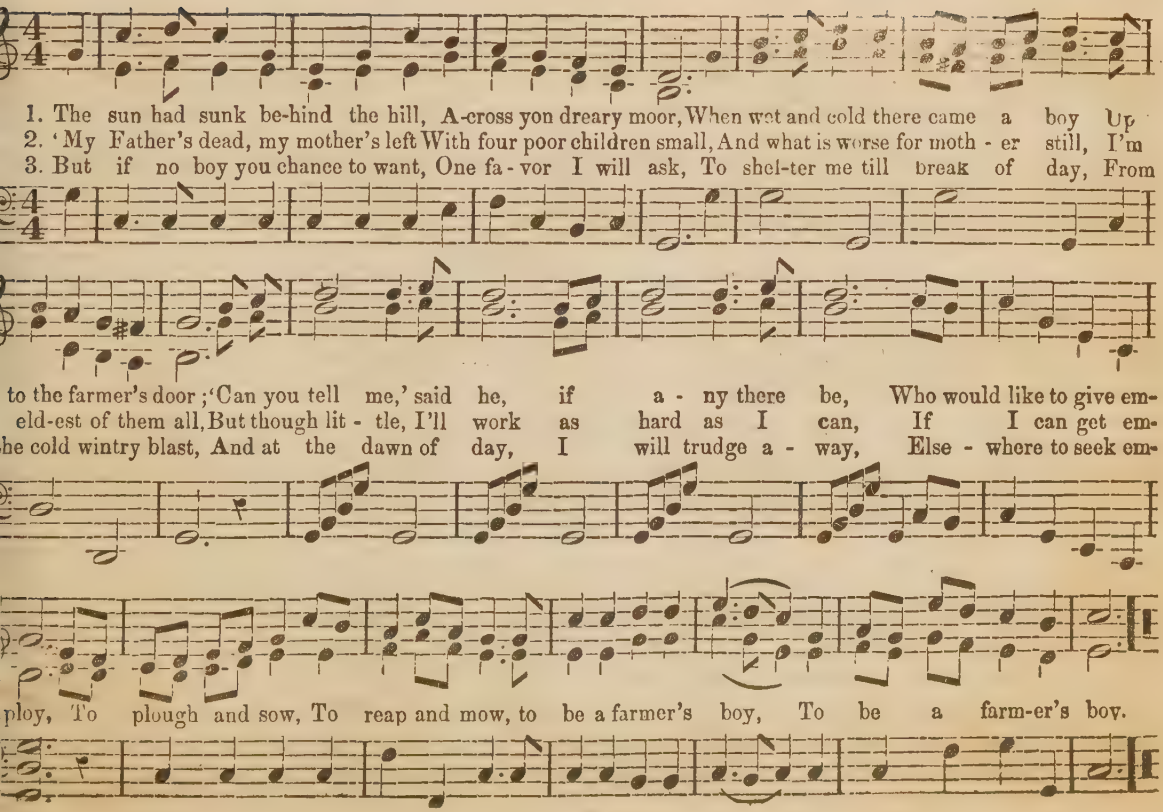

1. Weary winds are hush'd to sleep, Upon the deep ; O'er the smooth and glassy tide, We slowly glide
Dip, boys, dip the bending oar, Soon we touch the welcome shore, the wel - come shore.

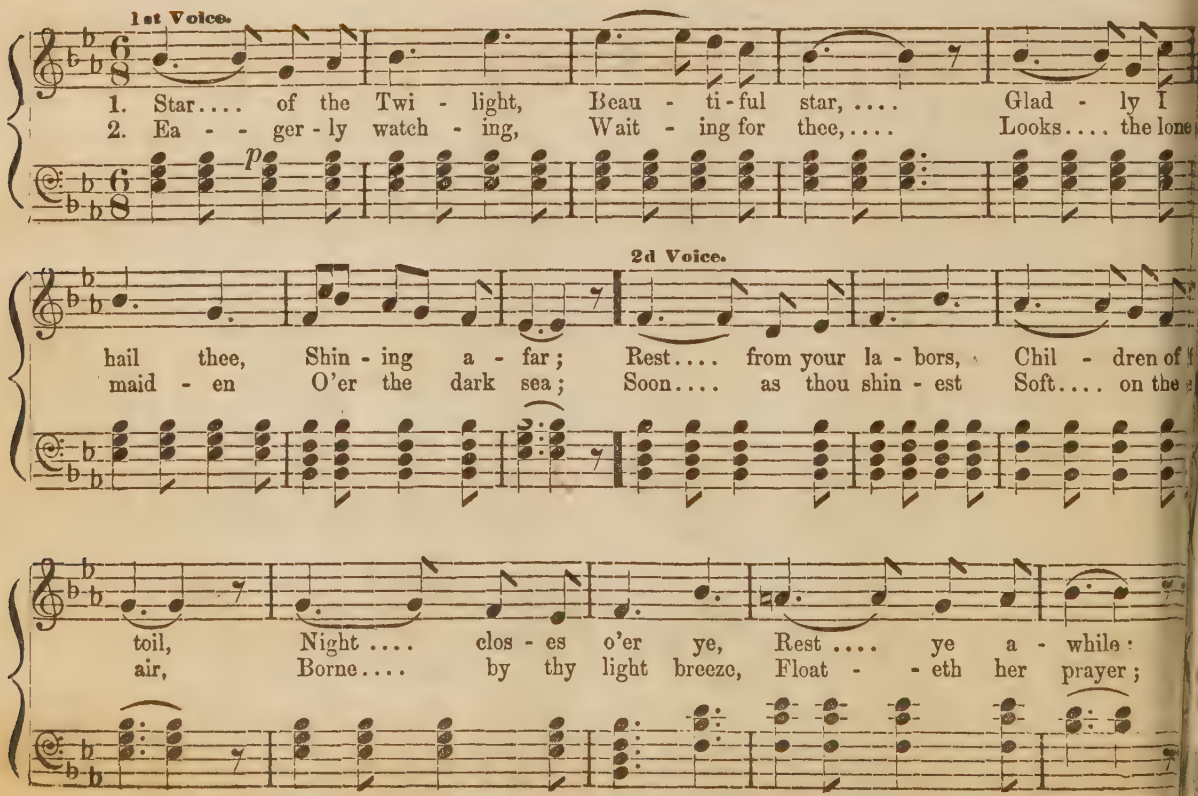
2

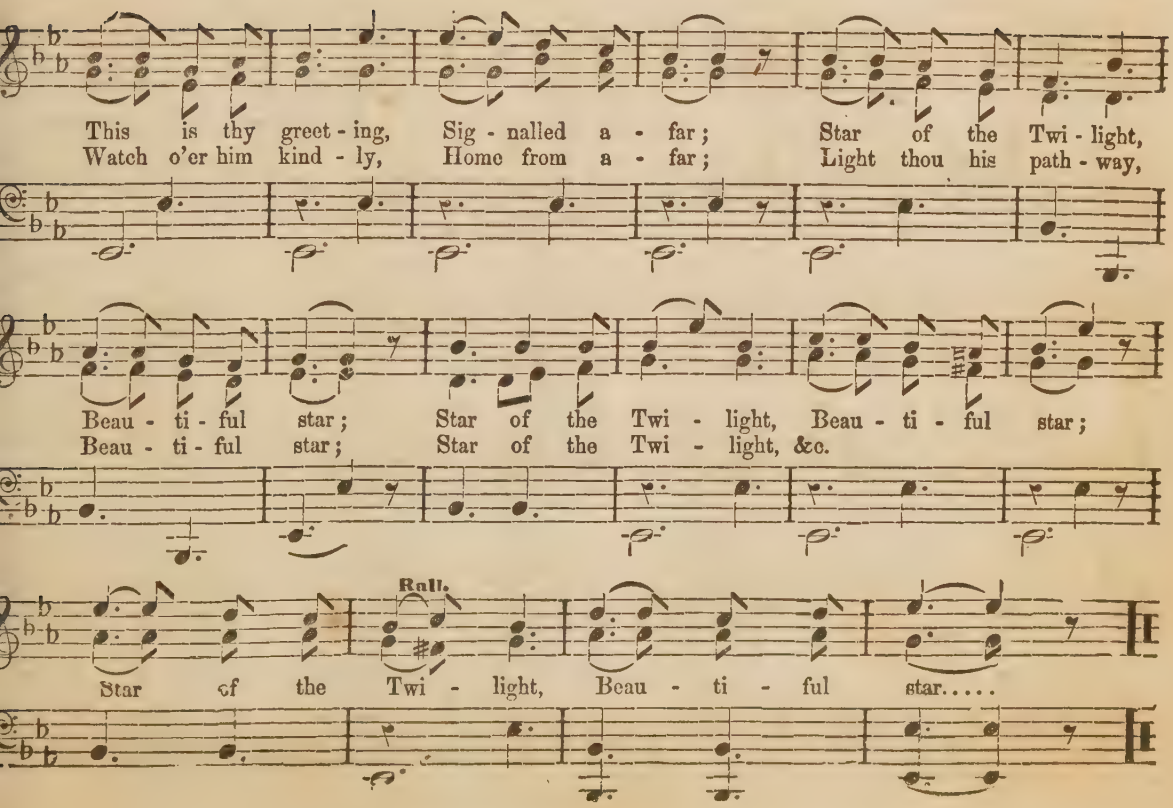
Brightly shine the stars above,
But those we love
Watch us on our home-bound way,
With brighter ray,--
Dip, then, dip the bending oar,
Soon we touch the welcome shore.

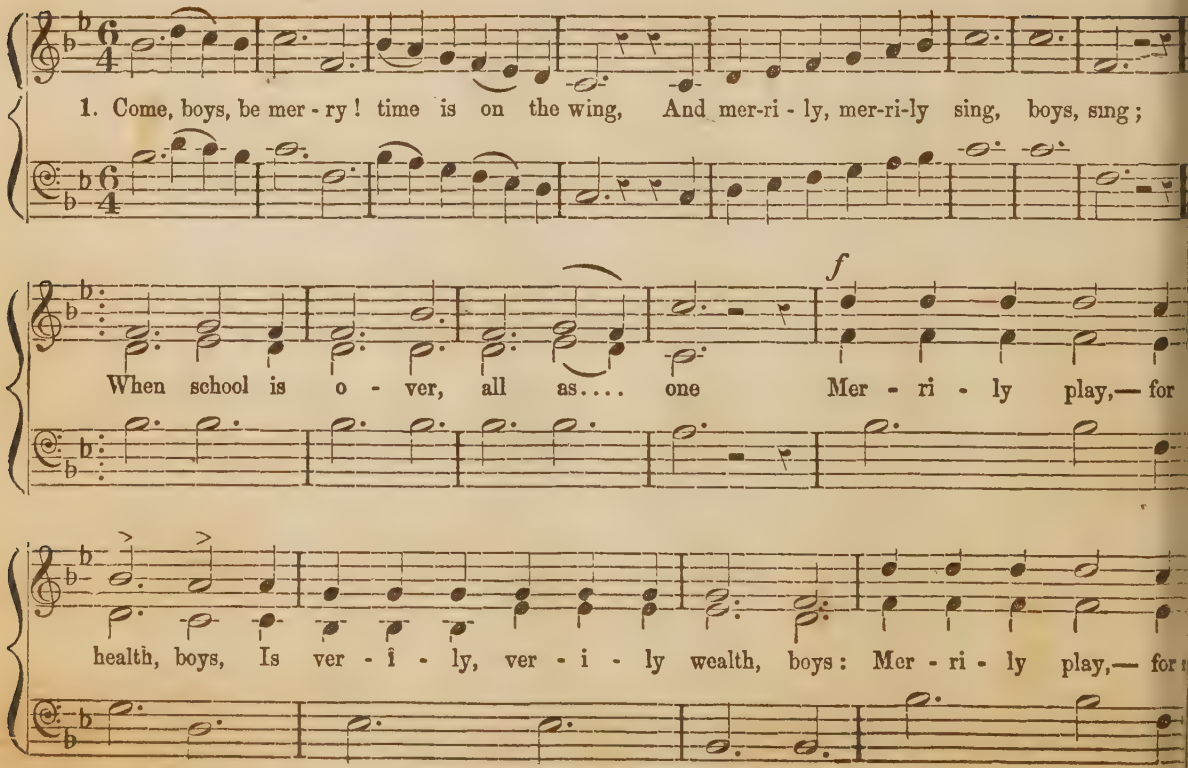
3

Light the Fisher boy will sleep,
Upon the deep ;
Tempest, wind, and dashing wave,
He all doth brave,—
Rest, then, rest the bending oar,
Now we touch the welcome shore.


1. The sun had sunk be-hind the hill, A-cross yon dreary moor, When wet and cold there came a boy Up
2. 'My Father's dead, my mother's left With four poor children small, And what is worse for moth - er still, I'm
3. But if no boy you chance to want, One fa - vor I will ask, To shel-ter me till break of day, From
to the farmer's door; 'Can you tell me,' said he, if a - ny there be, Who would like to give em-
eld-est of them all, But though lit - tle, I'll work as hard as I can, If I can get em-
he cold wintry blast, And at the dawn of day, I will trudge a - way, Else - where to seek em-
ploy, To plough and sow, To reap and mow, to be a farmer's boy, To be a farm-er's boy.


1st Voice.
1. Star.... of the Twi - light, Beau - ti - ful star, ... Glad - ly I
2. Ea - - ger - ly watch - ing, Wait - ing for thee,.... Looks.... the lone
p
2d Voice.
hail thee, Shin - ing a - far; Rest.... from your la - bors, Chil - dren of
maid - en O'er the dark sea; Soon.... as thou shin - est Soft.... on the
toil, Night .... clos - es o'er ye, Rest .... ye a - while:
air, Borne.... by thy light breeze, Float - - eth her prayer;


This is thy greet - ing, Sig - nalled a - far; Star of the Twi - light,
Watch o'er him kind - ly, Home from a - far; Light thou his path - way,
Beau - ti - ful star; Star of the Twi - light, Beau - ti - ful star;
Beau - ti - ful star; Star of the Twi - light, &c.
Rall.
Star of the Twi - light, Beau - ti - ful star.....


1. Come, boys, be mer - ry! time is on the wing, And mer-ri - ly, mer-ri-ly sing, boys, sing;
f
When school is o - ver, all as.... one Mer - ri - ly play,— for
health, boys, Is ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly wealth, boys: Mer - ri - ly play,— for

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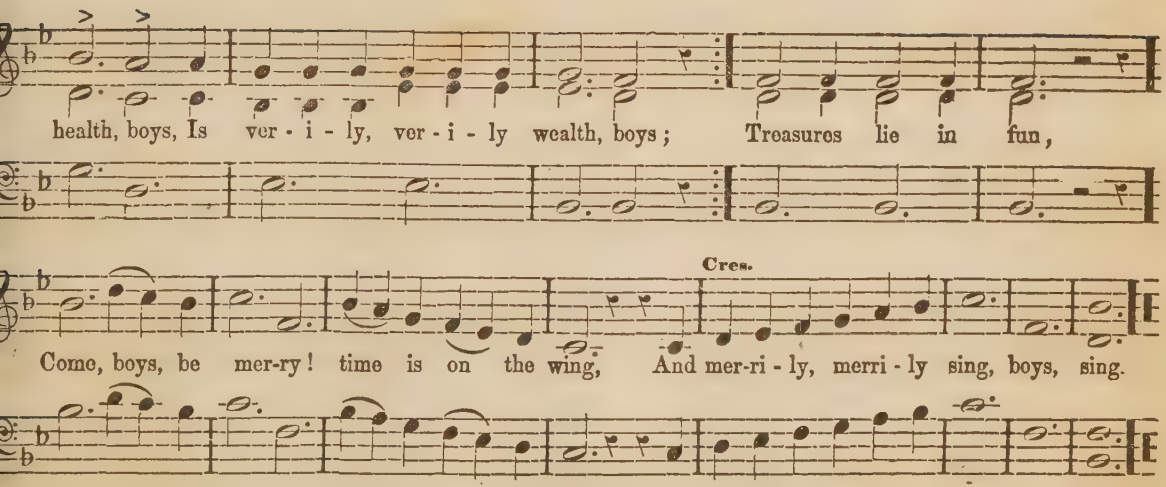
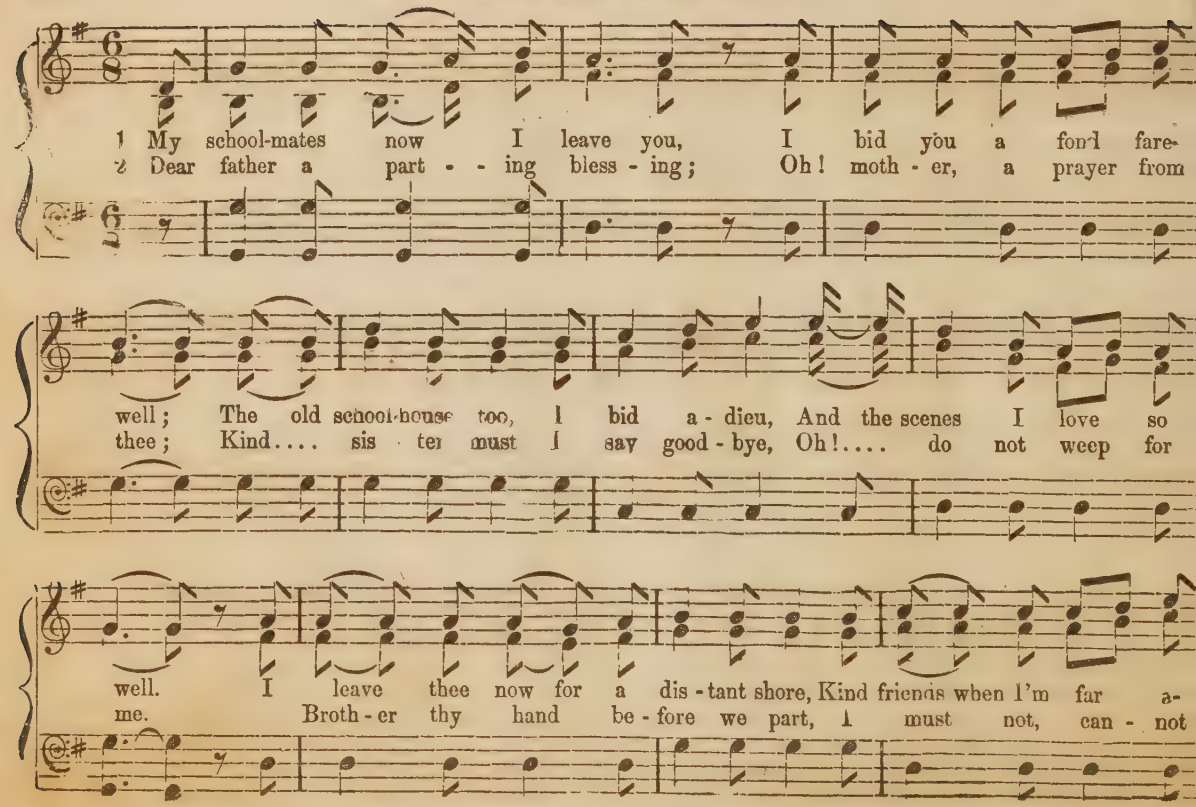

health, boys, Is ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly wealth, boys; Treasures lie in fun,
Cres.
Come, boys, be mer-ry! time is on the wing, And mer-ri - ly, merri - ly sing, boys, sing.

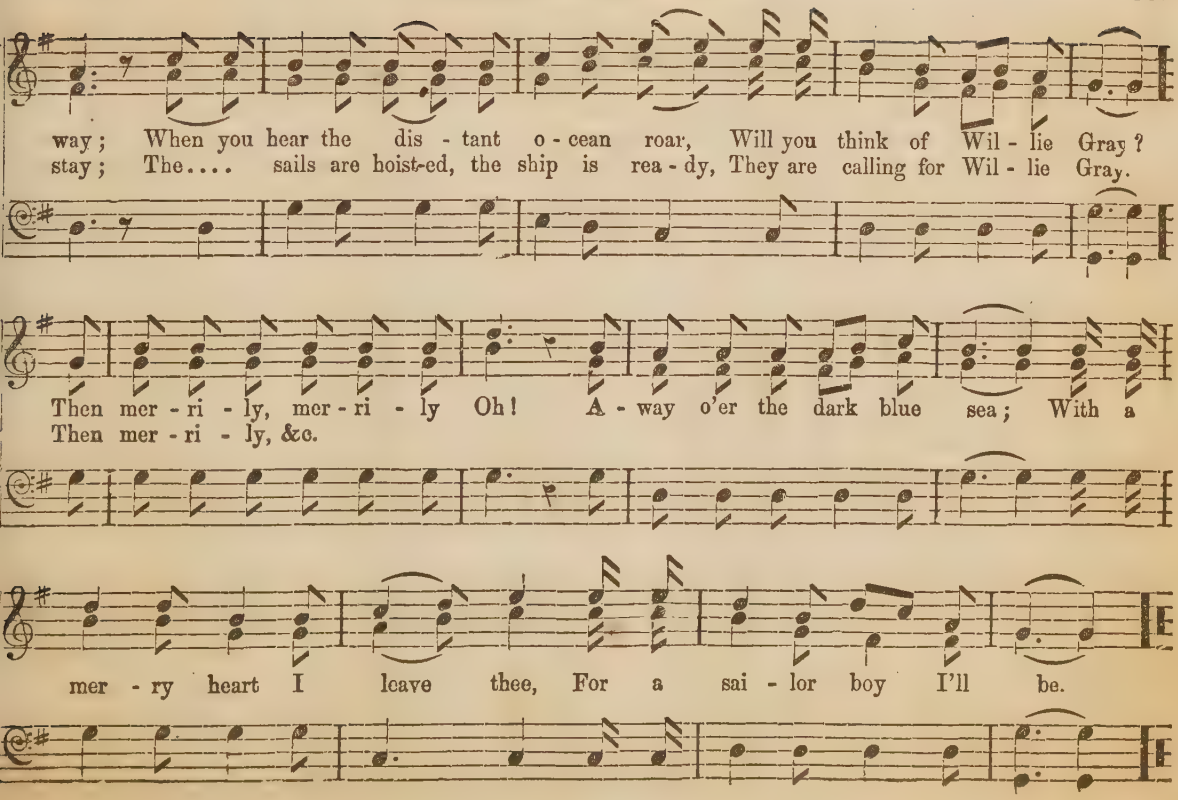
2

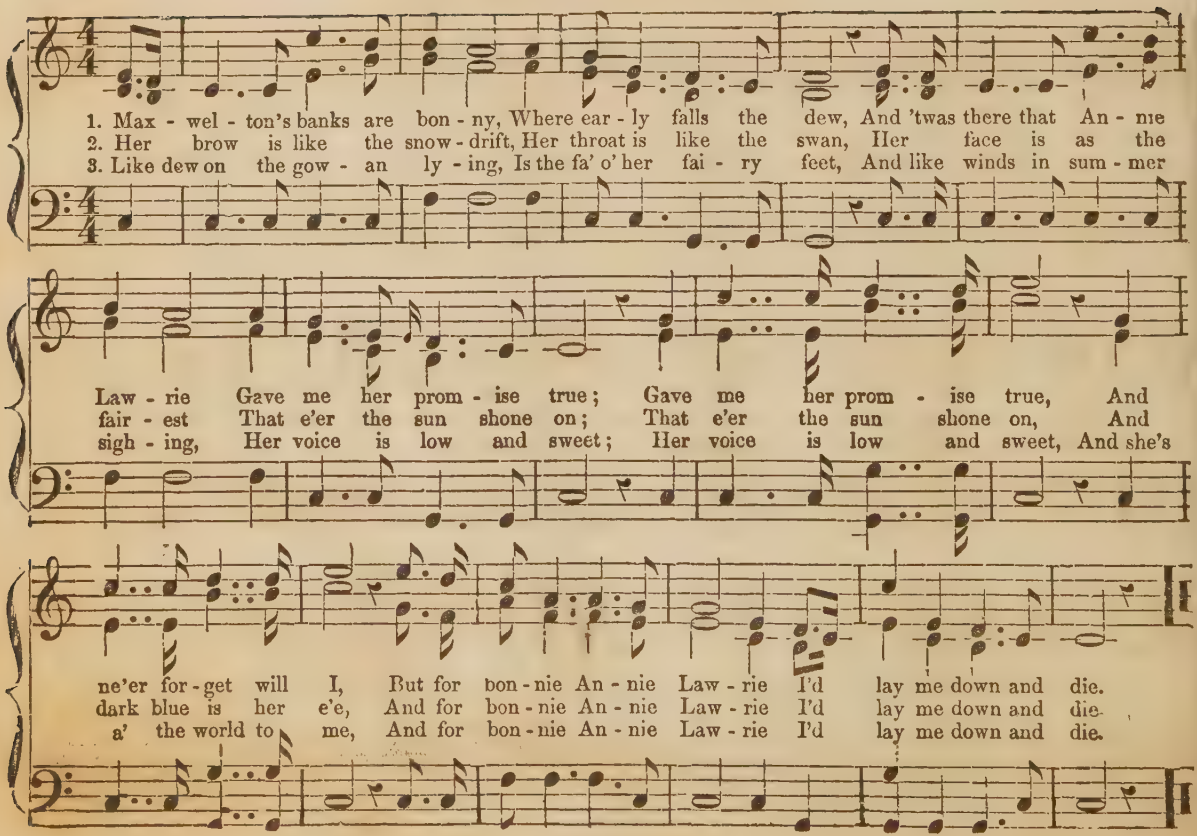
Come, boys, be merry! time is on the wing,
And merrily, merrily, sing, boys, sing;
For cheerful exercise, hurrah!
Healthfully stirs the blood, boys,
And too much work never does good, boys:
Healthfully stirs the blood, boys,
And too much work never does good, boys:
Happiness doth mar.
Come, boys, be merry! time is on the wing,
And merrily, merrily, sing, boys, sing.

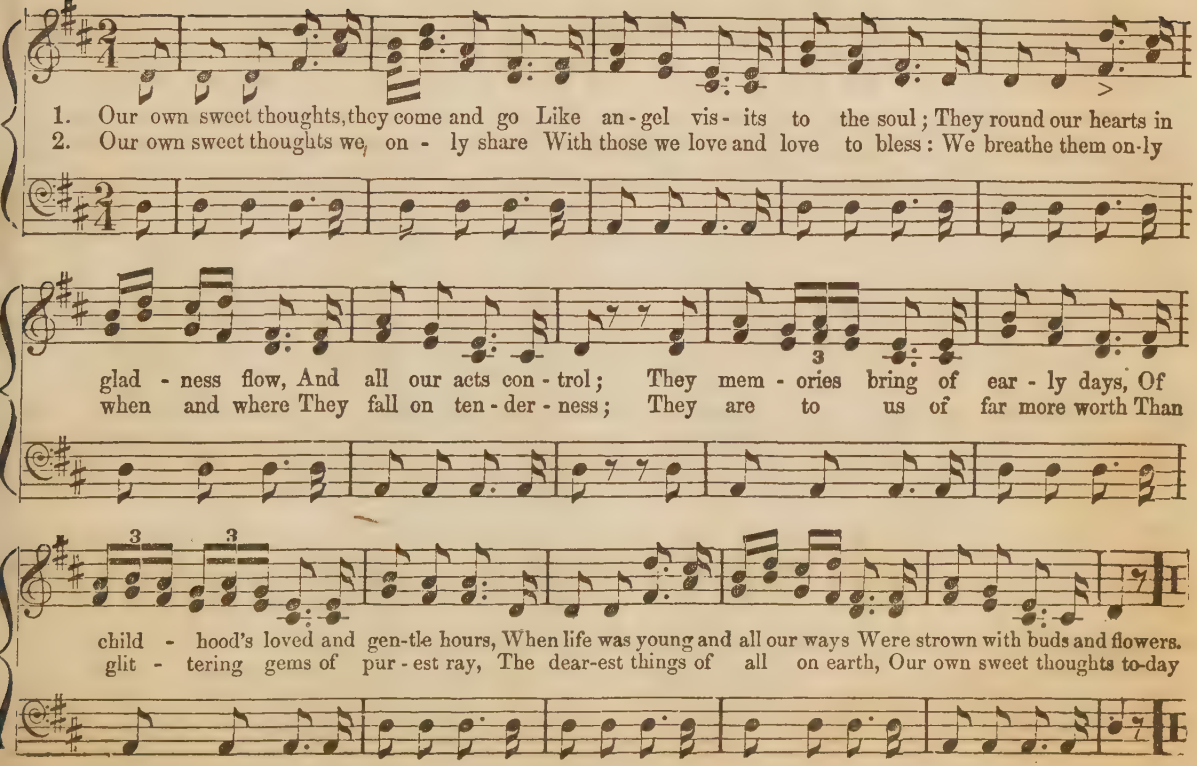
3

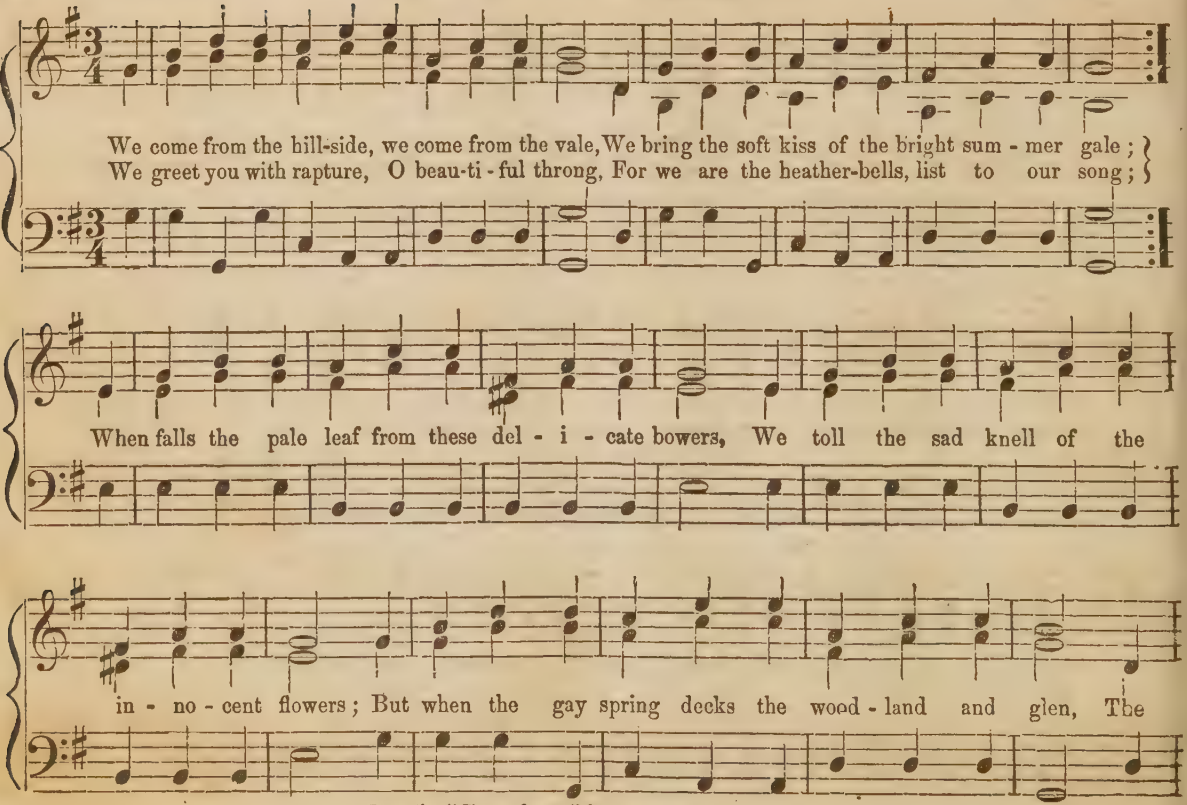
Come, boys, be merry! time is on the wing,
And merrily, merrily, sing, boys, sing;
All nature smiles, all nature plays,
Merrily plays, rejoices;
Then cheerily lift up your voices:
Merrily plays, rejoices,
Then cheerily lift up your voices,
Merry voices raise.
Come, boys, be merry, time is on the wing,
And merrily, merrily, sing, boys, sing.


1 My school-mates now I leave you, I bid you a fond fare-
2 Dear father a part - - ing bless - ing; Oh! moth - er, a prayer from
well; The old school-house too, I bid a - dieu, And the scenes I love so
thee; Kind.... sis - ter must I say good - bye, Oh!.... do not weep for
well. I leave thee now for a dis - tant shore, Kind friends when I'm far a-
me. Broth - er thy hand be - fore we part, I must not, can - not

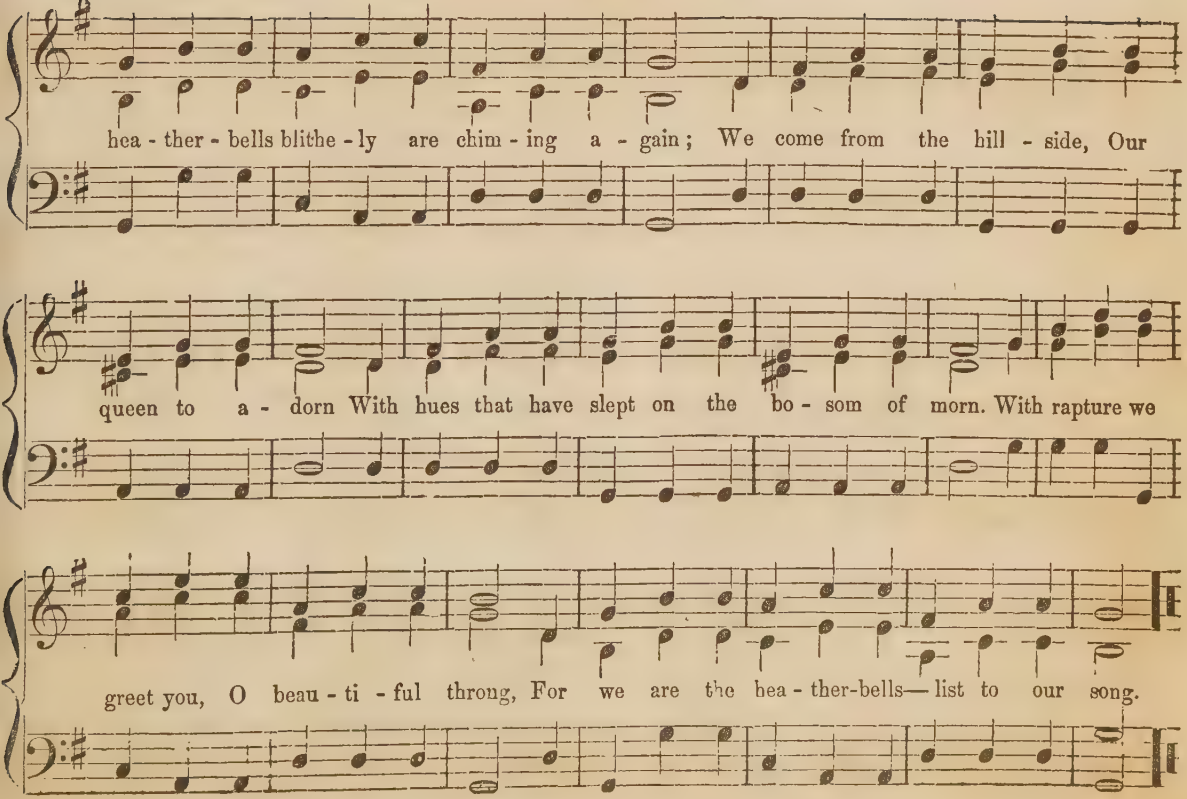

way; When you hear the dis - tant o - cean roar, Will you think of Wil - lie Gray?
stay; The.... sails are hoist-ed, the ship is rea - dy, They are calling for Wil - lie Gray.
Then mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly Oh! A - way o'er the dark blue sea; With a
Then mer - ri - ly, &c.
mer - ry heart I leave thee, For a sai - lor boy I'll be.


1. Max - wel - ton's banks are bon - ny, Where ear - ly falls the dew, And 'twas there that An - nie
2. Her brow is like the snow - drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her face is as the
3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in sum - mer
Law - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave me her prom - ise true, And
fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's
ne'er for - get will I, But for bon - nie An - nie Law - rie I'd lay me down and die.
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Law - rie I'd lay me down and die.
a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Law - rie I'd lay me down and die.


1. Our own sweet thoughts, they come and go Like an - gel vis - its to the soul; They round our hearts in
2. Our own sweet thoughts we on - ly share With those we love and love to bless: We breathe them on-ly
glad - ness flow, And all our acts con - trol; They mem - ories bring of ear - ly days, Of
when and where They fall on ten - der - ness; They are to us of far more worth Than
child - hood's loved and gen-tle hours, When life was young and all our ways Were strown with buds and flowers.
glit - tering gems of pur - est ray, The dear-est things of all on earth, Our own sweet thoughts to-day

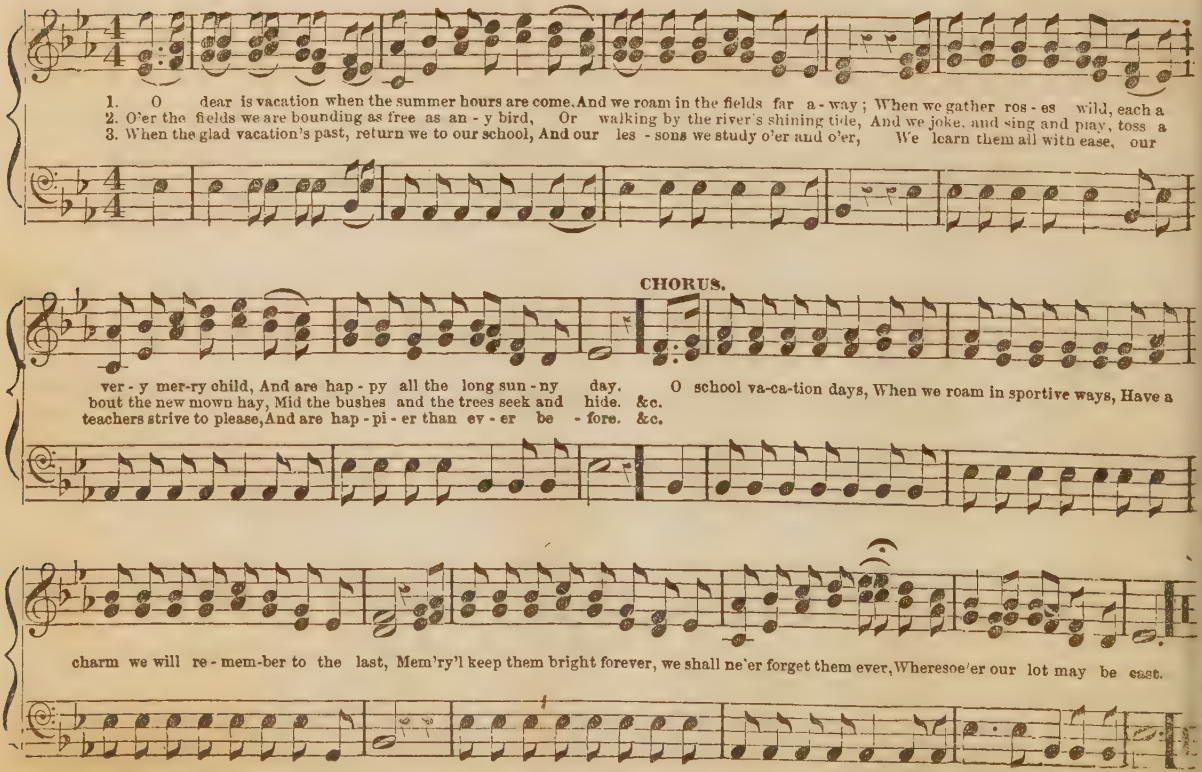

We come from the hill-side, we come from the vale, We bring the soft kiss of the bright sum-mer gale;
We greet you with rapture, O beau-ti-ful throng, For we are the heather-bells, list to our song;
When falls the pale leaf from these del-i-cate bowers, We toll the sad knell of the
in-no-cent flowers; But when the gay spring decks the wood-land and glen, The

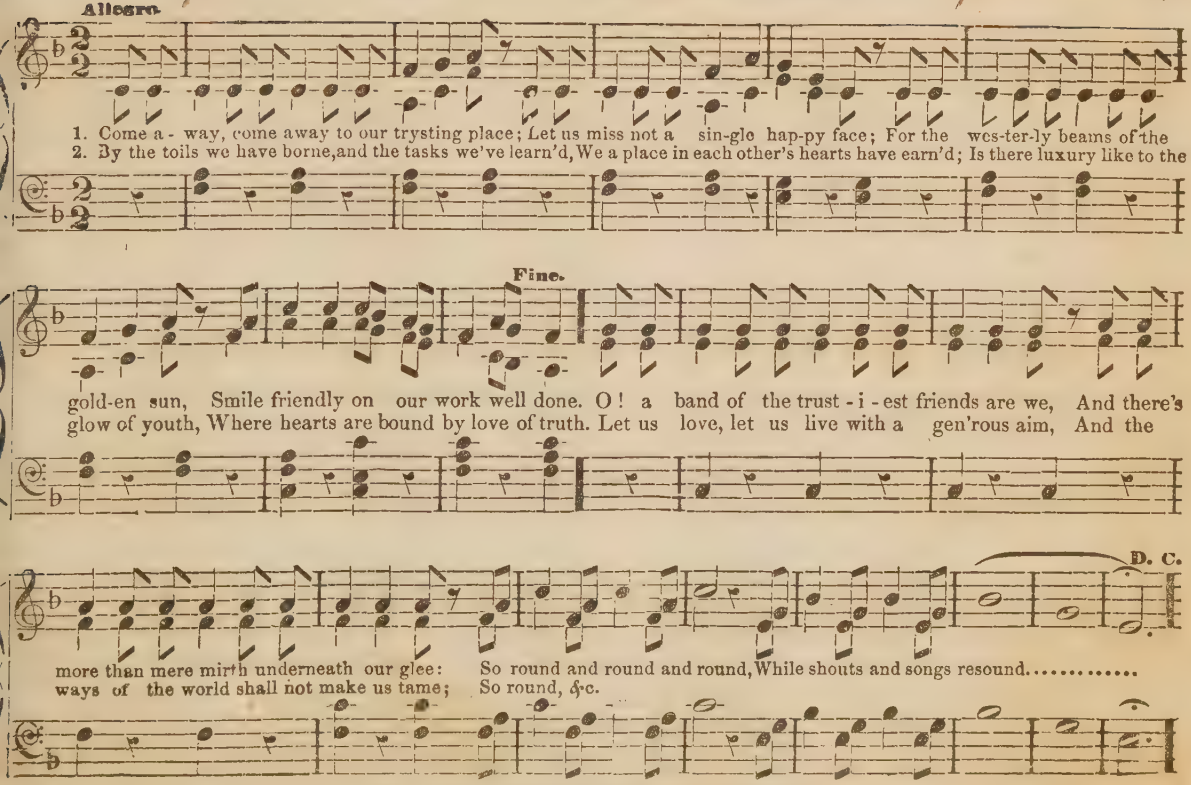
From the "Flower Queen," by permission.


hea - ther - bells blithe - ly are chim - ing a - gain; We come from the hill - side, Our
queen to a - dorn With hues that have slept on the bo - som of morn. With rapture we
greet you, O beau - ti - ful throng, For we are the hea - ther-bells— list to our song.

VACATION DAYS.

Air, "Darling Nelly Gray."


1. O dear is vacation when the summer hours are come. And we roam in the fields far a - way; When we gather ros - es wild, each a
2. O'er the fields we are bounding as free as an - y bird, Or walking by the river's shining tide, And we joke, and sing and play, toss a
3. When the glad vacation's past, return we to our school, And our les - sons we study o'er and o'er, We learn them all with ease, our
CHORUS.
ver - y mer-ry child, And are hap - py all the long sun - ny day. O school va-ca-tion days, When we roam in sportive ways, Have a
bout the new mown hay, Mid the bushes and the trees seek and hide. &c.
teachers strive to please, And are hap - pi - er than ev - er be - fore. &c.
charm we will re - mem-ber to the last, Mem'ry'l keep them bright forever, we shall ne'er forget them ever, Wheresoe'er our lot may be cast.


Allegro.
1. Come a - way, come away to our trysting place; Let us miss not a sin-gle hap-py face; For the wes-ter-ly beams of the
2. By the toils we have borne, and the tasks we've learn'd, We a place in each other's hearts have earn'd; Is there luxury like to the
Fine.
gold-en sun, Smile friendly on our work well done. O! a band of the trust - i - est friends are we, And there's
glow of youth, Where hearts are bound by love of truth. Let us love, let us live with a gen'rous aim, And the
D. C.
more than mere mirth underneath our glee: So round and round and round, While shouts and songs resound.....
ways of the world shall not make us tame; So round, &c.

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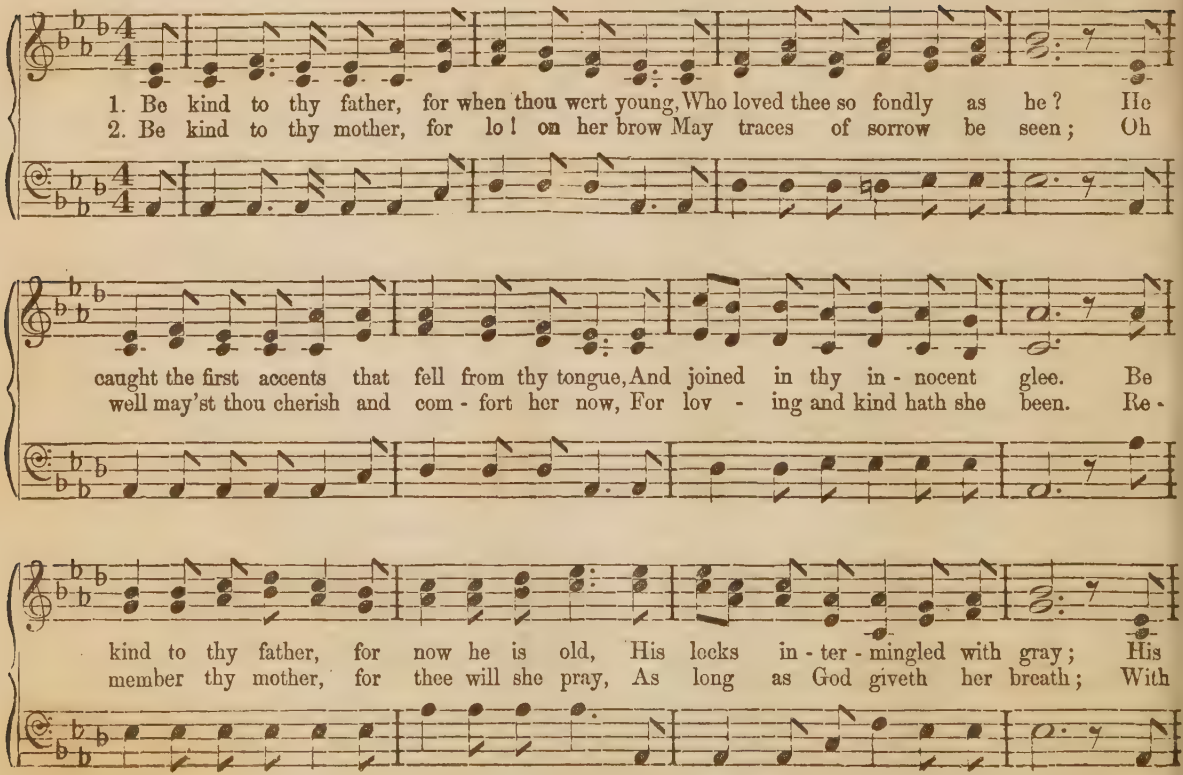
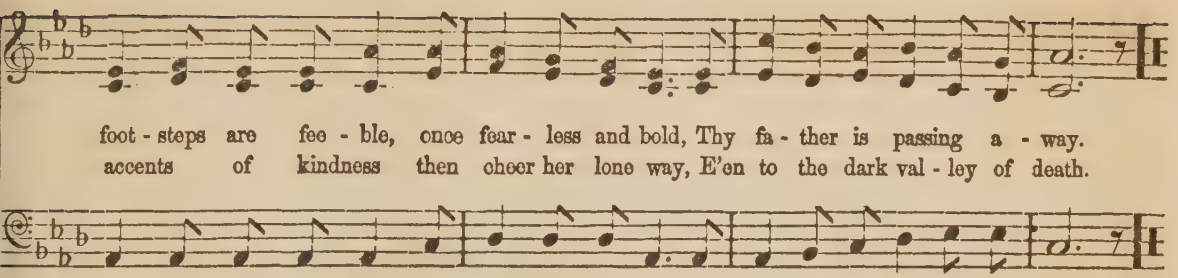
BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

I. B WOODBURY.


1. Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fondly as he? He
2. Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow May traces of sorrow be seen; Oh
caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy in - nocent glee. Be
well may'st thou cherish and com - fort her now, For lov - ing and kind hath she been. Re -
kind to thy father, for now he is old, His locks in - ter - mingled with gray; His
member thy mother, for thee will she pray, As long as God giveth her breath; With


foot - steps are fee - ble, once fear - less and bold, Thy fa - ther is passing a - way.
accents of kindness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val - ley of death.

3

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone,
Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

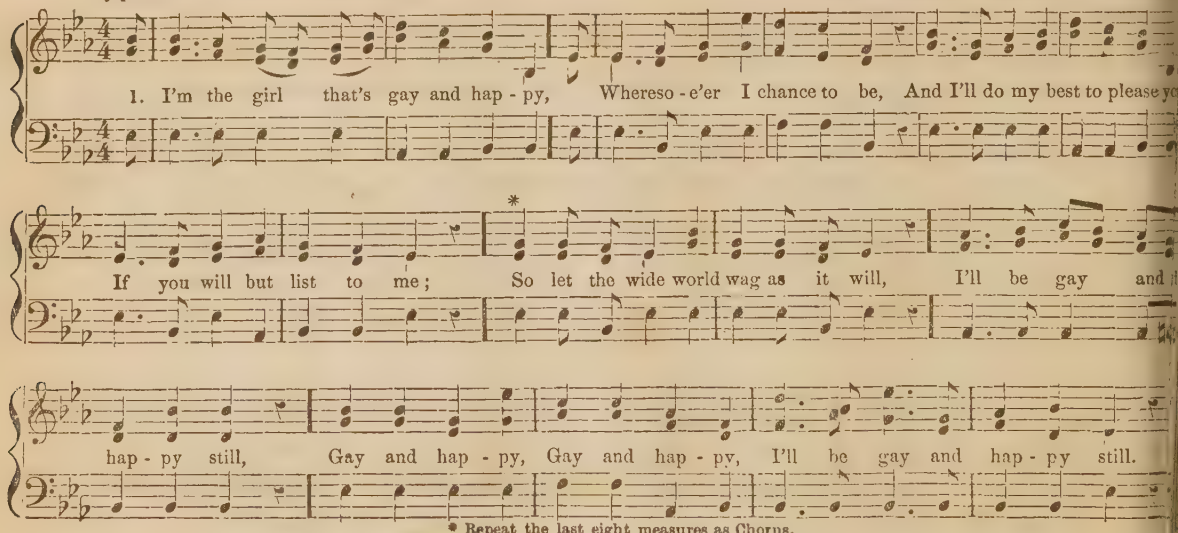
4

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold,
Be kind to thy mother so near;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold,
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

GAY AND HAPPY

By permission of HENRY MC CAFFREY, ESQ.

Words and Music by MISS FANNY FORREST.


1. I'm the girl that's gay and hap - py, Whereso - e'er I chance to be, And I'll do my best to please yo
If you will but list to me; So let the wide world wag as it will, I'll be gay and
hap - py still, Gay and hap - py, Gay and hap - py, I'll be gay and hap - py still.

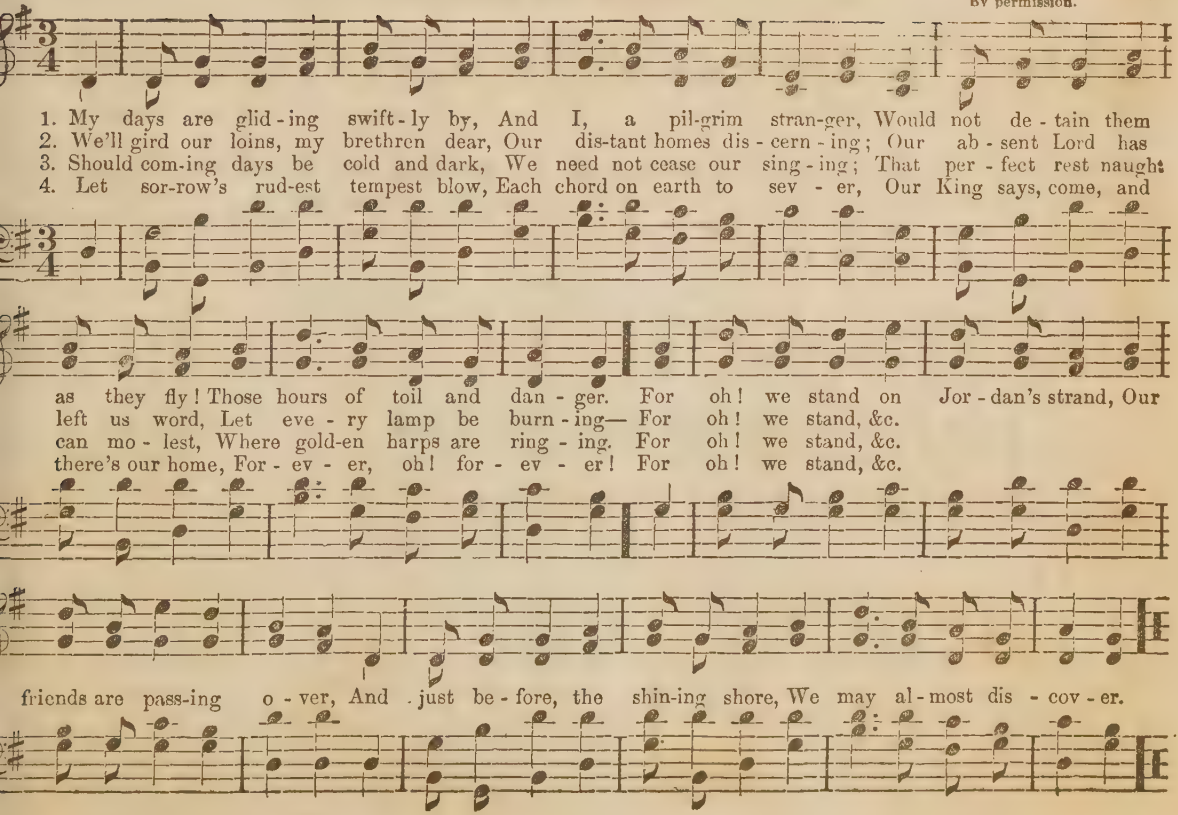
* Repeat the last eight measures as Chorus.

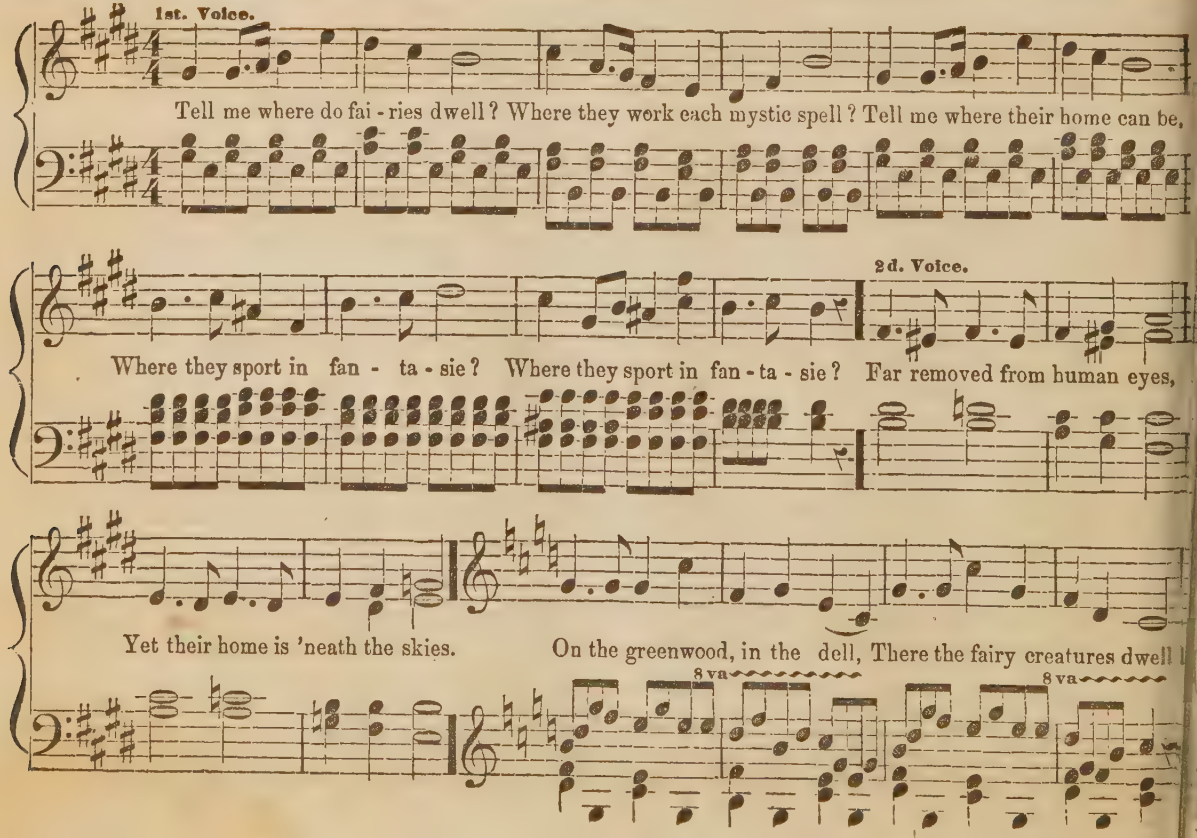
2 I envy neither great nor wealthy,
Poverty I ne'er despise,
Let me be contented, healthy,
And the boon I'll dearly prize;
So let the wide world, &c.

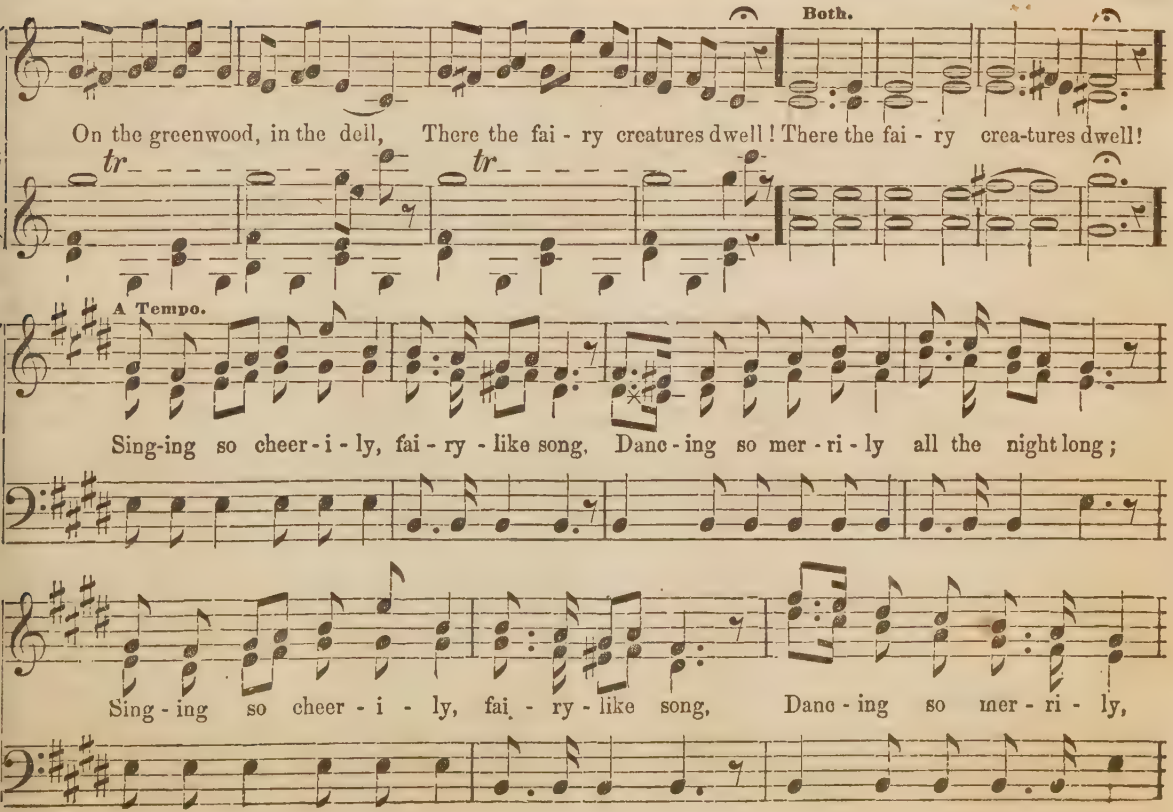
3 The rich have cares we little know of,
All that glitters is not gold;
Merit seldom made a show of,
And true worth is rarely told.
So let the wide world, &c.

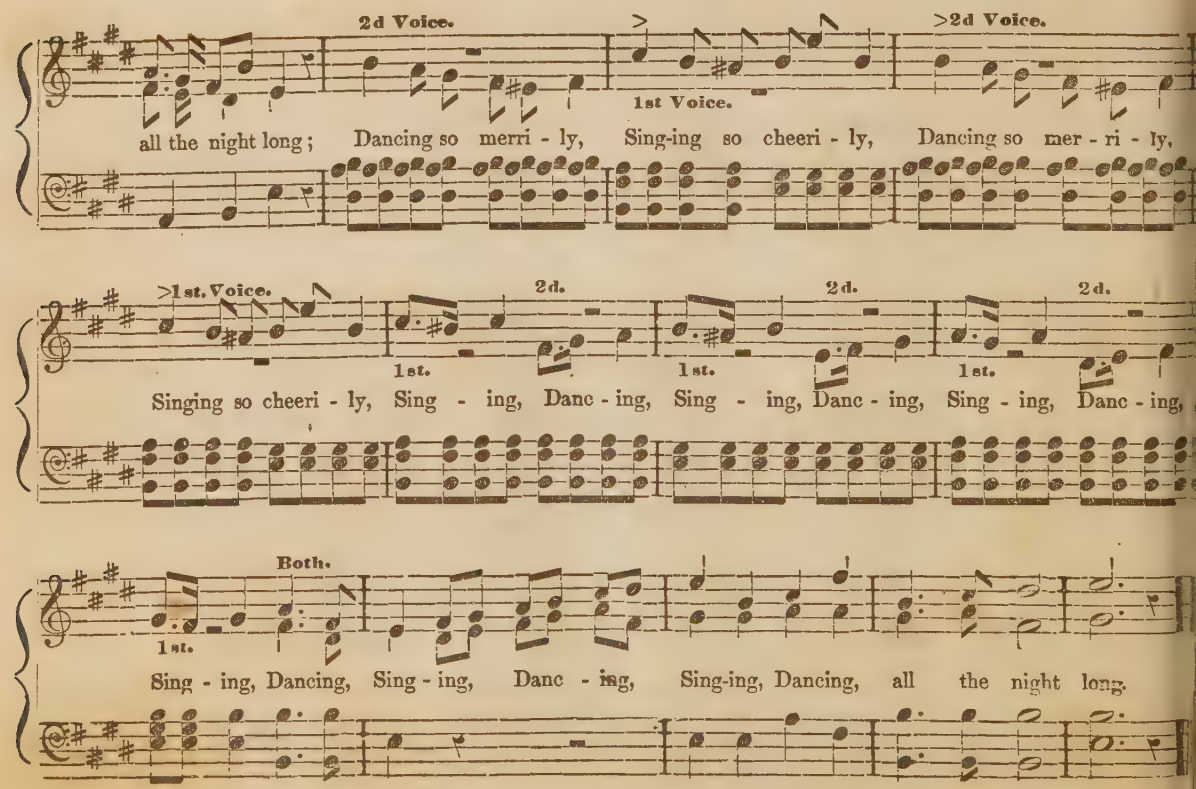
4 If the President should sit beside me,
I'd sing my song with usual glee,
Fools might laugh and knaves deride me,
Still I'd gay and happy be.
So let the wide world, &c.

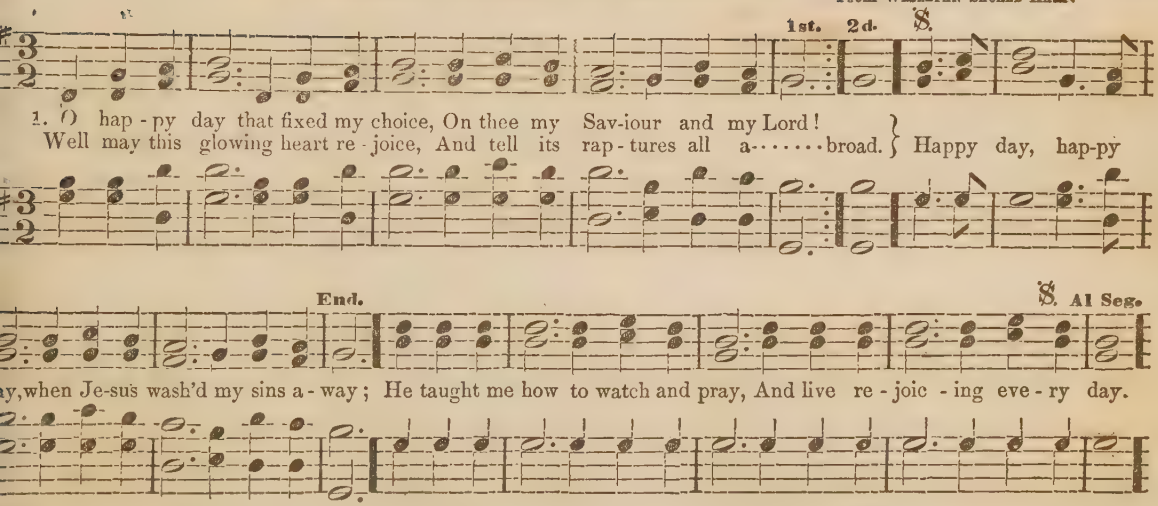
5 I care for all, yet care for no man,
Those that do well need not fear,
I love a man and like a woman,
What else makes this life so dear?
So let the wide world, &c.


1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger, Would not de-tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan-ger. For oh! we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o-ver, And just be-fore, the shin-ing shore, We may al-most dis-cov-er.
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis-tant homes dis-cern-ing; Our ab-sent Lord has left us word, Let eve-ry lamp be burn-ing— For oh! we stand, &c.
3. Should com-ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing; That per-fect rest naught can mo-lest, Where gold-en harps are ring-ing. For oh! we stand, &c.
4. Let sor-row's rud-est tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sev-er, Our King says, come, and there's our home, For-ev-er, oh! for-ev-er! For oh! we stand, &c.


1st. Voice.
Tell me where do fai - ries dwell? Where they work each mystic spell? Tell me where their home can be,
2d. Voice.
Where they sport in fan - ta - sie? Where they sport in fan - ta - sie? Far removed from human eyes,
Yet their home is 'neath the skies.
On the greenwood, in the dell, There the fairy creatures dwell
8va
8va


Both.
On the greenwood, in the dell, There the fai - ry creatures dwell! There the fai - ry crea-tures dwell!
tr
tr
A Tempo.
Sing-ing so cheer - i - ly, fai - ry - like song, Danc - ing so mer - ri - ly all the night long;
Sing - ing so cheer - i - ly, fai - ry - like song, Danc - ing so mer - ri - ly,


2d Voice.
1st Voice.
2d Voice.
all the night long; Dancing so merri - ly, Sing-ing so cheeri - ly, Dancing so mer - ri - ly,
1st. Voice.
2d.
2d.
2d.
1st.
1st.
1st.
Singing so cheeri - ly, Sing - ing, Danc - ing, Sing - ing, Danc - ing, Sing - ing, Danc - ing,
Both.
1st.
Sing - ing, Dancing, Sing - ing, Danc - ing, Sing-ing, Dancing, all the night long.


1st. 2d.
1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice, On thee my Sav-iour and my Lord!
Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a·····broad. Happy day, hap-py
End.
D. Al Seg.
ay, when Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing eve - ry day.

happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
et cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, &c.

is done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
e drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
Happy day, &c.

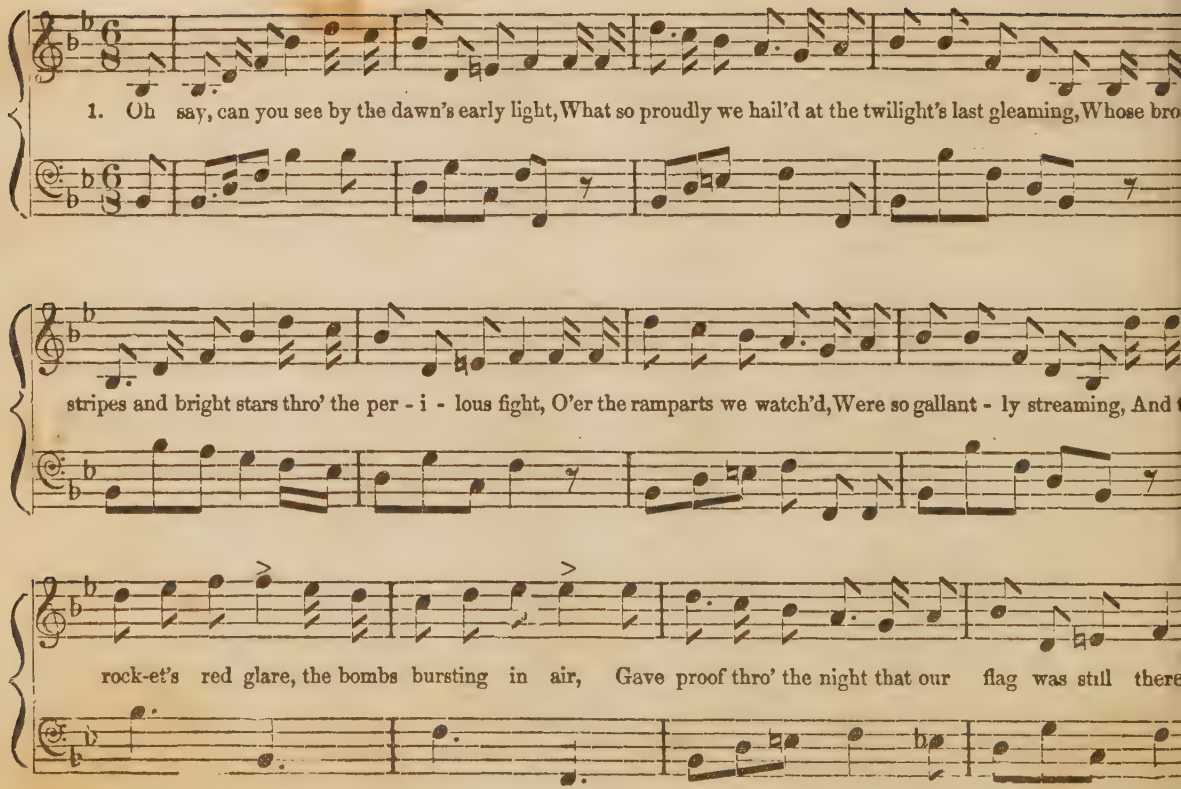
4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possess'd.

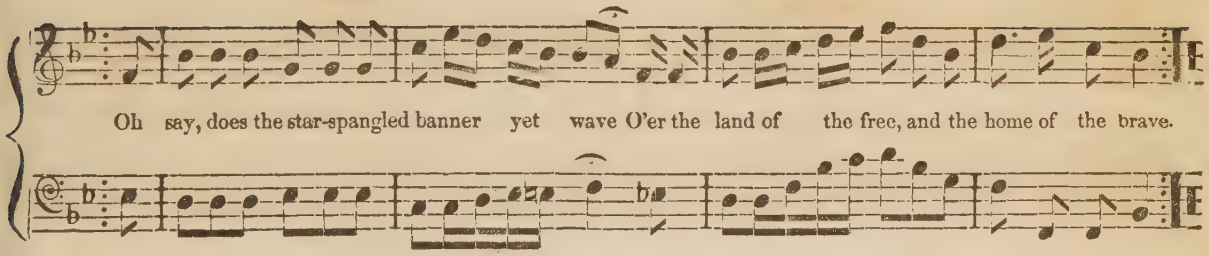
Rest.

1 My opening eyes with rapture see,
The dawn of this returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.
Happy day, &c.

2 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal tho't away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, thro' all the day.
Happy day, &c.

3 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,—
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.
Happy day, &c.


1. Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose bro
stripes and bright stars thro' the per - i - lous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, Were so gallant - ly streaming, And
rock-et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there

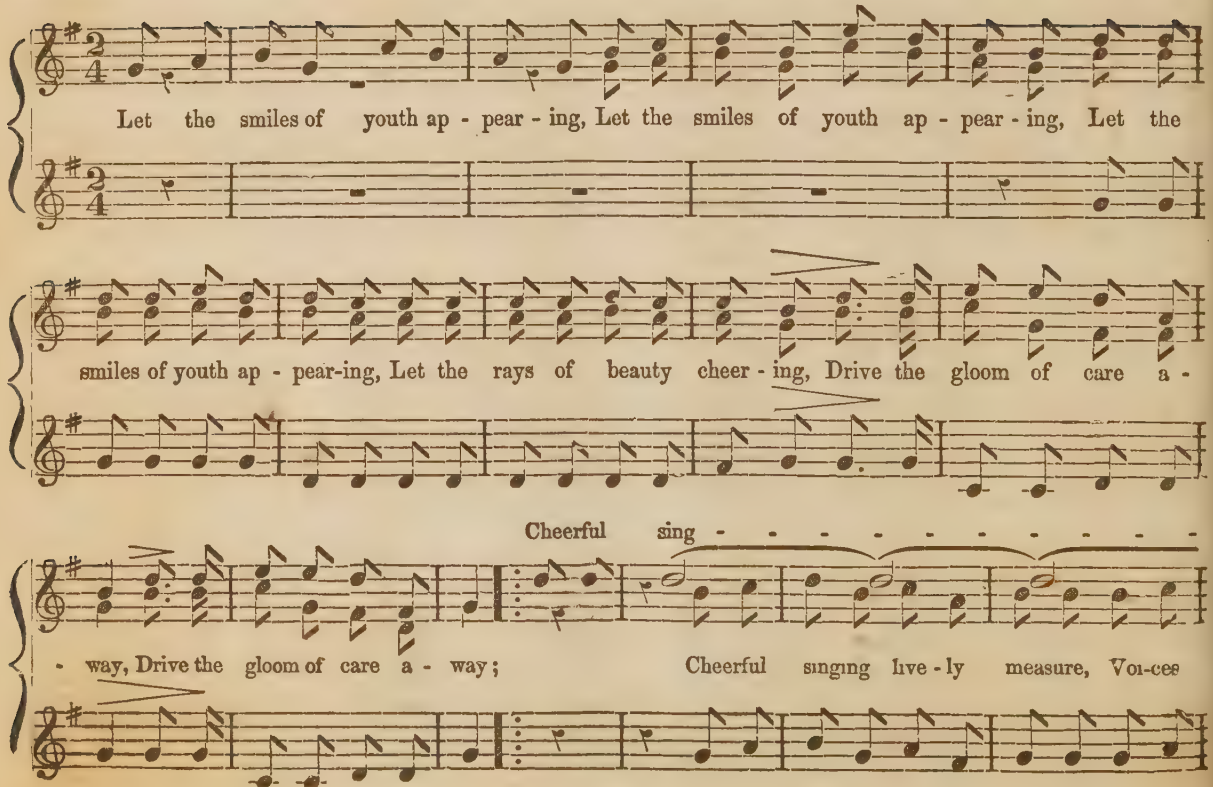


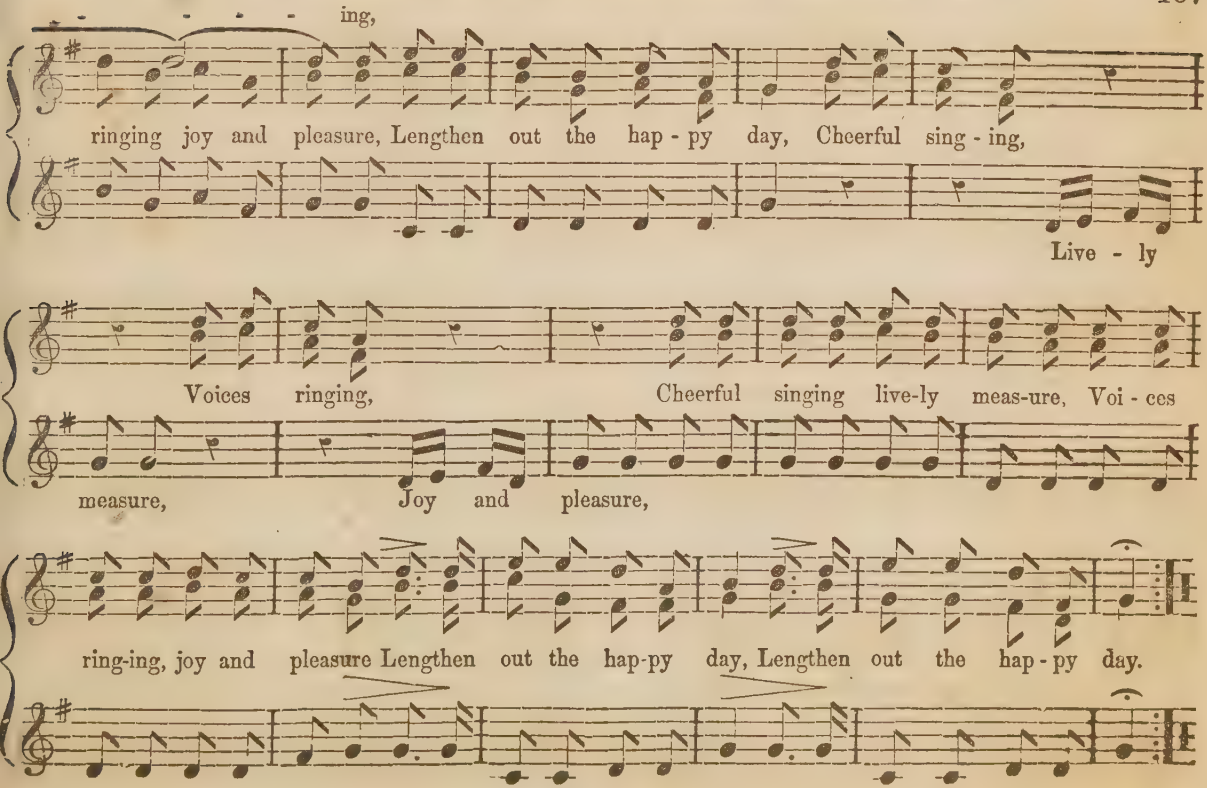
2

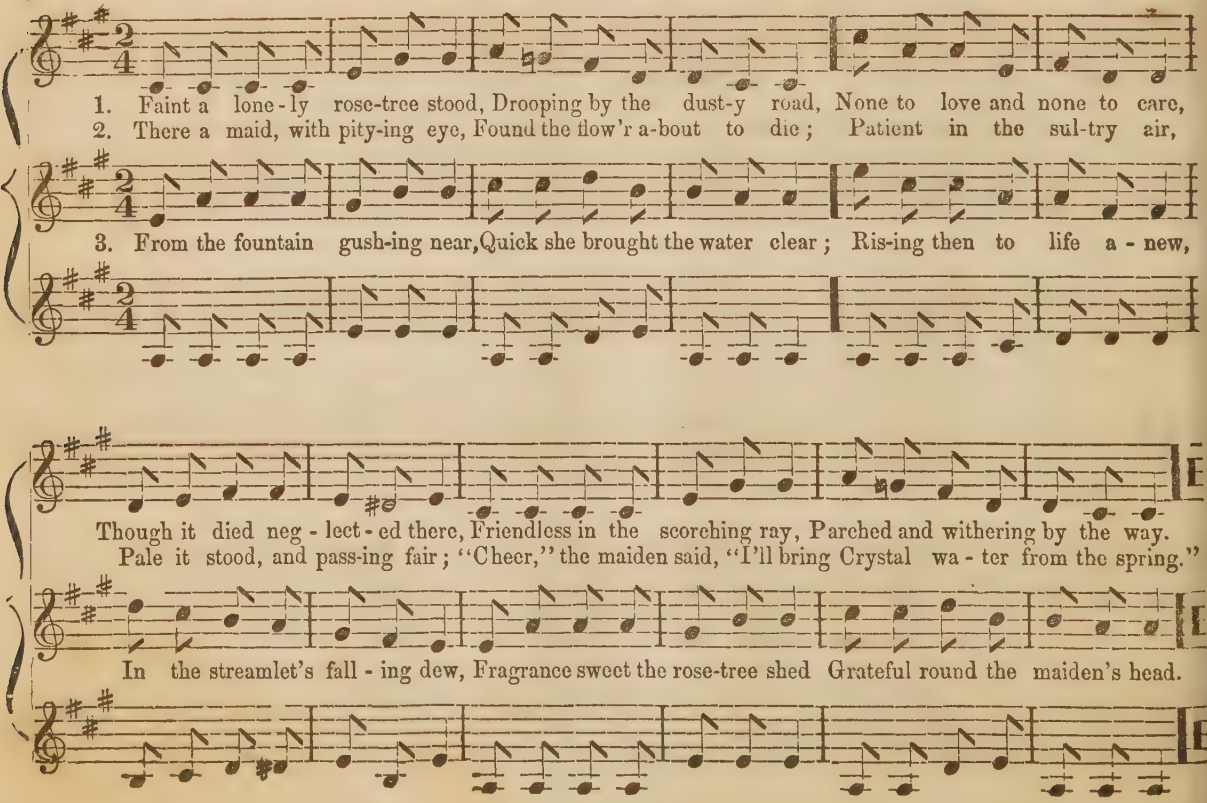
On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses;—
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream!
'Tis the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER! oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

3

Oh thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and foul war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace may the Heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must, when our Cause is so just,
And this be our motto— "IN GOD IS OUR TRUST;"
And the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!


Let the smiles of youth ap - pear - ing, Let the smiles of youth ap - pear - ing, Let the
smiles of youth ap - pear-ing, Let the rays of beauty cheer - ing, Drive the gloom of care a -
Cheerful sing - - - - - - - - - - -
- way, Drive the gloom of care a - way;
Cheerful singing live - ly measure, Voi-ces

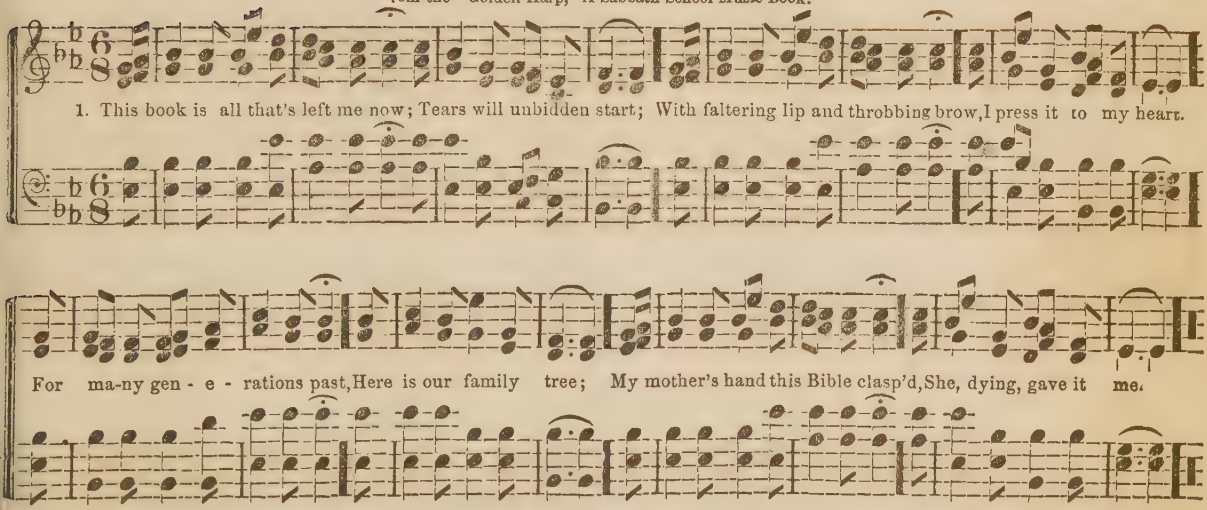

ing,
ringing joy and pleasure, Lengthen out the hap - py day, Cheerful sing - ing,
Live - ly
Voices ringing, Cheerful singing live-ly meas-ure, Voi - ces
measure, Joy and pleasure,
ring-ing, joy and pleasure Lengthen out the hap-py day, Lengthen out the hap - py day.


1. Faint a lone-ly rose-tree stood, Drooping by the dust-y road, None to love and none to care,
2. There a maid, with pity-ing eye, Found the flow'r a-bout to die; Patient in the sul-try air,
3. From the fountain gush-ing near, Quick she brought the water clear; Ris-ing then to life a-new,
Though it died neg-lect-ed there, Friendless in the scorching ray, Parched and withering by the way.
Pale it stood, and pass-ing fair; "Cheer," the maiden said, "I'll bring Crystal wa-ter from the spring."
In the streamlet's fall-ing dew, Fragrance sweet the rose-tree shed Grateful round the maiden's head.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

From the "Golden Harp," A Sabbath School Music Book.

Words by Morris.


1. This book is all that's left me now; Tears will unbidden start; With faltering lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart.
For ma-ny gen - e - rations past, Here is our family tree; My mother's hand this Bible clasp'd, She, dying, gave it me.

2

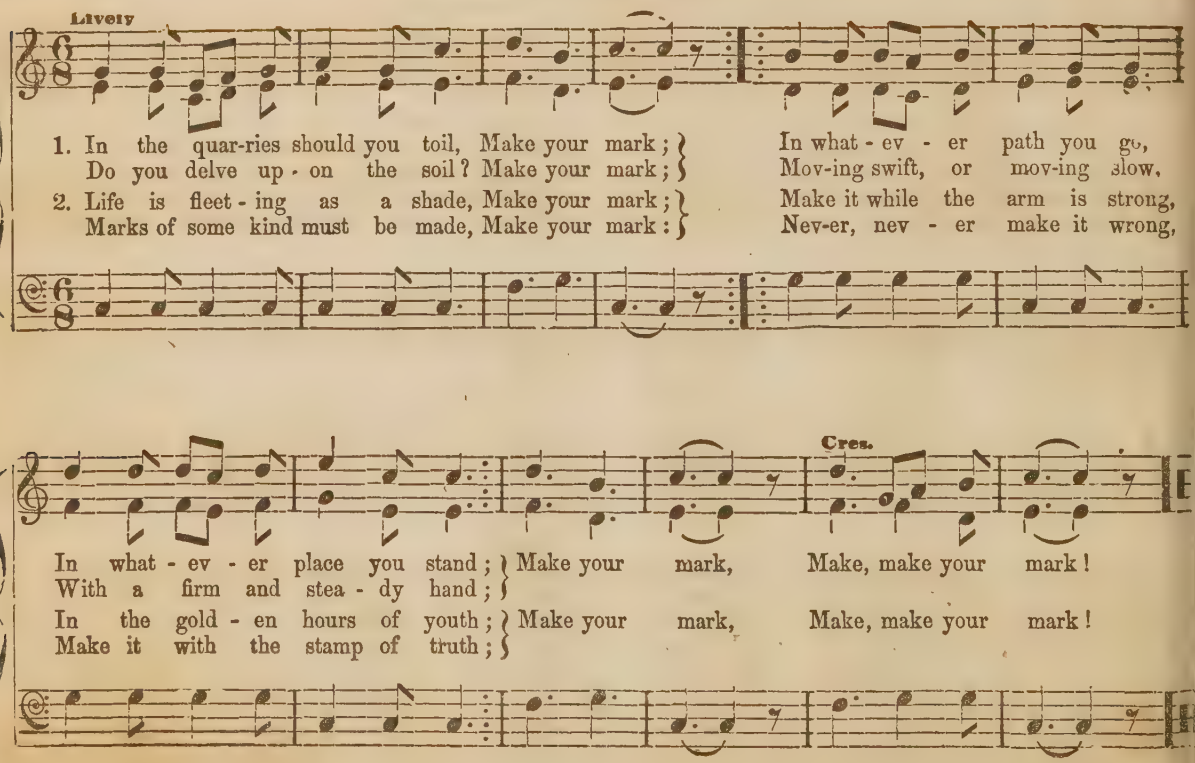
Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear—
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer.
And speak of what these pages said—
In tones my heart would thrill:
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

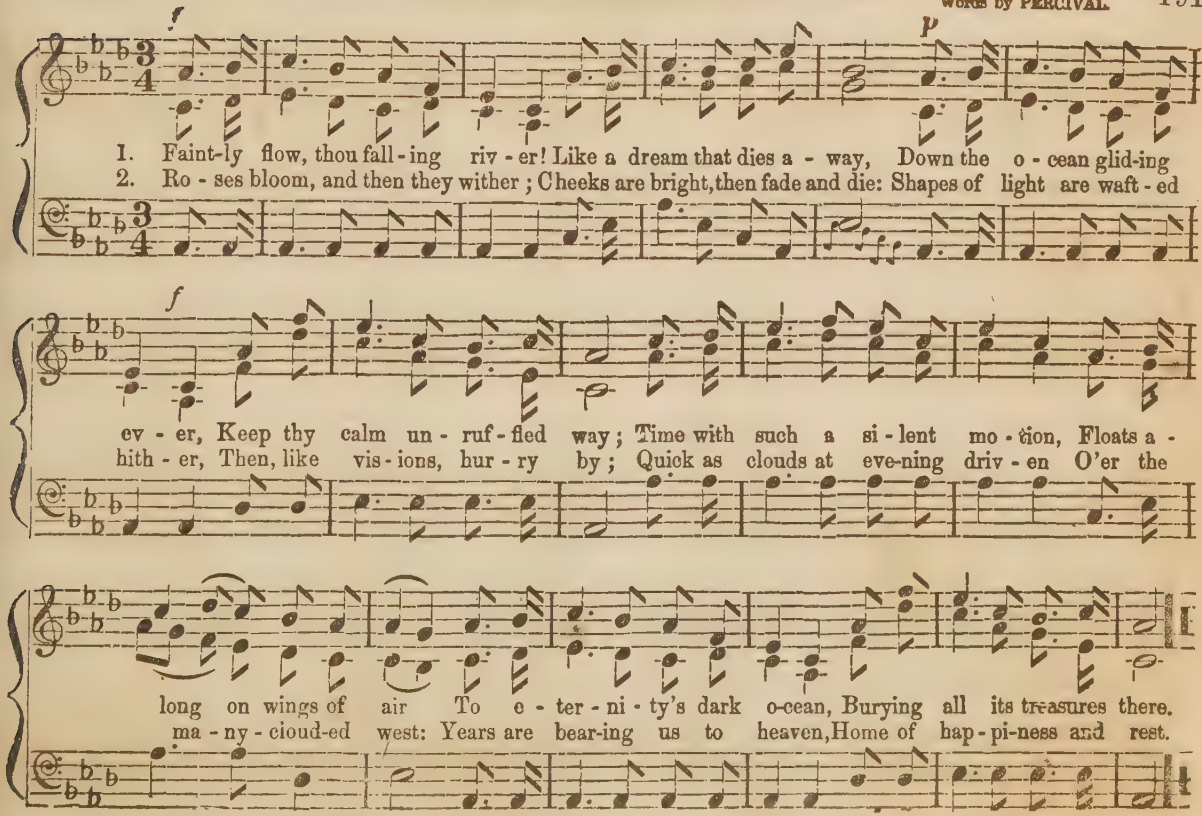
3

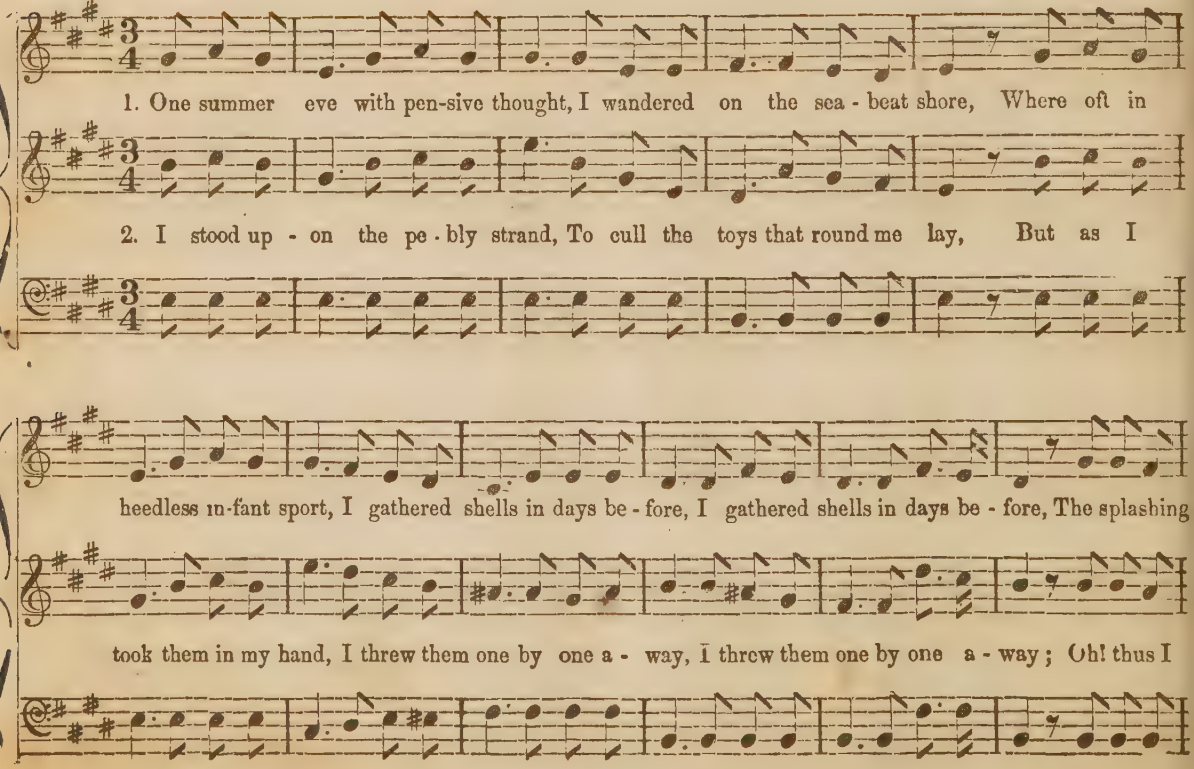
My father read this holy Book
To brothers, sisters dear:
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's Word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging mem'ries come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

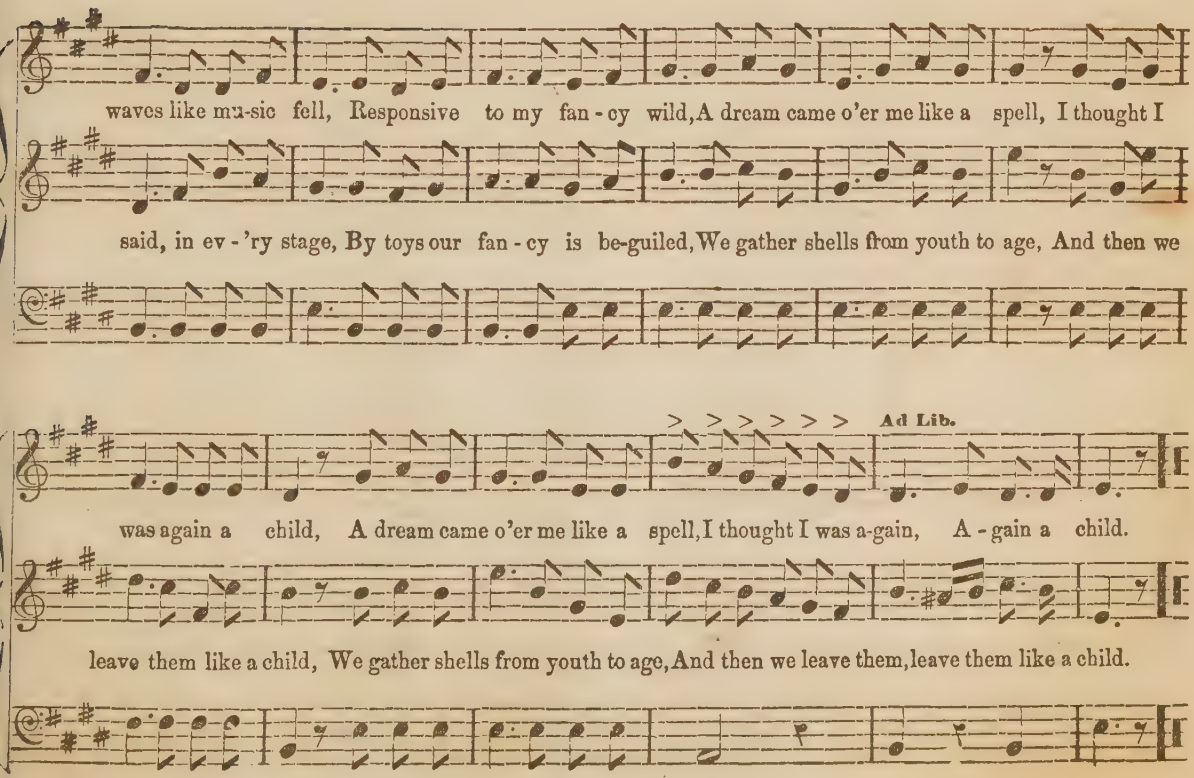
4

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I've found thee true,
My counsellor and guide!
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.


Lively
1. In the quar-ries should you toil, Make your mark;
Do you delve up-on the soil? Make your mark;
In what-ev-er path you go,
Mov-ing swift, or mov-ing slow,
2. Life is fleet-ing as a shade, Make your mark;
Marks of some kind must be made, Make your mark:
Make it while the arm is strong,
Nev-er, nev-er make it wrong,
Cres.
In what-ev-er place you stand; Make your mark, Make, make your mark!
With a firm and stea-dy hand;
In the gold-en hours of youth; Make your mark, Make, make your mark!
Make it with the stamp of truth;

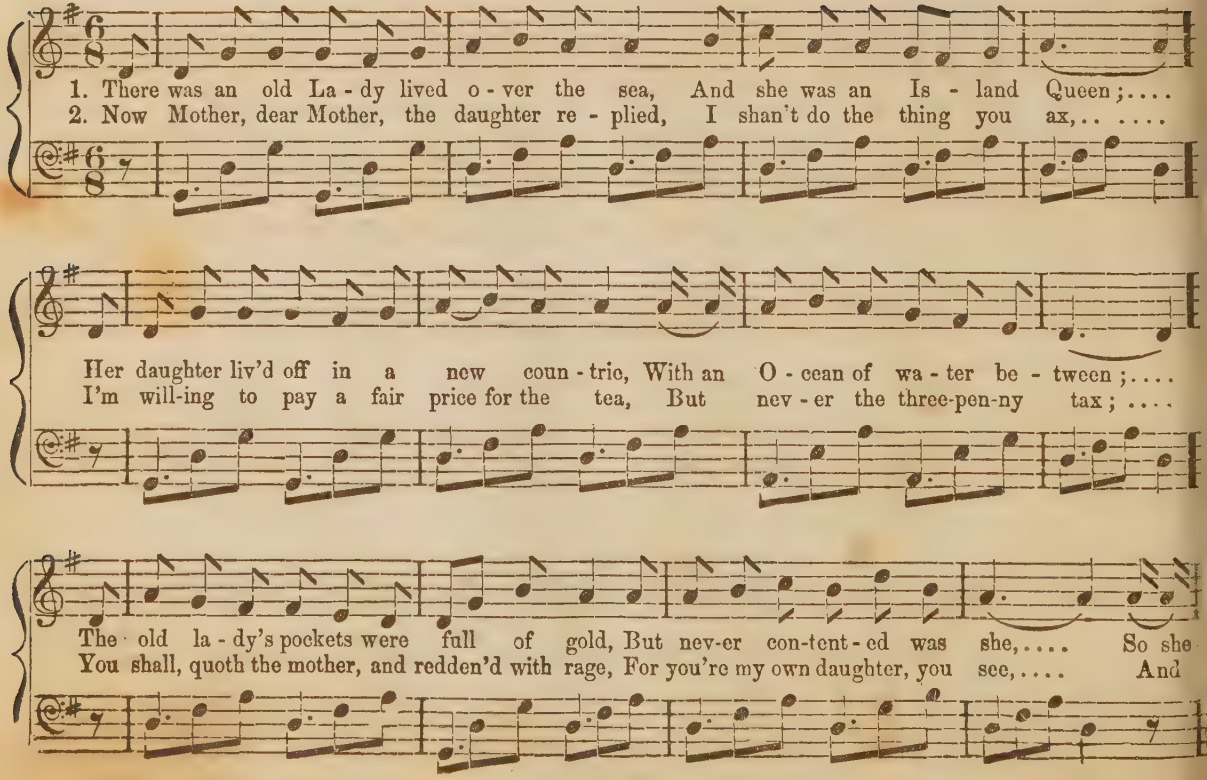

f
p
1. Faint-ly flow, thou fall-ing riv-er! Like a dream that dies a-way, Down the o-cean glid-ing
2. Ro-ses bloom, and then they wither; Cheeks are bright, then fade and die: Shapes of light are waft-ed
f
ev-er, Keep thy calm un-ruf-fled way; Time with such a si-lent mo-tion, Floats a-
hith-er, Then, like vis-ions, hur-ry by; Quick as clouds at eve-ning driv-en O'er the
long on wings of air To e-ter-ni-ty's dark o-cean, Burying all its treasures there.
ma-ny-cloud-ed west: Years are bear-ing us to heaven, Home of hap-pi-ness and rest.

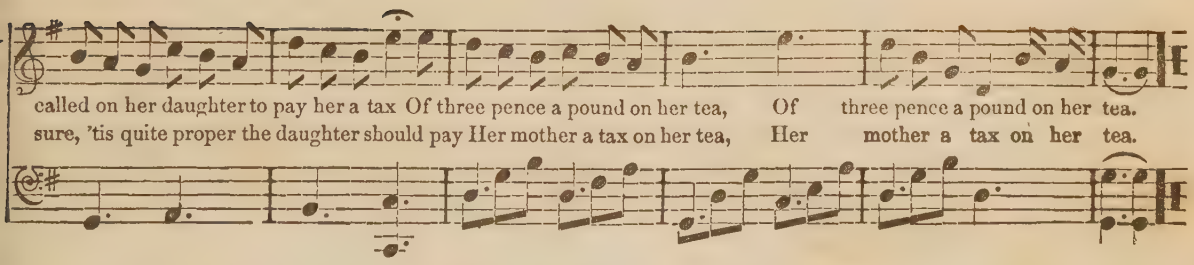

1. One summer eve with pen-sive thought, I wandered on the sea - beat shore, Where oft in
2. I stood up - on the pe - bly strand, To cull the toys that round me lay, But as I
heedless in-fant sport, I gathered shells in days be - fore, I gathered shells in days be - fore, The splashing
took them in my hand, I threw them one by one a - way, I threw them one by one a - way; Oh! thus I


waves like mu-sic fell, Responsive to my fan-cy wild, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I
said, in ev-'ry stage, By toys our fan-cy is be-guiled, We gather shells from youth to age, And then we
Ad Lib.
was again a child, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a-gain, A-gain a child.
leave them like a child, We gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, leave them like a child.

REVOLUTIONARY TEA.

Words by SEBA SMITH.
Music by H. D. MUNSON.


1. There was an old La - dy lived o - ver the sea, And she was an Is - land Queen;....
2. Now Mother, dear Mother, the daughter re - plied, I shan't do the thing you ax,.. ....
Her daughter liv'd off in a new coun - trie, With an O - cean of wa - ter be - tween;....
I'm will-ing to pay a fair price for the tea, But nev - er the three-pen-ny tax; ....
The old la - dy's pockets were full of gold, But nev-er con-tent - ed was she,.... So she
You shall, quoth the mother, and redden'd with rage, For you're my own daughter, you see,.... And


called on her daughter to pay her a tax Of three pence a pound on her tea, Of three pence a pound on her tea.
sure, 'tis quite proper the daughter should pay Her mother a tax on her tea, Her mother a tax on her tea.

3

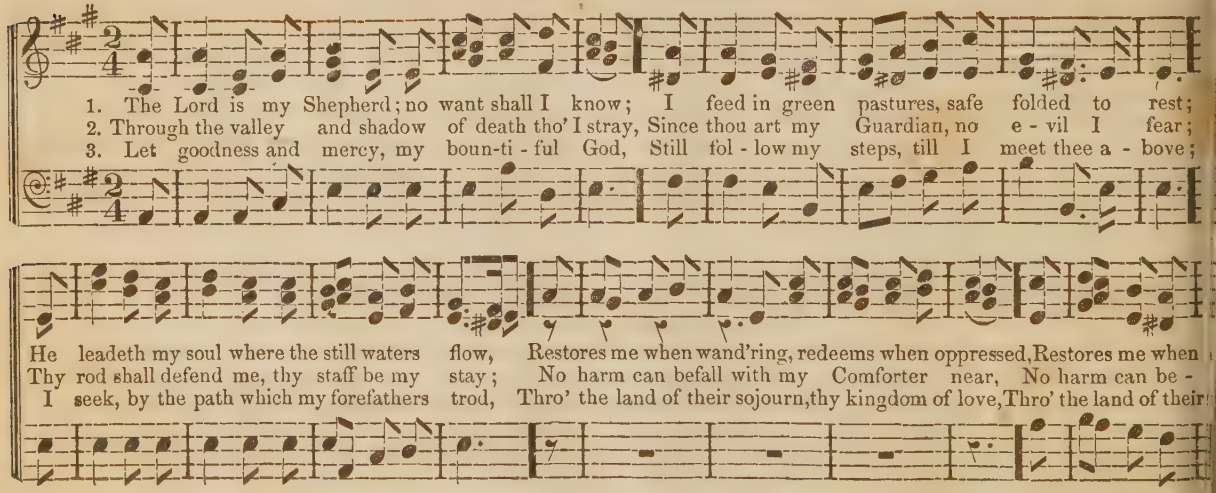
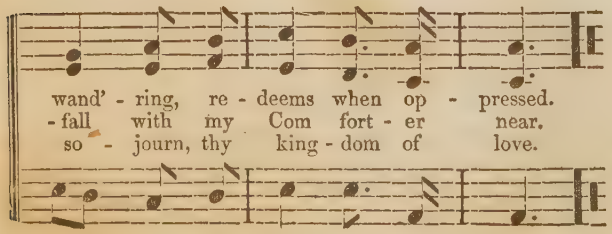
And so the old lady her servant called up,
And packed off a budget of tea,
And eager for three pence a pound, she put in
Enough for a large familie,
She ordered her servants to bring home the tax,
Declaring her child should obey,
Or old as she was and almost woman grown,
She'd half whip her life away,
She'd half whip her life away.

4

The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door,
All down by the ocean's side,
And the bouncing girl pour'd out every pound
In the dark and boiling tide;
And then she called out to the Island Queen,
Oh Mother, dear Mother, quoth she,
Your tea you may have when 'tis steep'd enough,
But never a tax from me,
No! never a tax from me.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

From the "Golden Harp," A Sabbath School Music Book.


1. The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe folded to rest;
2. Through the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear;
3. Let goodness and mercy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol - low my steps, till I meet thee a - bove;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed, Restores me when
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can befall with my Comforter near, No harm can be -
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love, Thro' the land of their

The Bible, the Word of Truth.

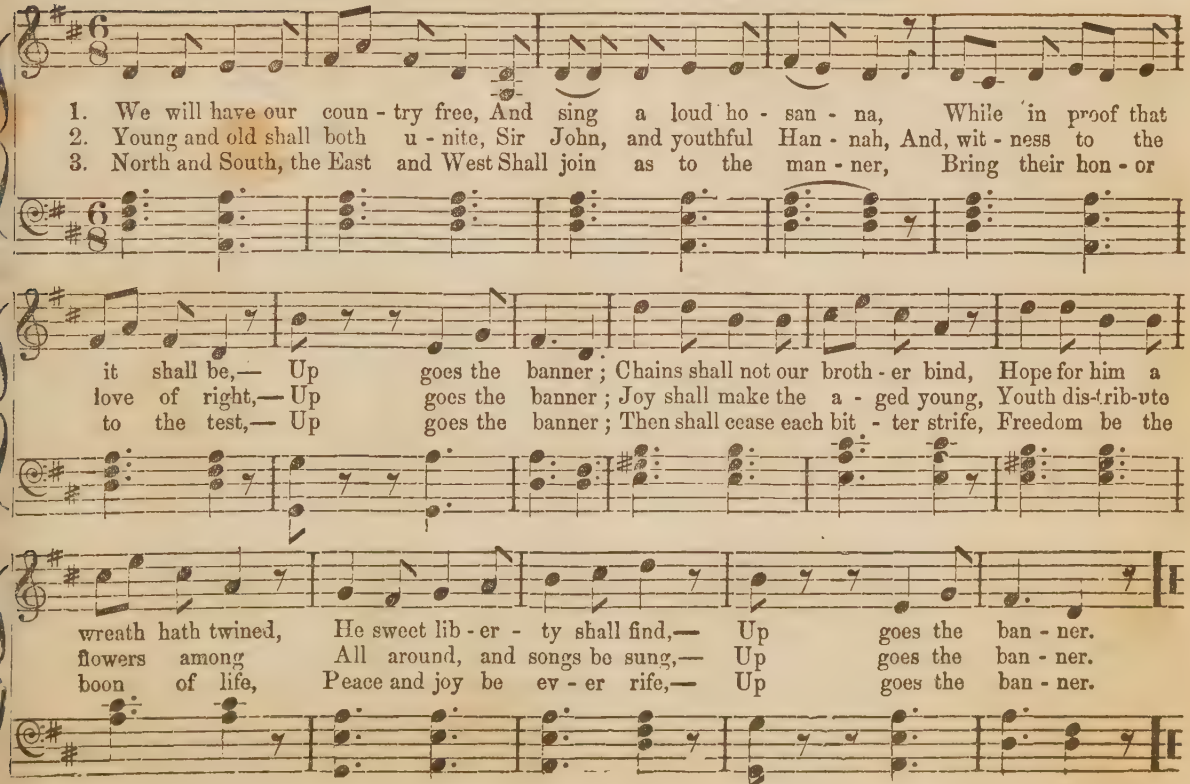
The Bible — the Bible! more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of salvation — wide opens the door—
Its offers are free to the rich and the poor.

2

The Bible — the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

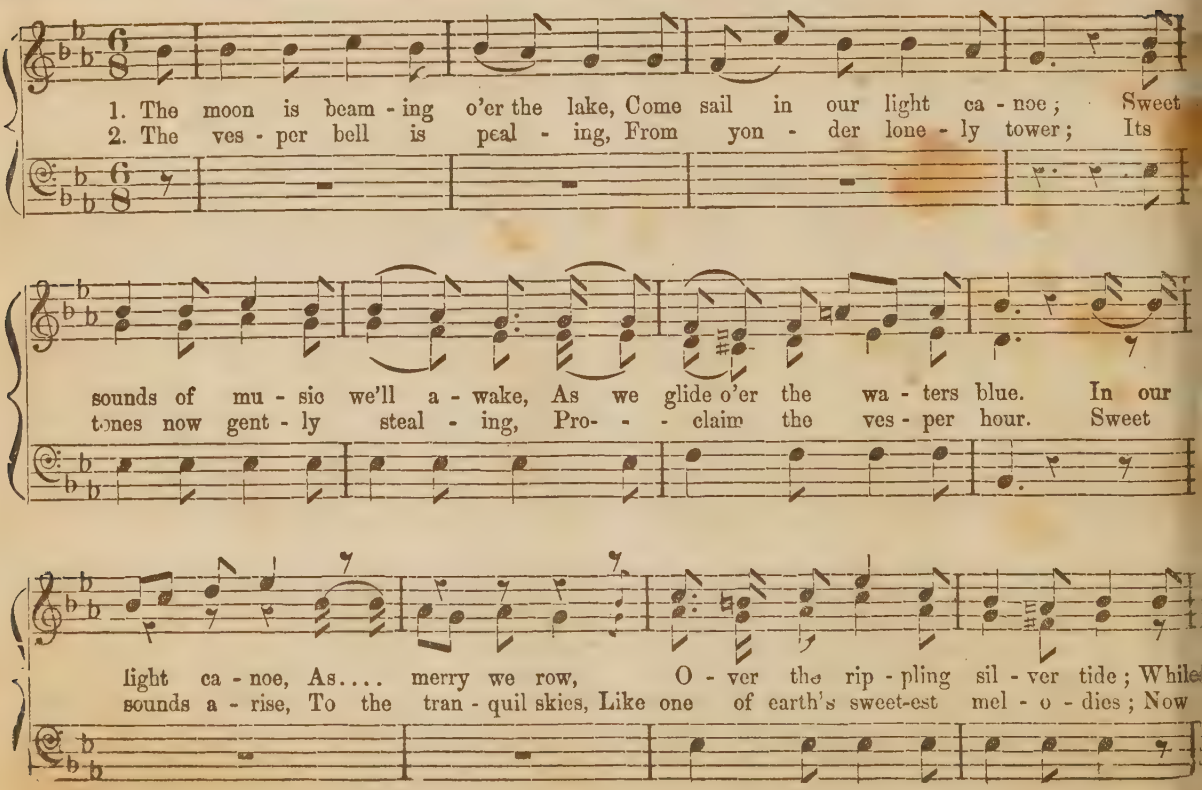
UP GOES THE BANNER.

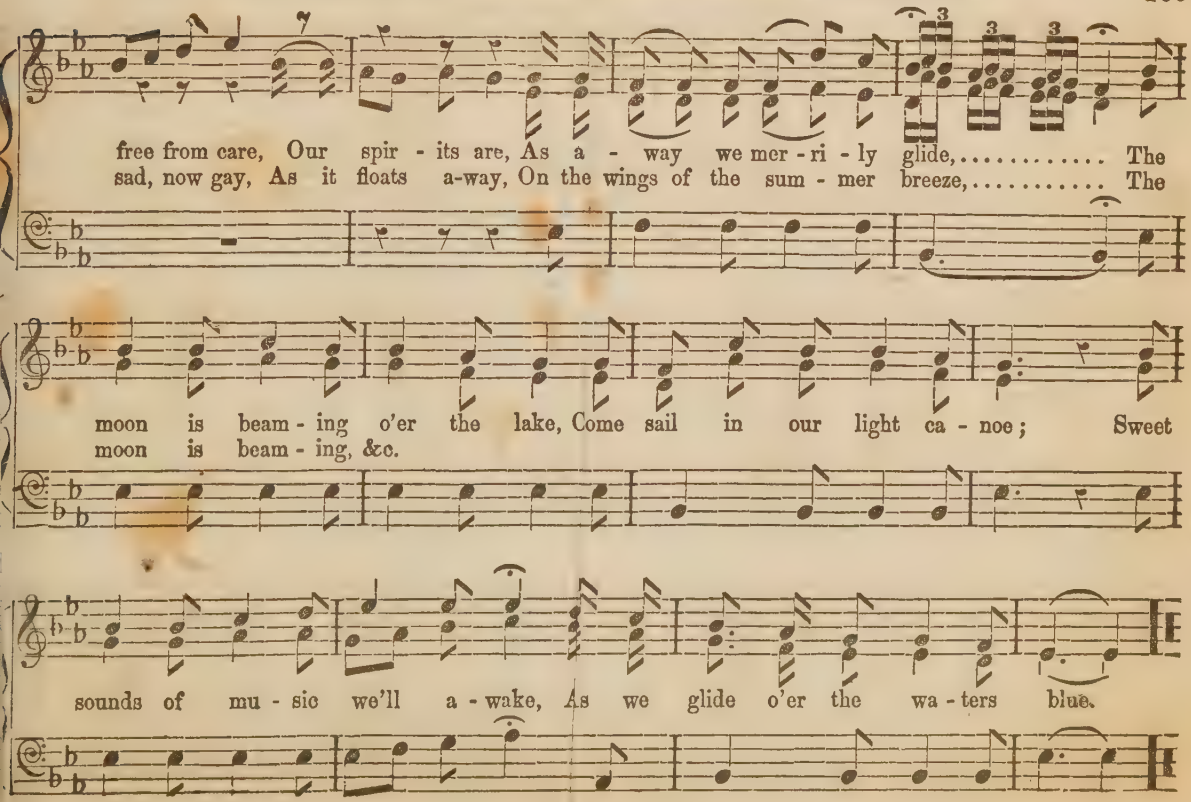
WORDS ADAPTED TO THE AIR OF "POP GOES THE WEASEL."


1. We will have our coun - try free, And sing a loud ho - san - na, While in proof that
2. Young and old shall both u - nite, Sir John, and youthful Han - nah, And, wit - ness to the
3. North and South, the East and West Shall join as to the man - ner, Bring their hon - or
it shall be,— Up goes the banner; Chains shall not our broth - er bind, Hope for him a
love of right,— Up goes the banner; Joy shall make the a - ged young, Youth dis-trib-ute
to the test,— Up goes the banner; Then shall cease each bit - ter strife, Freedom be the
wreath hath twined, He sweet lib - er - ty shall find,— Up goes the ban - ner.
flowers among All around, and songs be sung,— Up goes the ban - ner.
boon of life, Peace and joy be ev - er rife,— Up goes the ban - ner.

THE MOON IS BEAMING O'ER THE LAKE.

BLOCKLEY

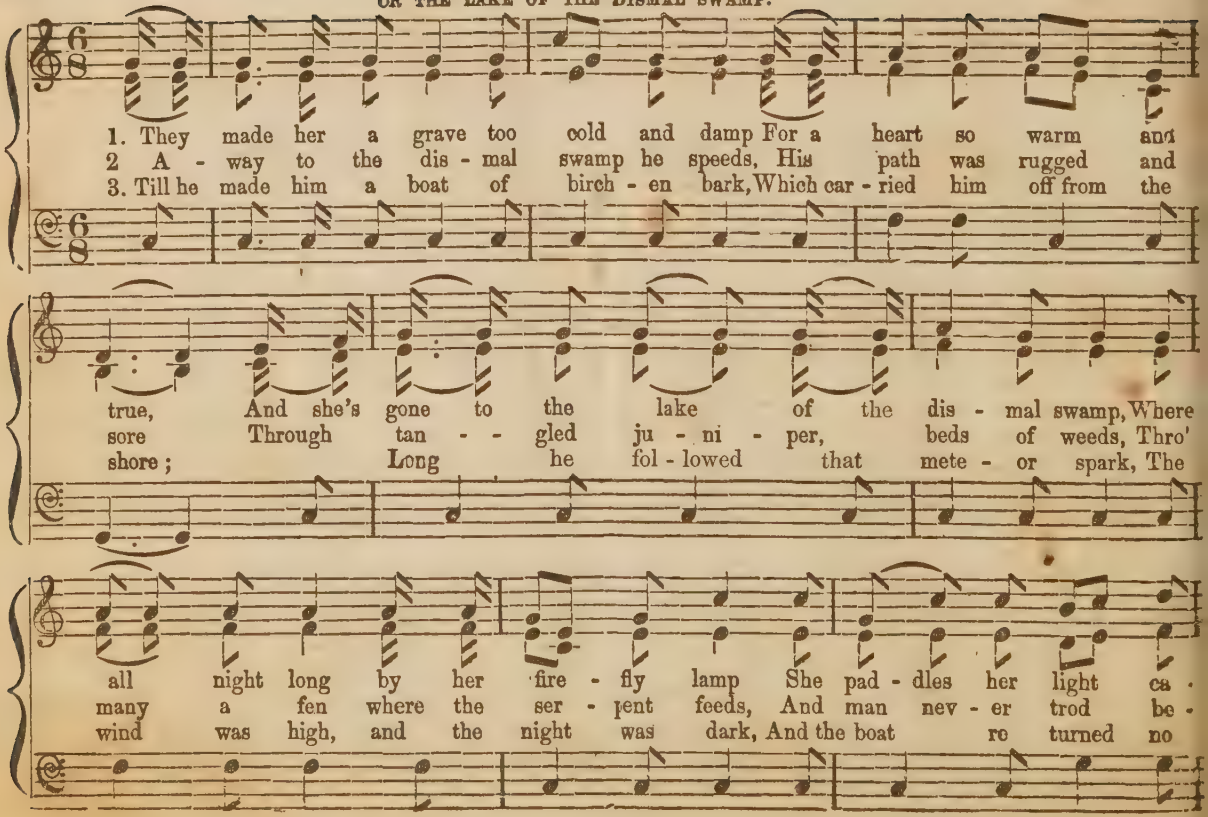

1. The moon is beam - ing o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca - noe; Sweet
2. The ves - per bell is peal - ing, From yon - der lone - ly tower; Its
sounds of mu - sic we'll a - wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue. In our
tones now gent - ly steal - ing, Pro- - - claim the ves - per hour. Sweet
light ca - noe, As.... merry we row, O - ver the rip - pling sil - ver tide; While
sounds a - rise, To the tran - quil skies, Like one of earth's sweet-est mel - o - dies; Now

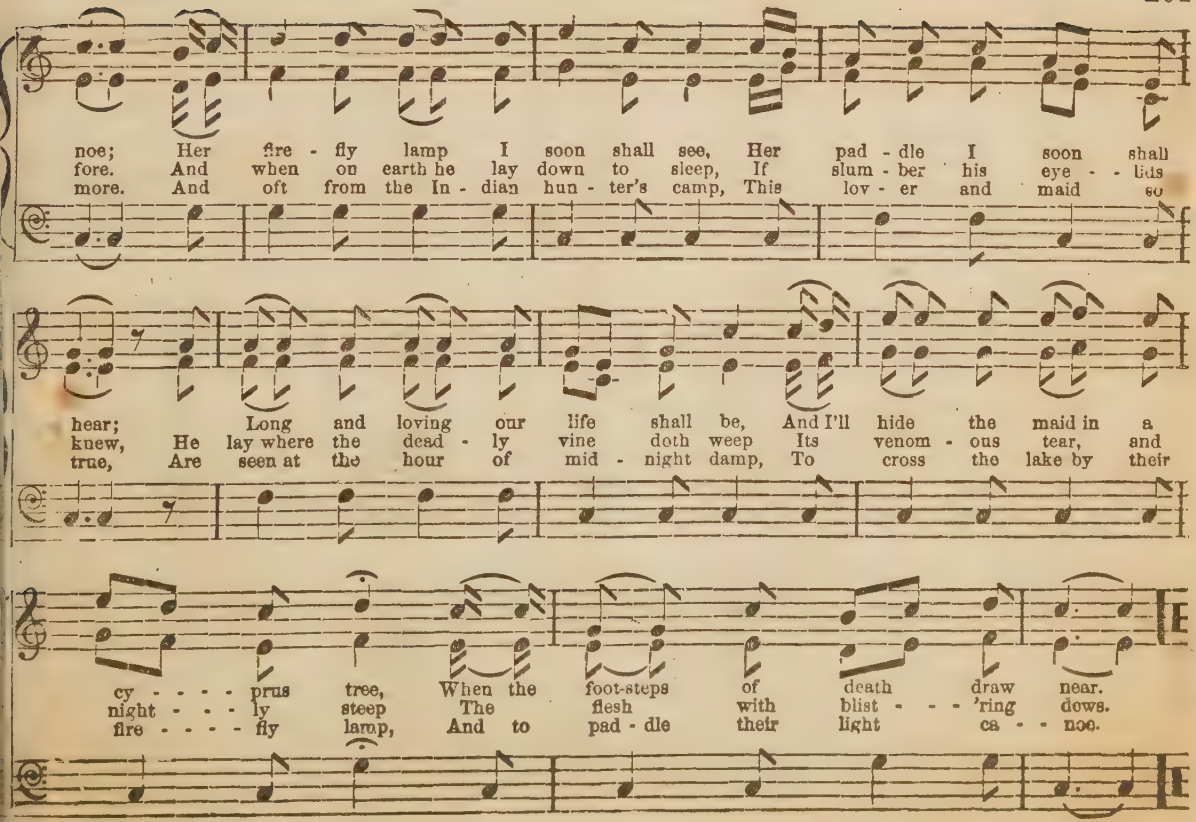

free from care, Our spir - its are, As a - way we mer - ri - ly glide, The
sad, now gay, As it floats a-way, On the wings of the sum - mer breeze, The
moon is beam - ing o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca - noe; Sweet
moon is beam - ing, &c.
sounds of mu - sic we'll a - wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue.

THE LIGHT CANOE

OR THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

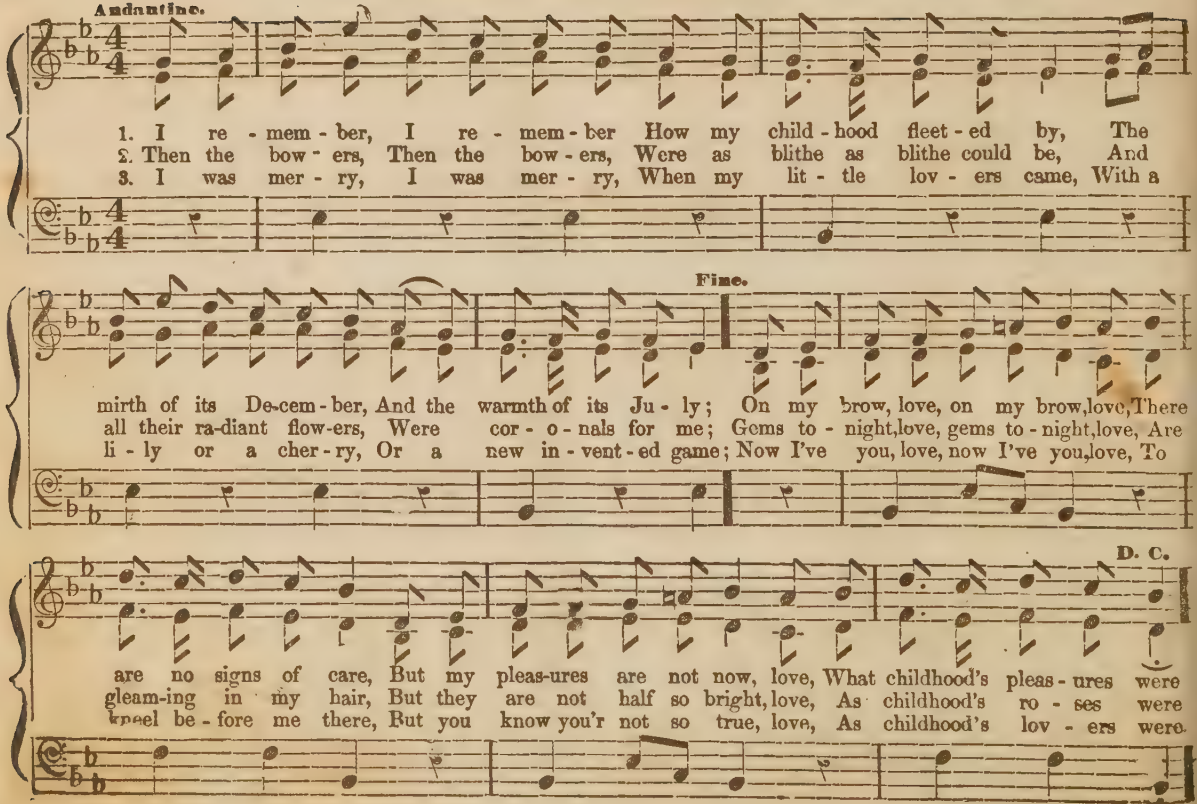
COVERT.

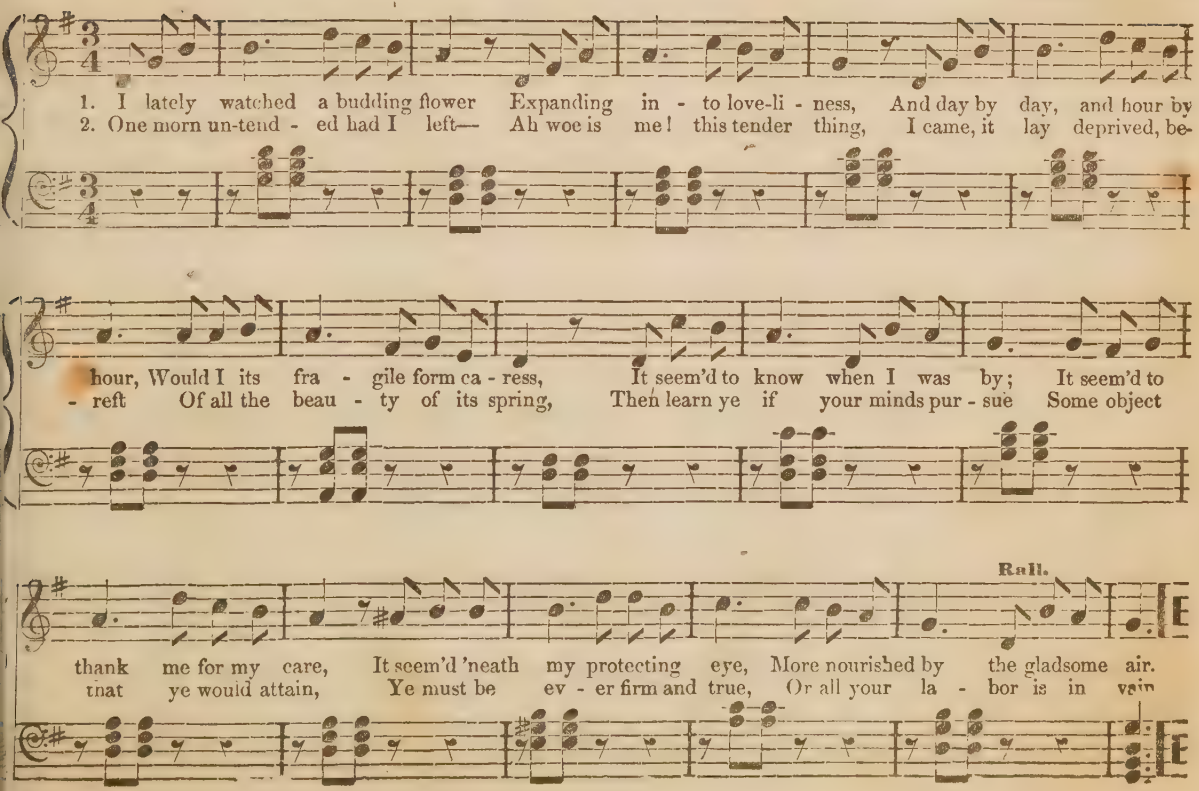

1. They made her a grave too cold and damp For a heart so warm and
2 A - way to the dis - mal swamp he speeds, His path was rugged and
3. Till he made him a boat of birch - en bark, Which car - ried him off from the
true, And she's gone to the lake of the dis - mal swamp, Where
sore Through tan - - gled ju - ni - per, beds of weeds, Thro'
shore; Long he fol - lowed that mete - or spark, The
all night long by her fire - fly lamp She pad - dles her light ca -
many a fen where the ser - pent feeds, And man nev - er trod be -
wind was high, and the night was dark, And the boat re turned no


noe; Her fire - fly lamp I soon shall see, Her pad - dle I soon shall
fore. And when on earth he lay down to sleep, If slum - ber his eye - - lids
more. And oft from the In - dian hun - ter's camp, This lov - er and maid so
hear; Long and loving our life shall be, And I'll hide the maid in a
knew, He lay where the dead - ly vine doth weep Its venom - ous tear, and
true, Are seen at the hour of mid - night damp, To cross the lake by their
cy - - - - prus tree, When the foot-steps of death draw near.
night - - - ly steep The flesh with blist - - - 'ring dews.
fire - - - - fly lamp, And to pad - dle their light ca - - noe.

I REMEMBER HOW MY CHILDHOOD.

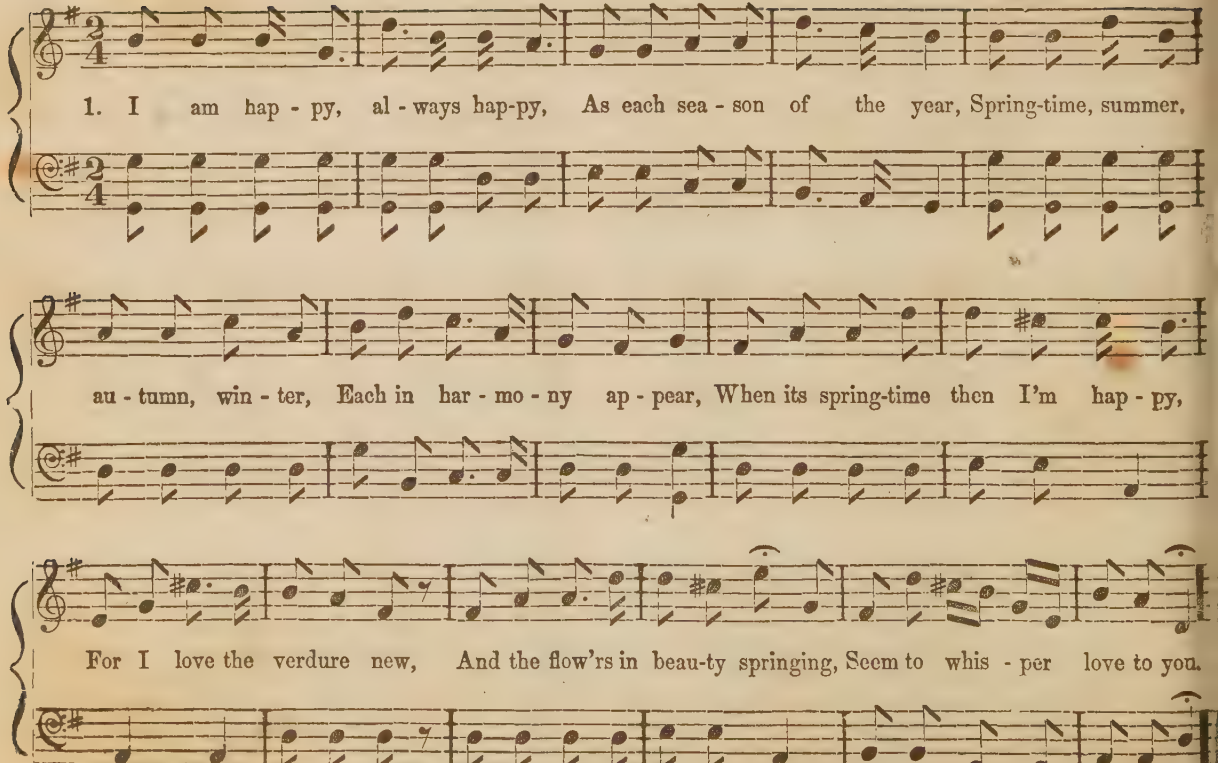
MRS. EDWARD FITZGERALD.

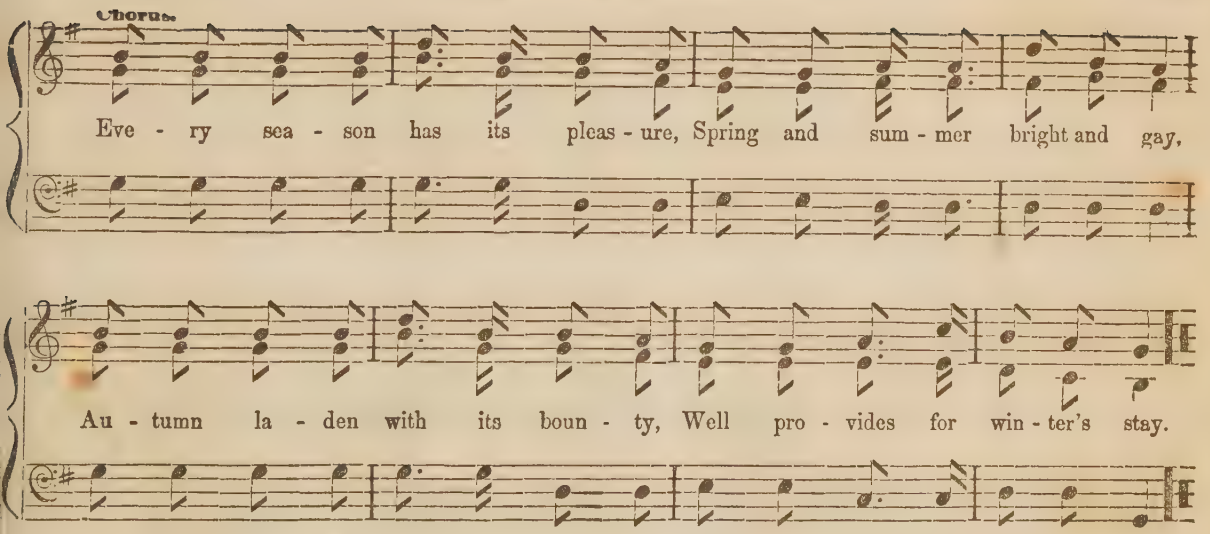

Andantino.
1. I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber How my child - hood fleet - ed by, The
2. Then the bow - ers, Then the bow - ers, Were as blithe as blithe could be, And
3. I was mer - ry, I was mer - ry, When my lit - tle lov - ers came, With a
mirth of its De-cem - ber, And the warmth of its Ju - ly; On my brow, love, on my brow, love, There
all their ra-diant flow-ers, Were cor - o - nals for me; Gems to - night, love, gems to - night, love, Are
li - ly or a cher - ry, Or a new in - vent - ed game; Now I've you, love, now I've you, love, To
Fine.
are no signs of care, But my pleas-ures are not now, love, What childhood's pleas - ures were
gleam-ing in my hair, But they are not half so bright, love, As childhood's ro - ses were
kneel be - fore me there, But you know you'r not so true, love, As childhood's lov - ers were.
D. C.


1. I lately watched a budding flower Expanding in - to love-li - ness, And day by day, and hour by
2. One morn un-tend - ed had I left— Ah woe is me! this tender thing, I came, it lay deprived, be-
hour, Would I its fra - gile form ca - ress, It seem'd to know when I was by; It seem'd to
- reft Of all the beau - ty of its spring, Then learn ye if your minds pur - sue Some object
Rall.
thank me for my care, It seem'd 'neath my protecting eye, More nourished by the gladsome air.
that ye would attain, Ye must be ev - er firm and true, Or all your la - bor is in vain

ALWAYS HAPPY.

J. H. HOWE


1. I am hap - py, al - ways hap-py, As each sea - son of the year, Spring-time, summer,
au - tumn, win - ter, Each in har - mo - ny ap - pear, When its spring-time then I'm hap - py,
For I love the verdure new, And the flow'rs in beau-ty springing, Seem to whis - per love to you.


Chorus.
Eve - ry sea - son has its pleas - ure, Spring and sum - mer bright and gay,
Au - tumn la - den with its boun - ty, Well pro - vides for win - ter's stay.

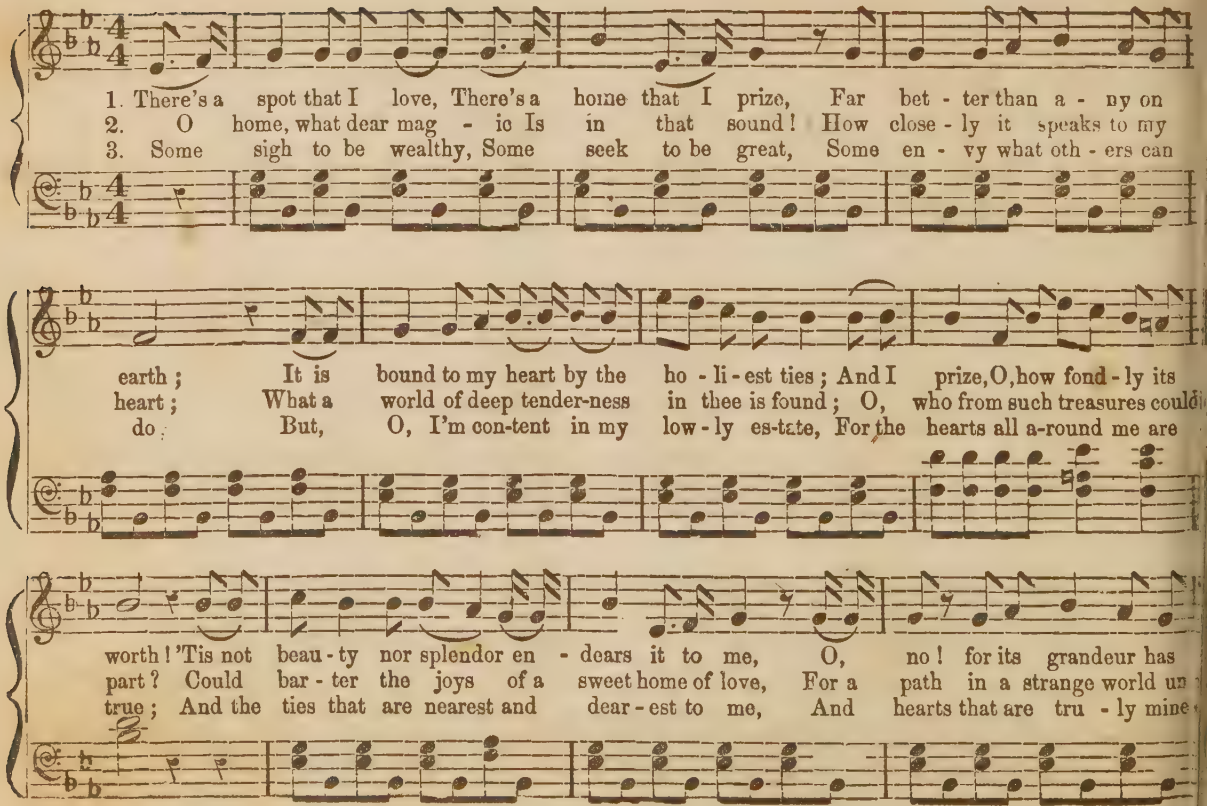
2.

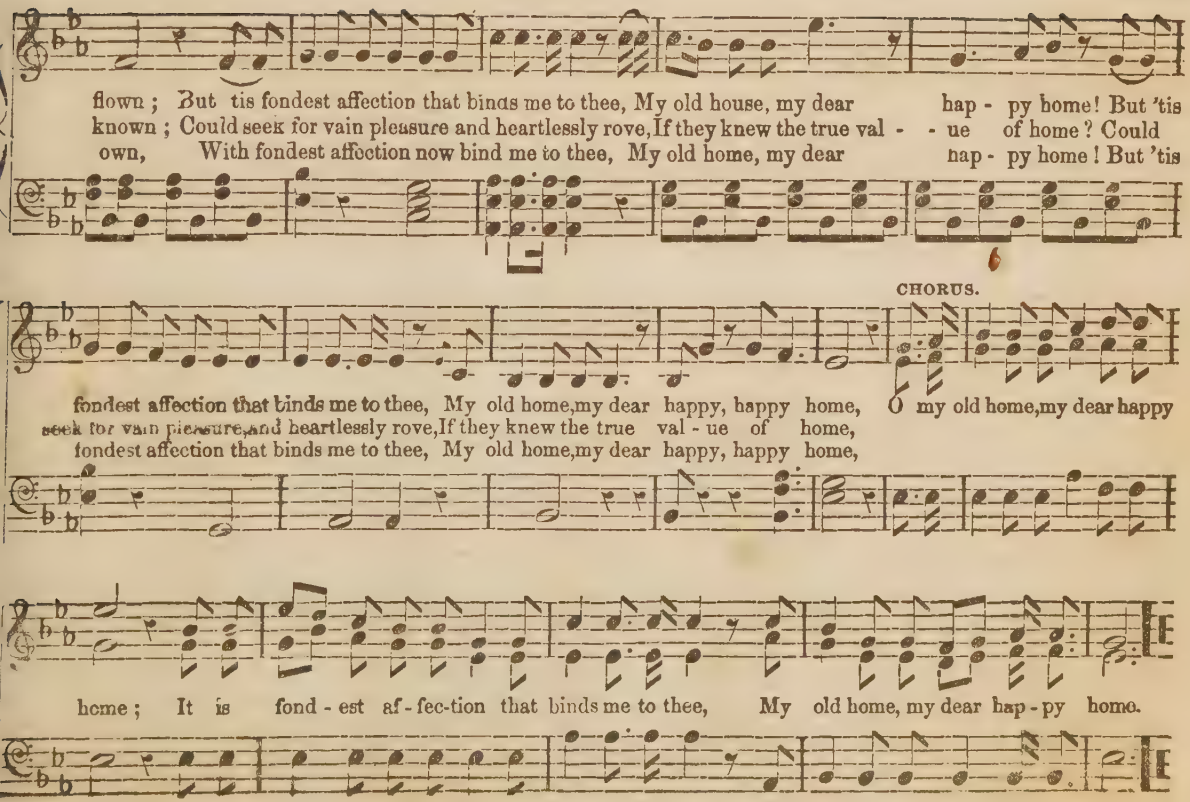
When 'tis summer, O! I'm happy,
For I love the birds and flowers,
All around me then is smiling,
Swiftly pass the golden hours;
For in summer I'll go roaming
After leaves and flowerets gay,
Ever with the wild birds singing,
Till the summer's passed away
CHORUS Every season, &c.

3

In the autumn then I'm happy,
For the rich supplies I see,
Nature yields to us her children,
Are for all, for you and me;
And I'm happy when the winter
Comes with all its glistening snow,
Then the sleigh-bells merrily ringing,
Cheer our hearts as on we go.
CHORUS. Every season, &c.

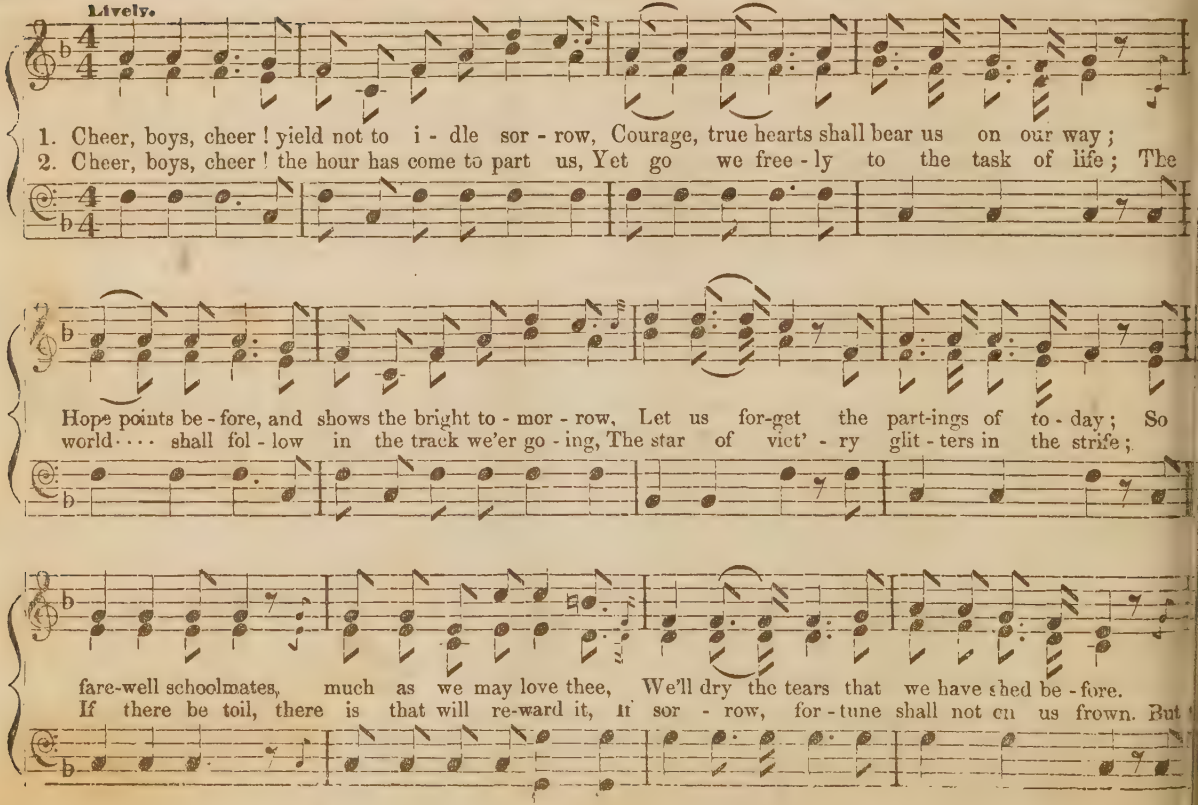
L. O. EMERSON.

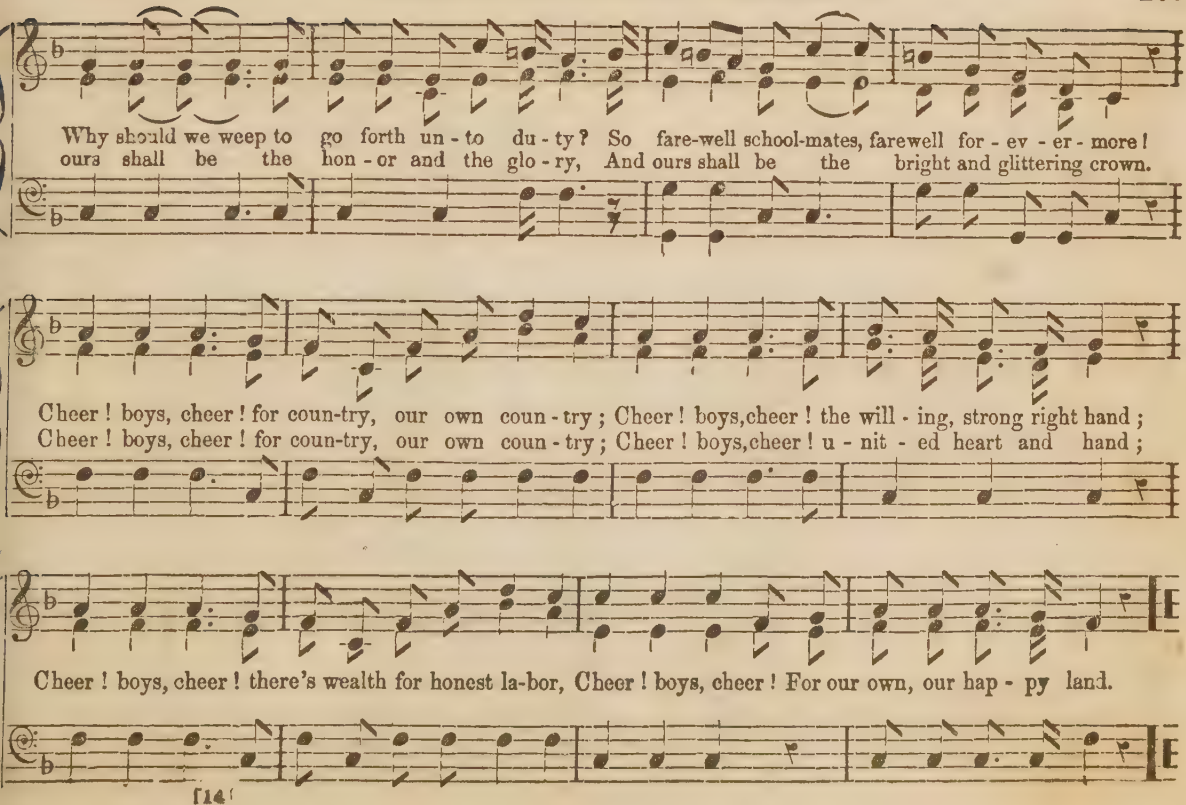

1. There's a spot that I love, There's a home that I prize, Far bet - ter than a - ny on earth; It is bound to my heart by the ho - li - est ties; And I prize, O, how fond - ly its
2. O home, what dear mag - ic Is in that sound! How close - ly it speaks to my heart; What a world of deep tender-ness in thee is found; O, who from such treasures could
3. Some sigh to be wealthy, Some seek to be great, Some en - vy what oth - ers can do; But, O, I'm con-tent in my low - ly es-tate, For the hearts all a-round me are
worth! 'Tis not beau - ty nor splendor en - dears it to me, O, no! for its grandeur has
part? Could bar - ter the joys of a sweet home of love, For a path in a strange world un
true; And the ties that are nearest and dear - est to me, And hearts that are tru - ly mine


flown ; But tis fondest affection that binds me to thee, My old house, my dear hap - py home! But 'tis
known ; Could seek for vain pleasure and heartlessly rove, If they knew the true val - - ue of home? Could
own, With fondest affection now bind me to thee, My old home, my dear hap - py home! But 'tis
CHORUS.
fondest affection that binds me to thee, My old home, my dear happy, happy home, O my old home, my dear happy
seek for vain pleasure, and heartlessly rove, If they knew the true val - ue of home,
fondest affection that binds me to thee, My old home, my dear happy, happy home,
home ; It is fond - est af - fec-tion that binds me to thee, My old home, my dear hap - py home.

CHEER! BOYS, CHEER! (A Parting Song.)

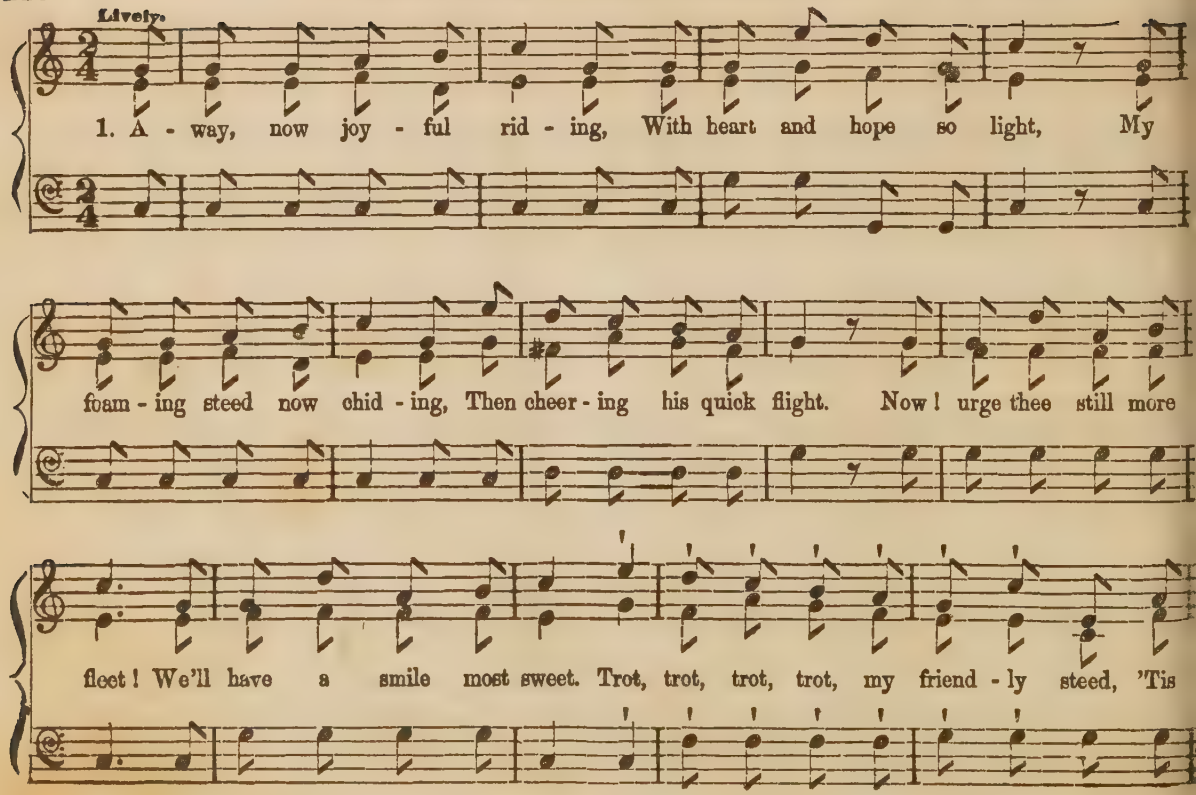
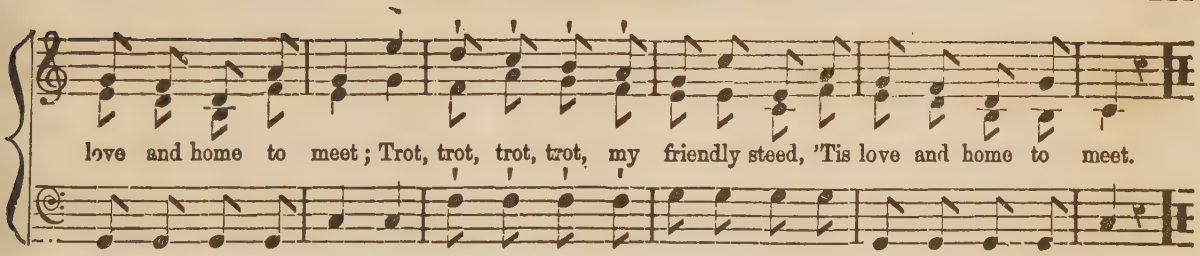
HENRY RUSSELL


Lively.
1. Cheer, boys, cheer! yield not to i - dle sor - row, Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way;
2. Cheer, boys, cheer! the hour has come to part us, Yet go we free - ly to the task of life; The
Hope points be - fore, and shows the bright to - mor - row, Let us for-get the part-ings of to - day; So
world···· shall fol - low in the track we'er go - ing, The star of viet' - ry glit - ters in the strife;
fare-well schoolmates, much as we may love thee, We'll dry the tears that we have shed be - fore.
If there be toil, there is that will re-ward it, If sor - row, for - tune shall not on us frown. But


Why should we weep to go forth un - to du - ty? So fare-well school-mates, farewell for - ev - er - more!
ours shall be the hon - or and the glo - ry, And ours shall be the bright and glittering crown.
Cheer! boys, cheer! for coun-try, our own coun - try; Cheer! boys,cheer! the will - ing, strong right hand;
Cheer! boys, cheer! for coun-try, our own coun - try; Cheer! boys,cheer! u - nit - ed heart and hand;
Cheer! boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest la-bor, Cheer! boys, cheer! For our own, our hap - py land.

AWAY, NOW JOYFUL RIDING.

TUCKER.

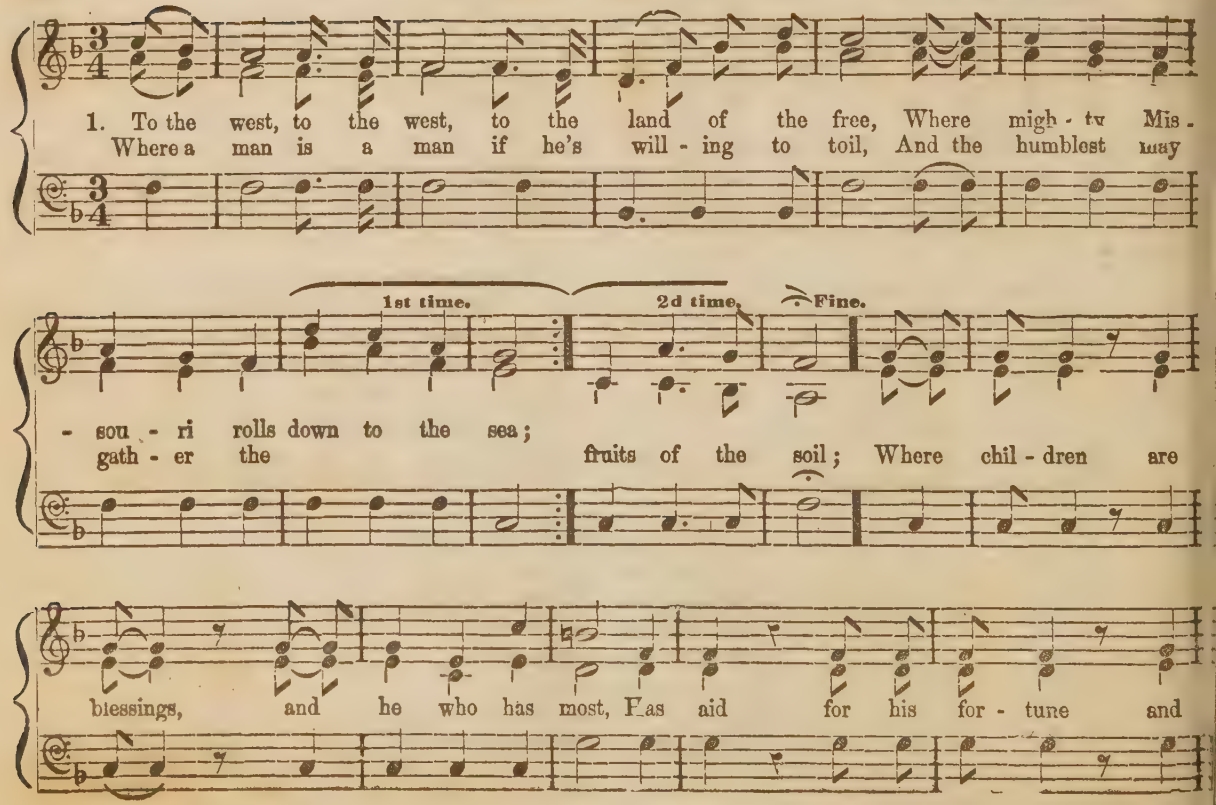

Lively.
1. A - way, now joy - ful rid - ing, With heart and hope so light, My
foam - ing steed now chid - ing, Then cheer - ing his quick flight. Now! urge thee still more
fleet! We'll have a smile most sweet. Trot, trot, trot, trot, my friend - ly steed, 'Tis

2 The trees were past us flying,
The mountains seem'd to race;
My heart alone seem'd dying,
All mock'd our weary pace.
How slow the long hours glide;
The road is free and wide,
Trot, trot, trot, trot, away! away!
We must more fleetly ride.

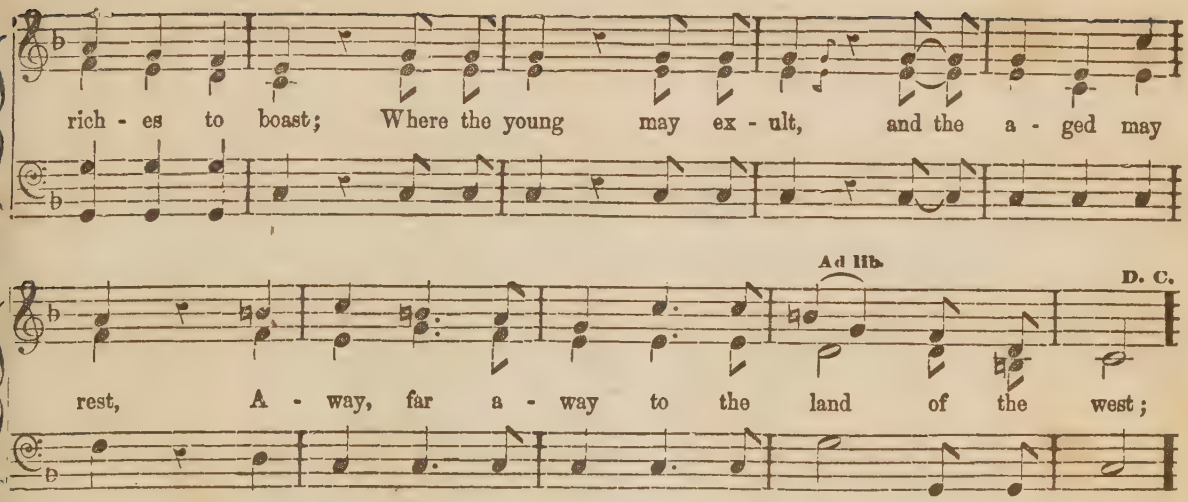
3 At length a cottage shining
Mid flowerets came to sight;
My steed its home divining,
Sprang cheerly on its flight;
Now by the door I see
Two bright eyes fixed on me,
Trot, trot, trot, trot, my own good steed,
There's home and rest for thee.

4 Now by the warm hearth smiling,
There's one, the star of home,
With gentle words beguiling,
She bids me ne'er to roam.
I cannot now say "nay;"
Time seems to fleet away,
Trot, trot, trot, trot afar, no more,
With love and home I'll stay.

TO THE WEST.

Words by CHARLES MACKAY.
Music by HENRY RUSSELL.


1. To the west, to the west, to the land of the free, Where migh - ty Mis -
Where a man is a man if he's will - ing to toil, And the humblest may
1st time.
2d time.
Fine.
- sou - ri rolls down to the sea;
gath - er the fruits of the soil; Where chil - dren are
blessings, and he who has most, Has aid for his for - tune and

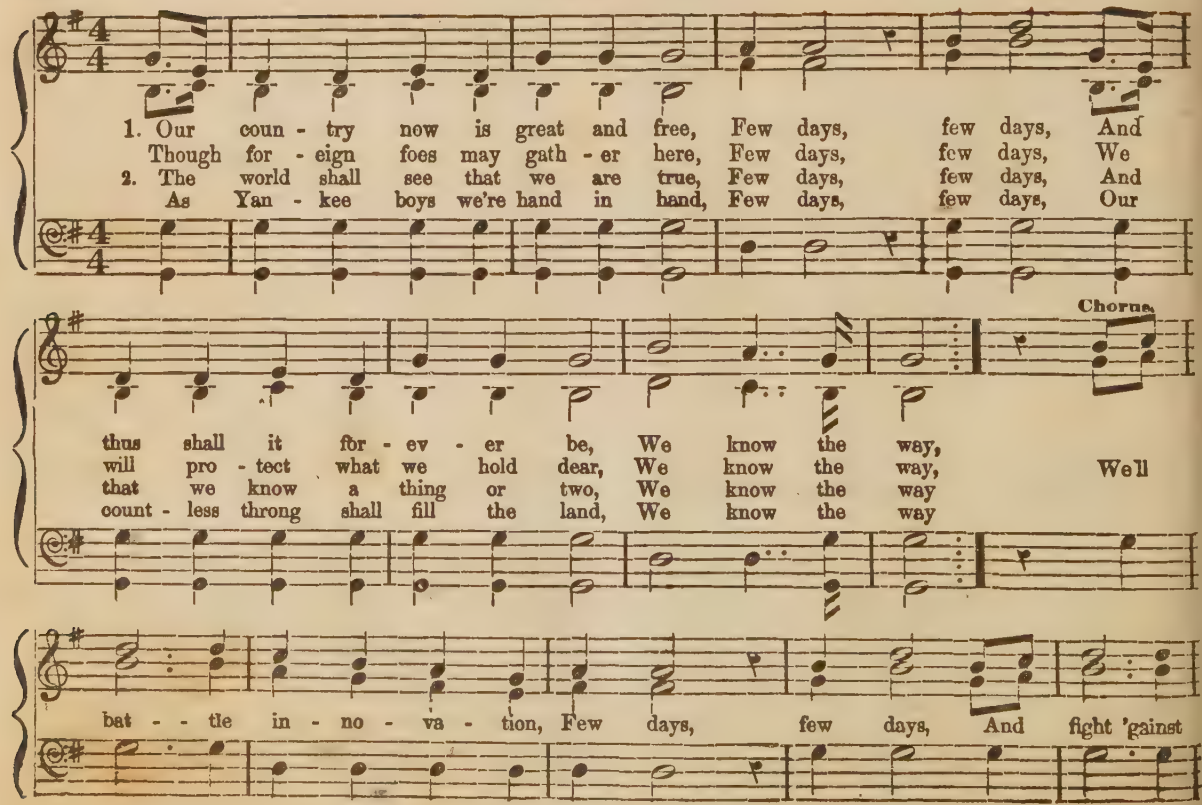


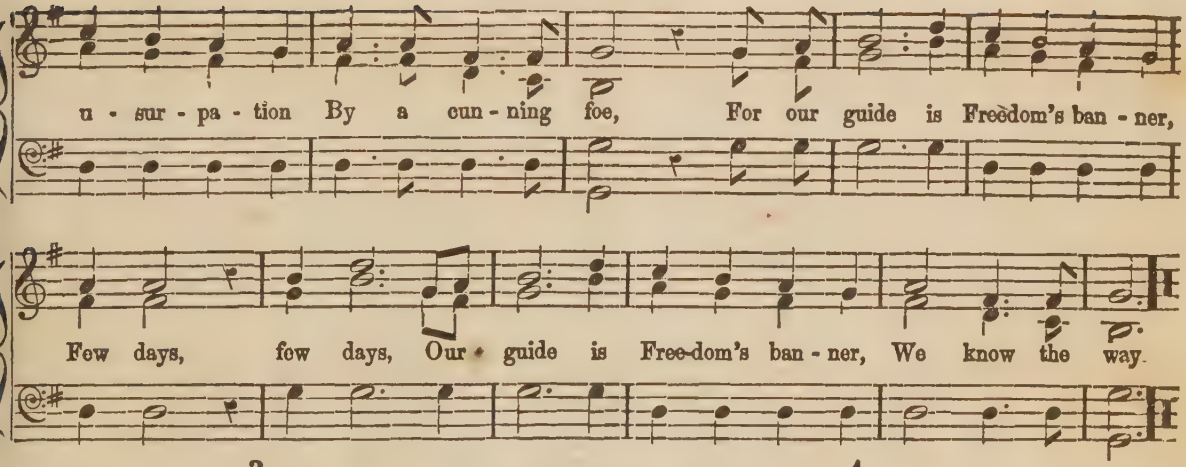
2

To the west, to the west, where the rivers that flow,
Run thousands of miles spreading out as they go;
Where the green waving forests shall echo our call,
As wide as old England, and free for us all;
Where the Prairies, like seas where the billows have roll'd,
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest;
Away, far away to the land of the west:
To the west, to the west, &c.

3

To the west, to the west, there is wealth to be won,
The forest to clear is the work to be done;
We'll try it, we'll do it and never despair,
While there's light in the sunshine or breath in the air
The bold independance that labour shall buy,
Shall strengthen our hands and forbid us to sigh;
Away, far away, let us hope for the best,
And build up a home in the land of the west:
To the west, to the west, &c.


1. Our coun - try now is great and free, Few days, few days, And
Though for - eign foes may gath - er here, Few days, few days, We
2. The world shall see that we are true, Few days, few days, And
As Yan - kee boys we're hand in hand, Few days, few days, Our
Chorus.
thus shall it for - ev - er be, We know the way,
will pro - tect what we hold dear, We know the way, Well
that we know a thing or two, We know the way
count - less throng shall fill the land, We know the way
bat - - tle in - no - va - tion, Few days, few days, And fight 'gainst

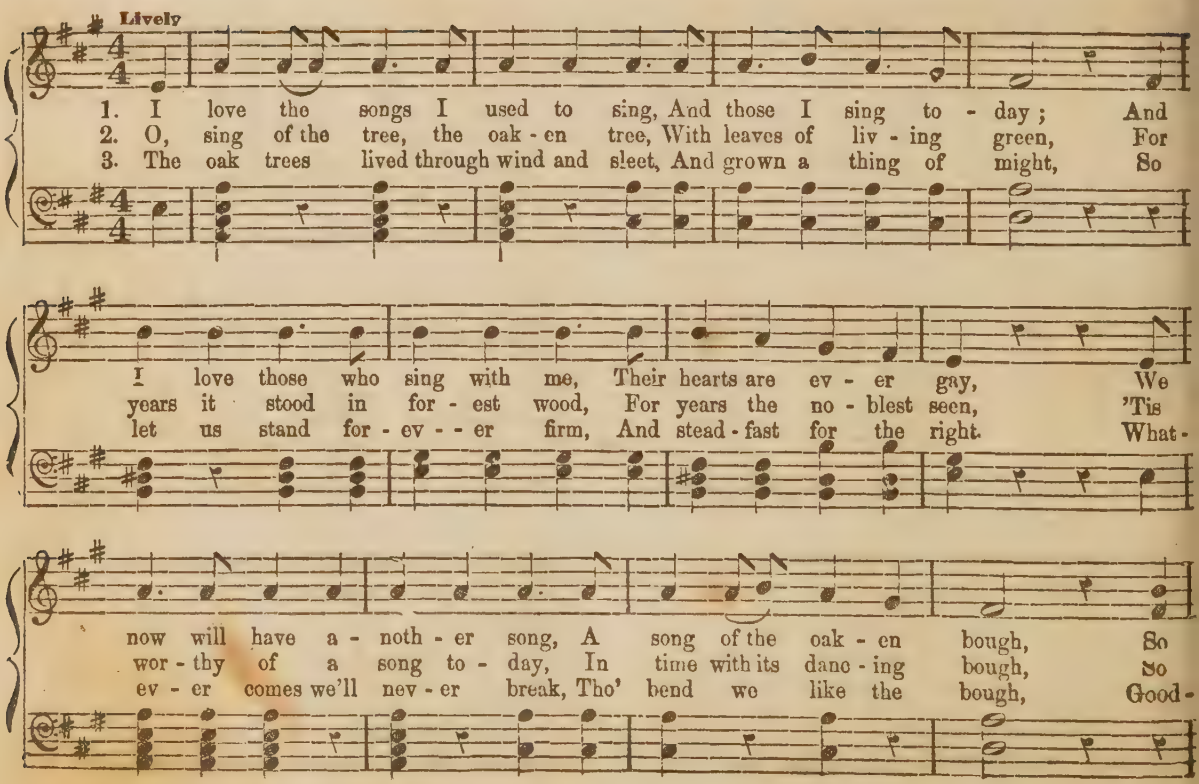

u - sur - pa - tion By a cun - ning foe, For our guide is Freedom's ban - ner,
Few days, few days, Our guide is Free-dom's ban - ner, We know the way.

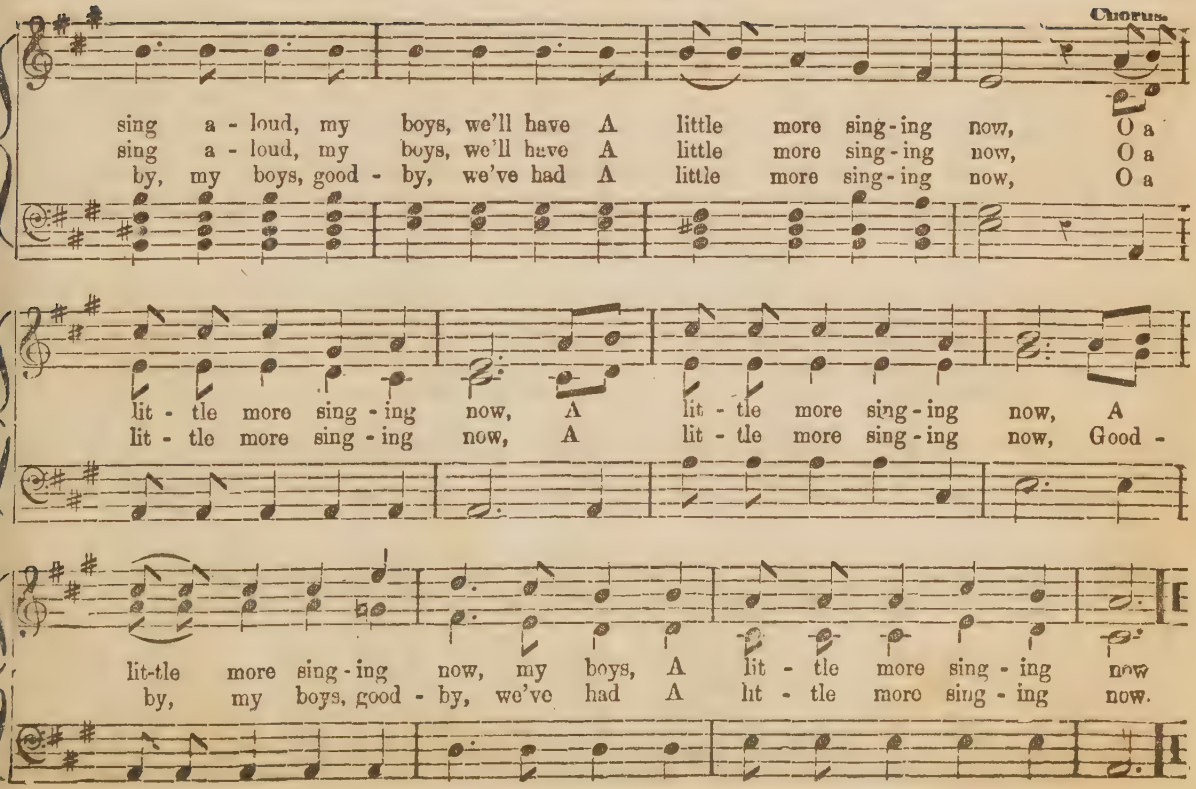
3

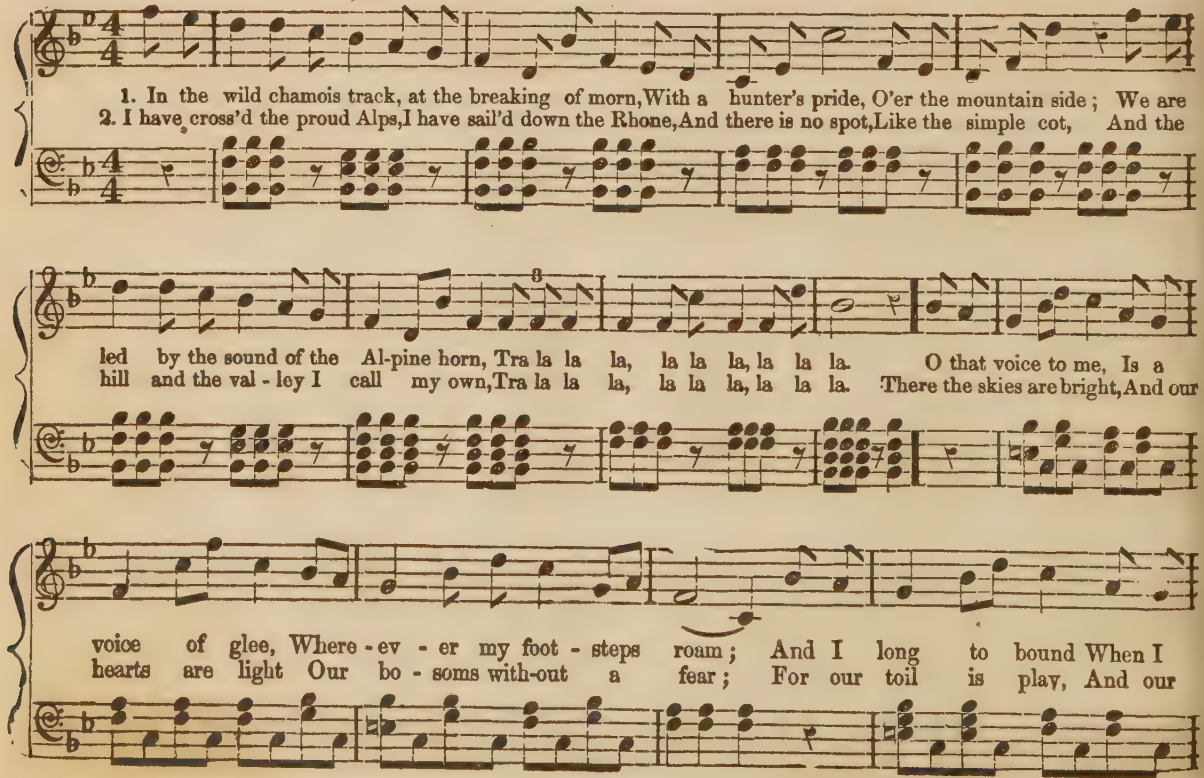
From East and West, from South and North,
Few days, few days,
We'll call our many legions forth,
We know the way.
The freedom that our fathers won,
Few days, few days,
Shall be defended by each Son,
We know the way.
Chorus. We'll battle innovation, &c

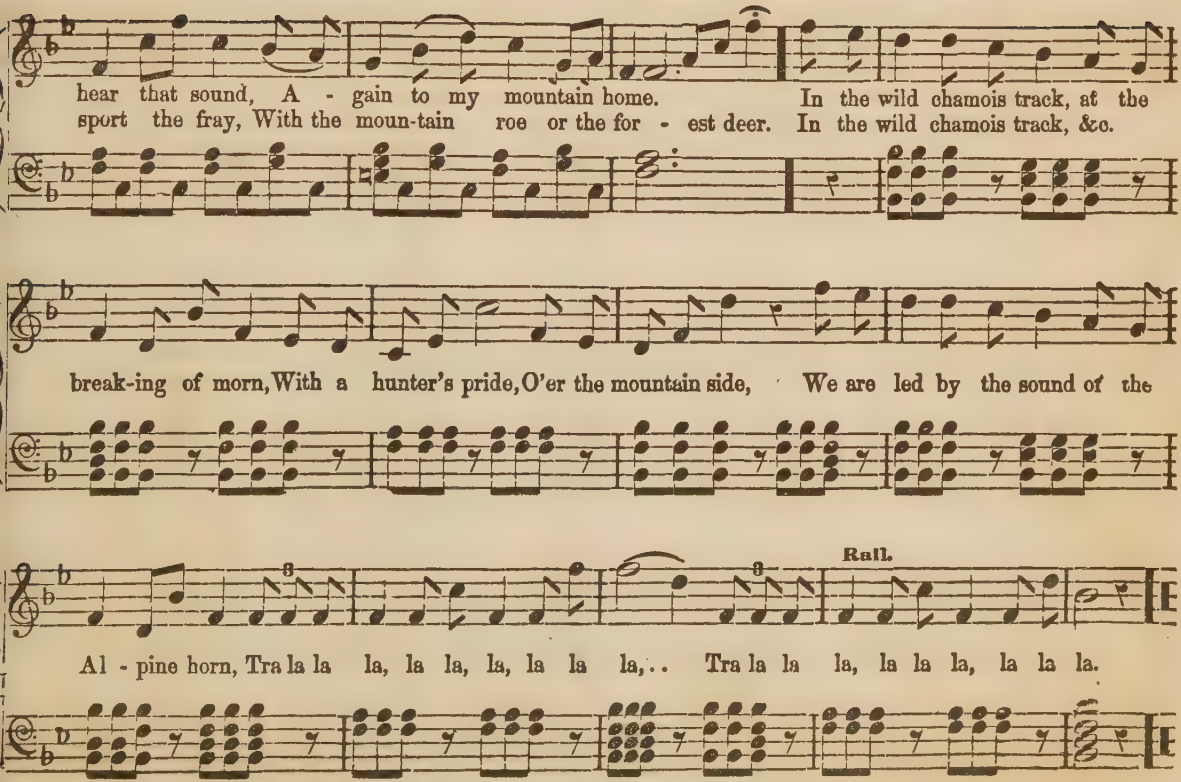
4

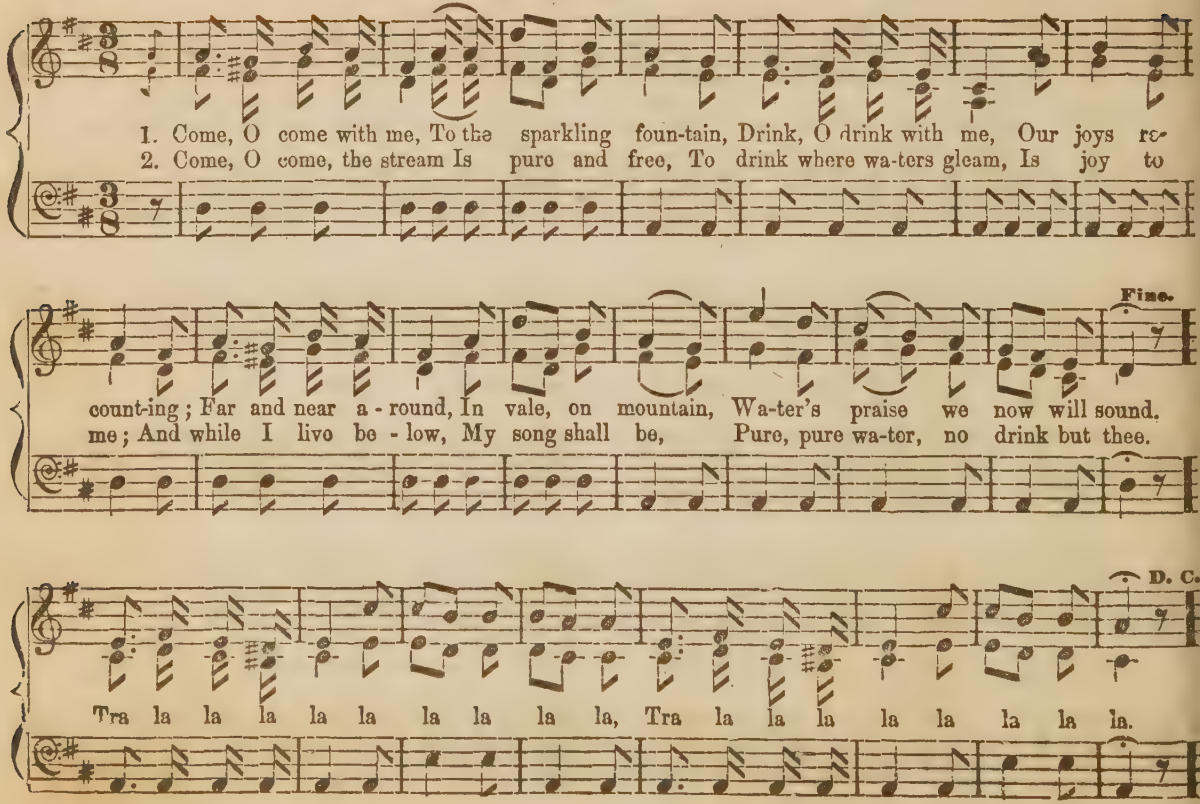
Then shout, then shout o'er hill and plain,
Few days, few days,
We will our country's rights maintain,
We know the way.
We'll always guard it with our might,
Few days, few days,
And keep it steadfast in the right,
We know the way.
Chorus. We'll battle innovation, &c.

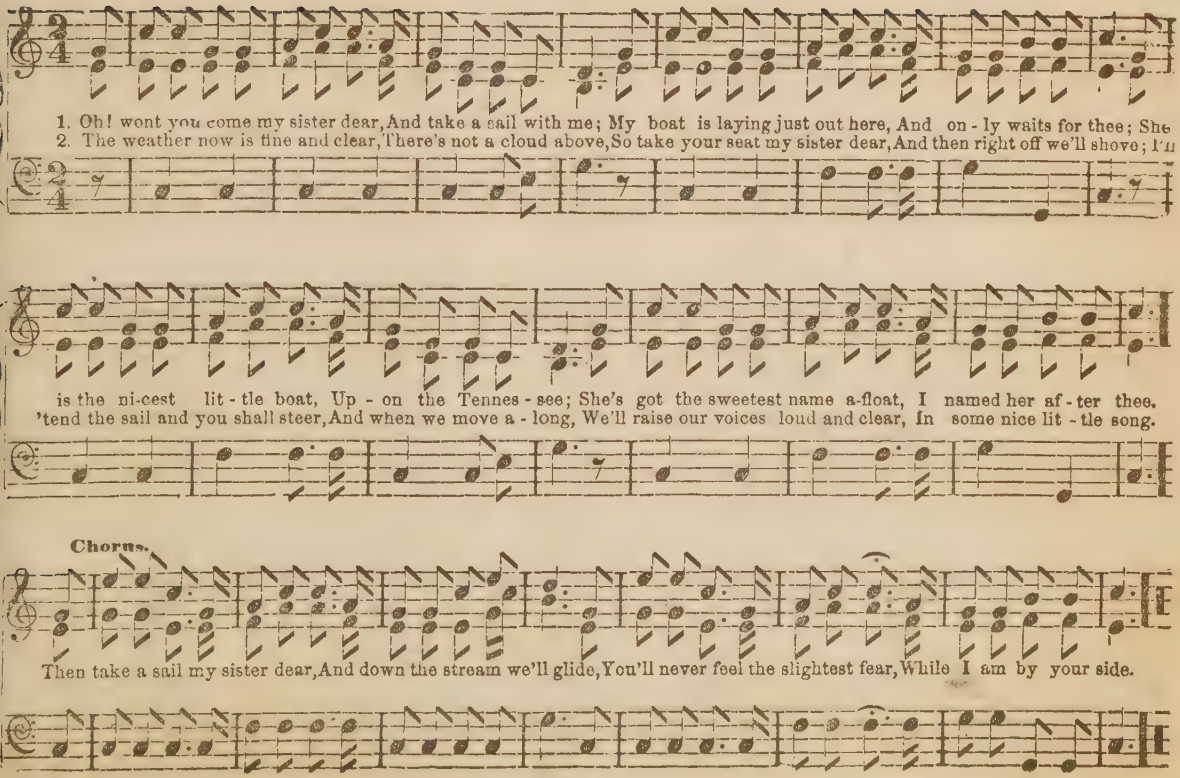

Lively
1. I love the songs I used to sing, And those I sing to - day; And
2. O, sing of the tree, the oak - en tree, With leaves of liv - ing green, For
3. The oak trees lived through wind and sleet, And grown a thing of might, So
I love those who sing with me, Their hearts are ev - er gay, We
years it stood in for - est wood, For years the no - blest seen, 'Tis
let us stand for - ev - - er firm, And stead - fast for the right. What -
now will have a - noth - er song, A song of the oak - en bough, So
wor - thy of a song to - day, In time with its danc - ing bough, So
ev - er comes we'll nev - er break, Tho' bend we like the bough, Good -


Chorus.
sing a - loud, my boys, we'll have A little more sing - ing now, O a
sing a - loud, my boys, we'll have A little more sing - ing now, O a
by, my boys, good - by, we've had A little more sing - ing now, O a
lit - tle more sing - ing now, A lit - tle more sing - ing now, A
lit - tle more sing - ing now, A lit - tle more sing - ing now, Good -
lit-tle more sing - ing now, my boys, A lit - tle more sing - ing now
by, my boys, good - by, we've had A lit - tle more sing - ing now.

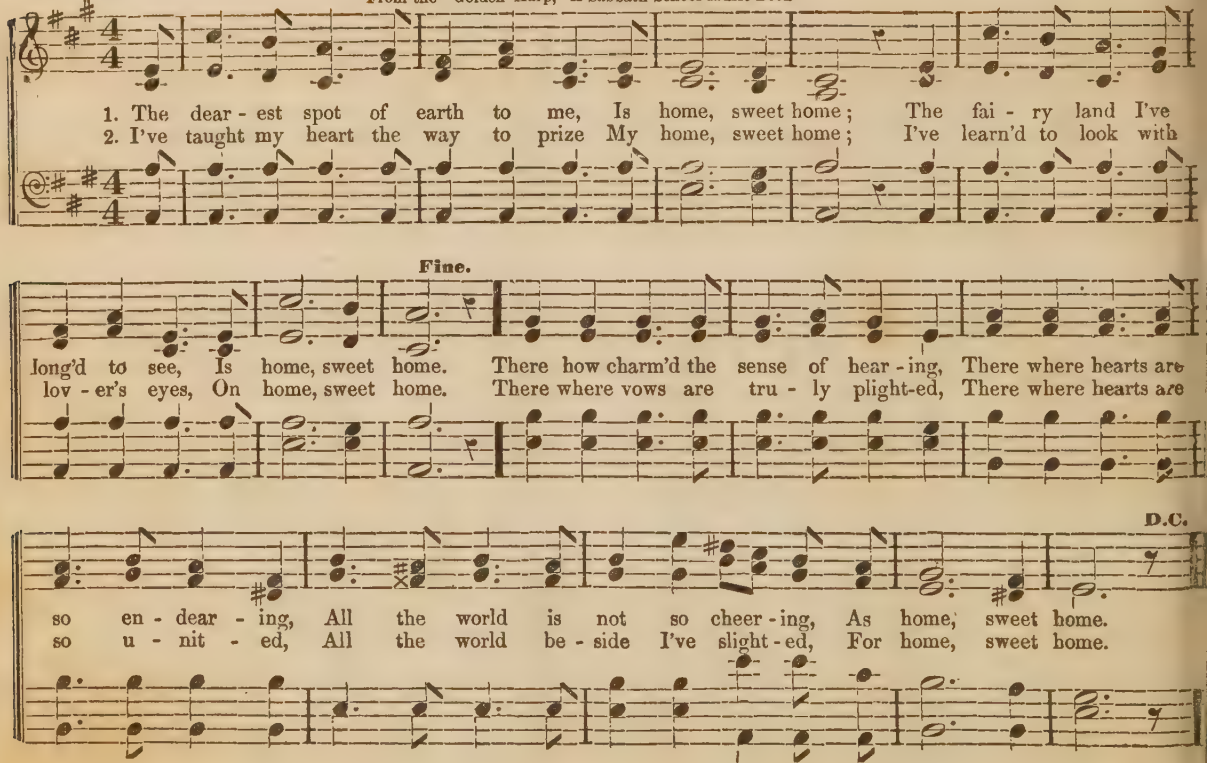

1. In the wild chamois track, at the breaking of morn, With a hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side; We are
2. I have cross'd the proud Alps, I have sail'd down the Rhone, And there is no spot, Like the simple cot, And the
led by the sound of the Al-pine horn, Tra la la la, la la la, la la la. O that voice to me, Is a
hill and the val - ley I call my own, Tra la la la, la la la, la la la. There the skies are bright, And our
voice of glee, Where - ev - er my foot - steps roam; And I long to bound When I
hearts are light Our bo - soms with-out a fear; For our toil is play, And our


hear that sound, A - gain to my mountain home. In the wild chamois track, at the
sport the fray, With the moun-tain roe or the for - est deer. In the wild chamois track, &c.
break-ing of morn, With a hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the
Rall.
Al - pine horn, Tra la la la, la la, la, la la la,.. Tra la la la, la la la, la la la.


1. Come, O come with me, To the sparkling foun-tain, Drink, O drink with me, Our joys re-
2. Come, O come, the stream Is pure and free, To drink where wa-ters gleam, Is joy to
Fine.
count-ing; Far and near a-round, In vale, on mountain, Wa-ter's praise we now will sound.
me; And while I live be-low, My song shall be, Pure, pure wa-ter, no drink but thee.
D. C.
Tra la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la.

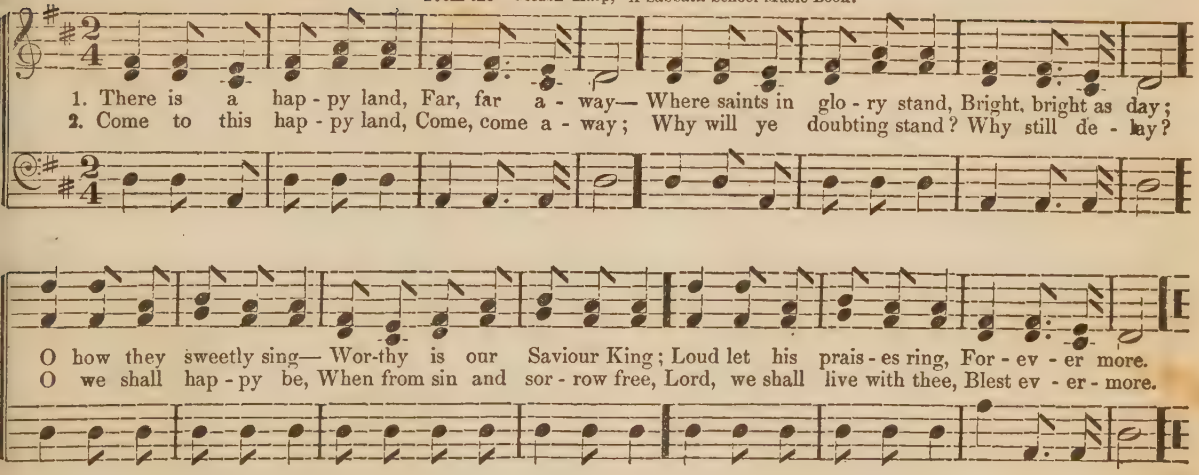

1. Oh! wont you come my sister dear, And take a sail with me; My boat is laying just out here, And on - ly waits for thee; She
2. The weather now is fine and clear, There's not a cloud above, So take your seat my sister dear, And then right off we'll shove; I'll
is the ni-cest lit - tle boat, Up - on the Tennes - see; She's got the sweetest name a-float, I named her af - ter thee.
'tend the sail and you shall steer, And when we move a - long, We'll raise our voices loud and clear, In some nice lit - tle song.
Chorus.
Then take a sail my sister dear, And down the stream we'll glide, You'll never feel the slightest fear, While I am by your side.

From the "Golden Harp," A Sabbath School Music Book


1. The dear - est spot of earth to me, Is home, sweet home; The fai - ry land I've
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learn'd to look with
long'd to see, Is home, sweet home. There how charm'd the sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are
lov - er's eyes, On home, sweet home. There where vows are tru - ly plight-ed, There where hearts are
so en - dear - ing, All the world is not so cheer - ing, As home, sweet home.
so u - nit - ed, All the world be - side I've slight - ed, For home, sweet home.
Fine.
D.C.

"THERE IS A HAPPY LAND."

From the "Golden Harp," A Sabbath School Music Book.


1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way— Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day;
2. Come to this hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubting stand? Why still de - lay?
O how they sweetly sing— Wor-thy is our Saviour King; Loud let his prais - es ring, For - ev - er more.
O we shall hap - py be, When from sin and sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest ev - er - more.

3

Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run:
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

Heaven.

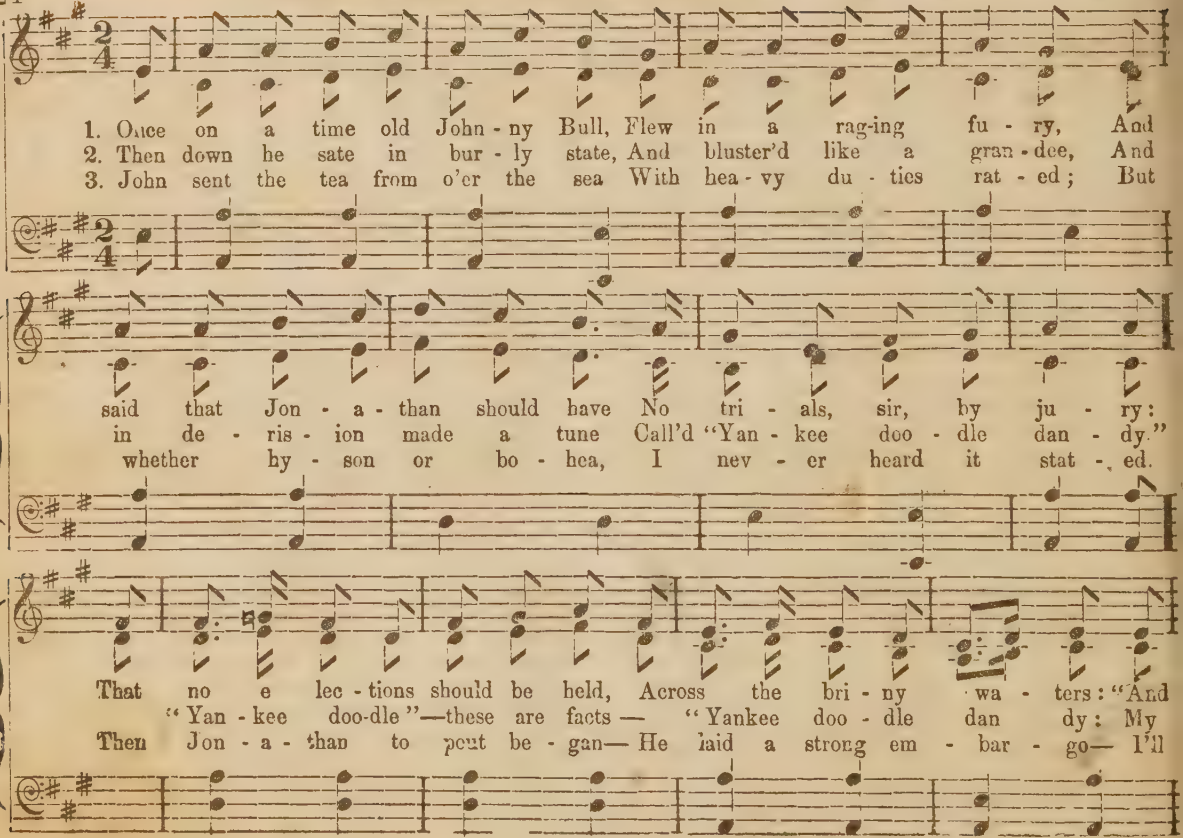
There is a happy home,
Far, far away;
A life beyond the tomb,
Bright, endless day;
There we may happy be,
Free from sin, from sorrow free,
In peace and purity,
Blest, blest for aye.

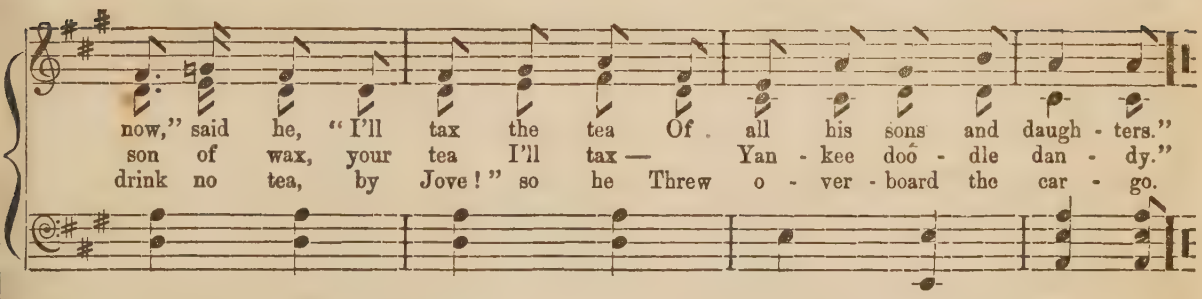
2

"Come to this happy home,"
Hear Jesus say;
Jesus bids children come,
He leads the way:
Come, quickly, swiftly move,
Towards your Father's house above,
There to enjoy his love,
Love, love for aye.

THE ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.

Words by GEORGE P. MORRIS, Esq.


1. Once on a time old John - ny Bull, Flew in a rag-ing fu - ry, And
2. Then down he sate in bur - ly state, And bluster'd like a gran - dee, And
3. John sent the tea from o'er the sea With hea - vy du - ties rat - ed; But
said that Jon - a - than should have No tri - als, sir, by ju - ry:
in de - ris - ion made a tune Call'd "Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy."
whether hy - son or bo - hea, I nev - er heard it stat - ed.
That no e lec - tions should be held, Across the bri - ny wa - ters: "And
"Yan - kee doo-dle"—these are facts— "Yankee doo - dle dan dy: My
Then Jon - a - than to peut be - gan— He laid a strong em - bar - go— I'll


now," said he, "I'll tax the tea Of all his sons and daugh - ters."
son of wax, your tea I'll tax — Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy."
drink no tea, by Jove!" so he Threw o - ver - board the car - go.

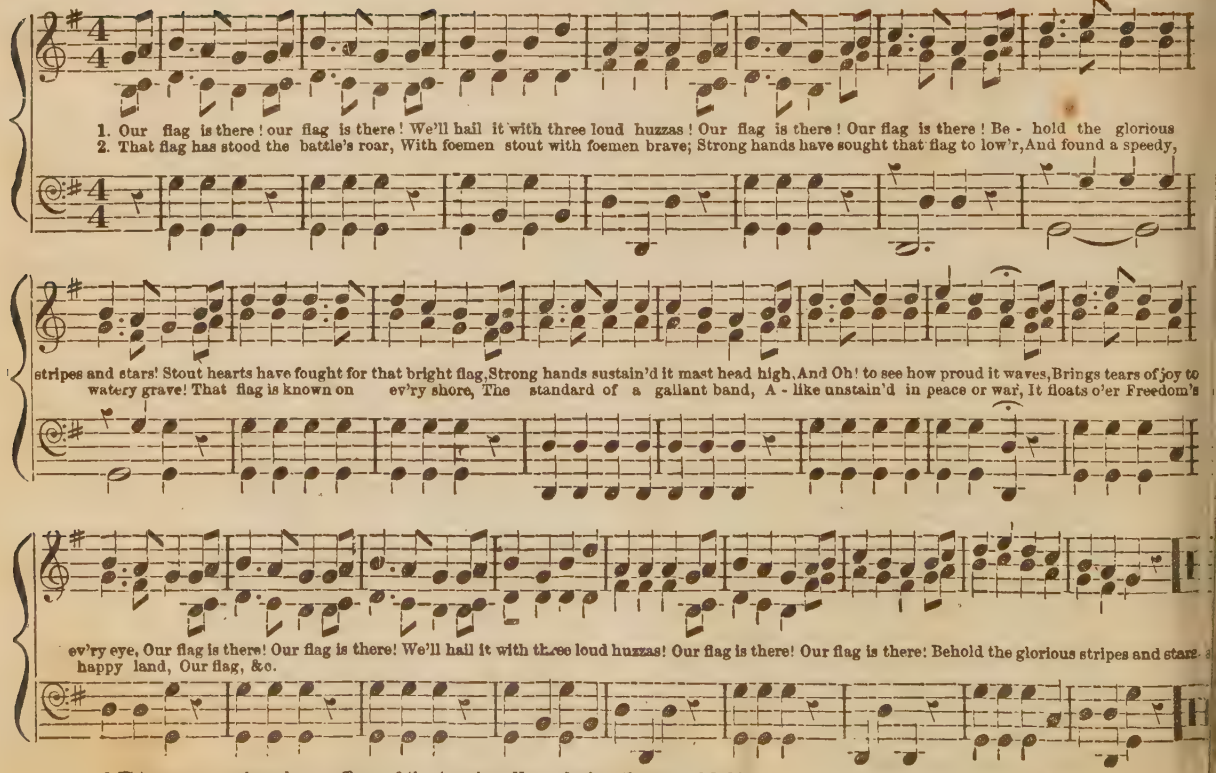
4 Then Johnny sent a regiment,
Big words and looks to bandy,
Whose martial band, when near the land,
Play'd "Yankee doodle dandy"
'Yankee doodle—keep it up!
"Yankee doodle dandy!
"I'll poison with a tax your cup,
"Yankee doodle dandy."

5 A long war then they had; in which
John was at last defeated—
And "Yankee doodle" was the march
To which his troops retreated.
Cute Jonathan to see them fly,
Could not restrain his laughter:
"That tune," said he, "suits to a T,
I'll sing it ever after."

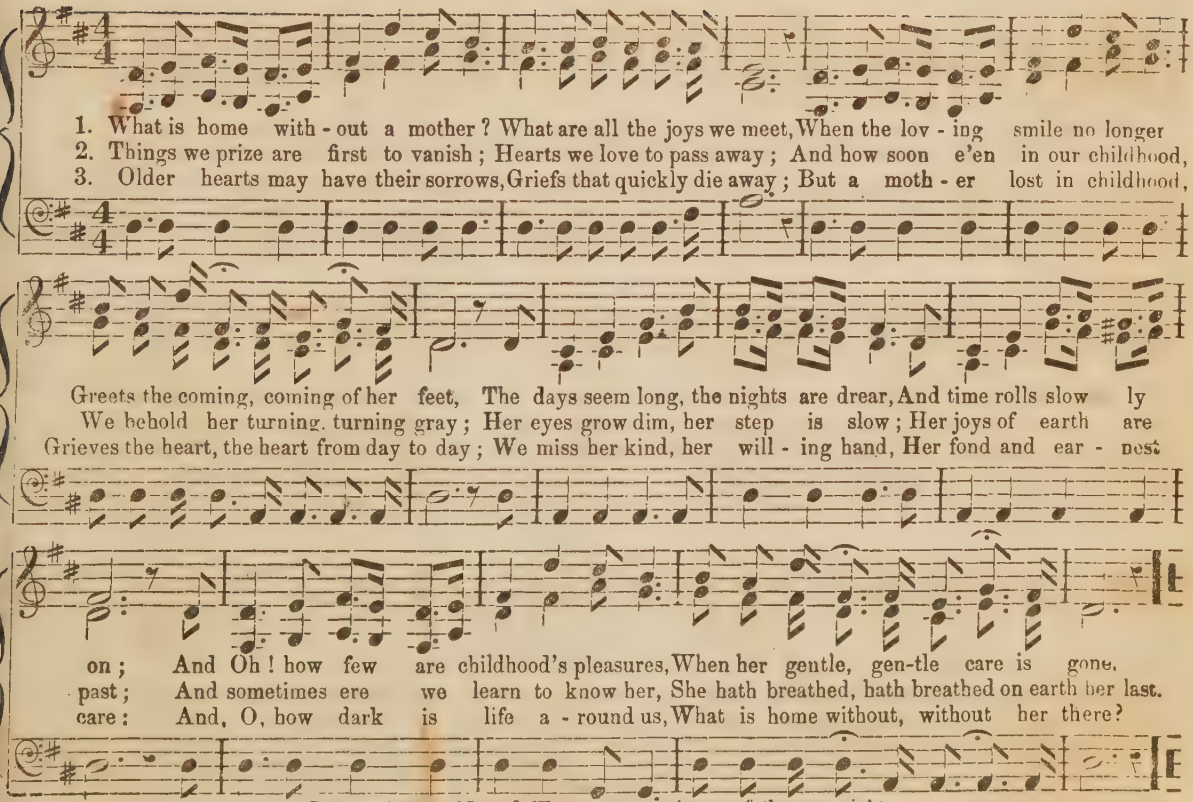
6 With "Hail Columbia!" it is sung,
In chorus full and hearty—
On land and main, we breathe the strain,
John made for his tea-party.
"Yankee doodle—ho!—ha!—he!
"Yankee doodle dandy—
"We kept the tune but not the tea,
"Yankee doodle dandy!"

7 No matter how we rhyme the words,
The music speaks them handy,
And where's the fair can't sing the air,
Of "Yankee doodle dandy!"
"Yankee doodle—firm and true—
"Yankee doodle dandy,
"Yankee doodle, doodle doo!
"Yankee doodle dandy."

OUR FLAG IS THERE.


1. Our flag is there! our flag is there! We'll hail it with three loud huzzas! Our flag is there! Our flag is there! Be - hold the glorious
2. That flag has stood the battle's roar, With foemen stout with foemen brave; Strong hands have sought that flag to low'r, And found a speedy,
stripes and stars! Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag, Strong hands sustain'd it mast head high, And Oh! to see how proud it waves, Brings tears of joy to
watery grave! That flag is known on ev'ry shore, The standard of a gallant band, A - like unstain'd in peace or war, It floats o'er Freedom's
ev'ry eye, Our flag is there! Our flag is there! We'll hail it with three loud huzzas! Our flag is there! Our flag is there! Behold the glorious stripes and stars,
happy land, Our flag, &c.

* This song was written by an officer of the American Navy, during the war of 1812.


1. What is home with - out a mother? What are all the joys we meet, When the lov - ing smile no longer
2. Things we prize are first to vanish; Hearts we love to pass away; And how soon e'en in our childhood,
3. Older hearts may have their sorrows, Griefs that quickly die away; But a moth - er lost in childhood,
Greets the coming, coming of her feet, The days seem long, the nights are drear, And time rolls slow ly
We behold her turning, turning gray; Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow; Her joys of earth are
Grieves the heart, the heart from day to day; We miss her kind, her will - ing hand, Her fond and ear - nest
on; And Oh! how few are childhood's pleasures, When her gentle, gen-tle care is gone.
past; And sometimes ere we learn to know her, She hath breathed, hath breathed on earth her last.
care: And, O, how dark is life a - round us, What is home without, without her there?

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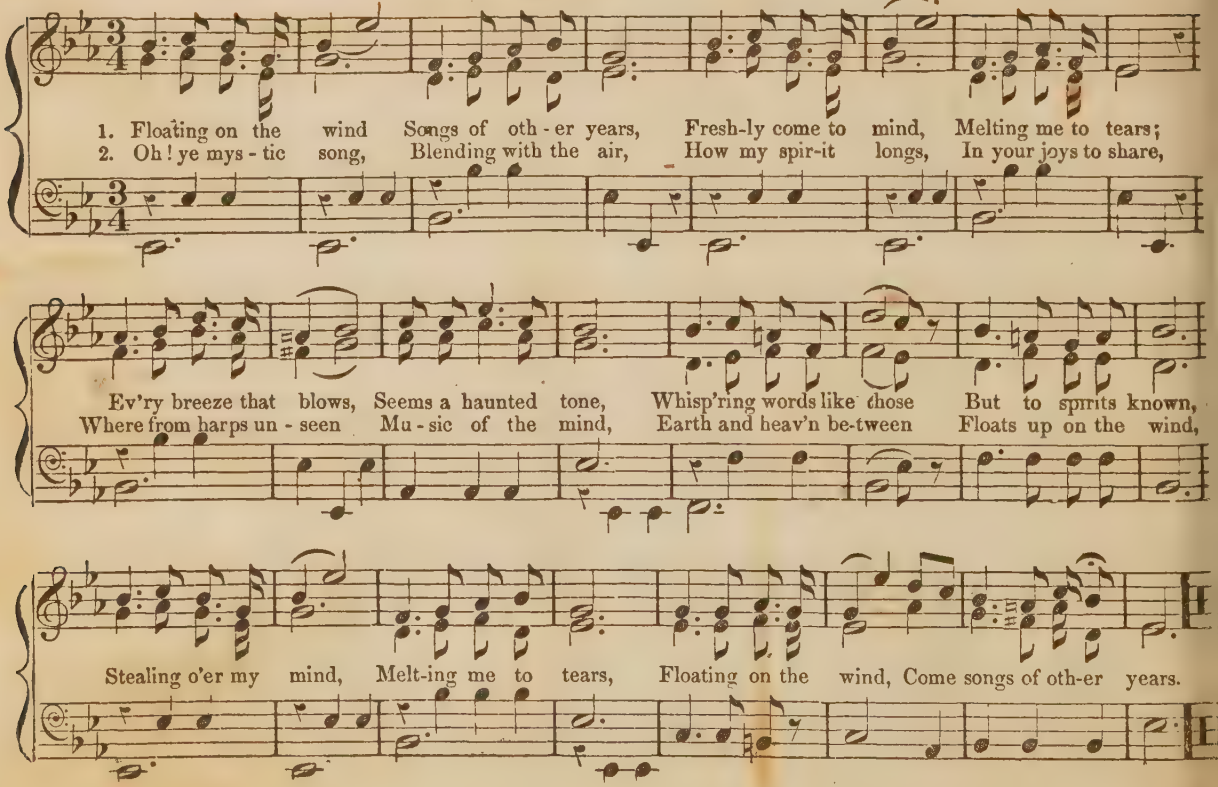
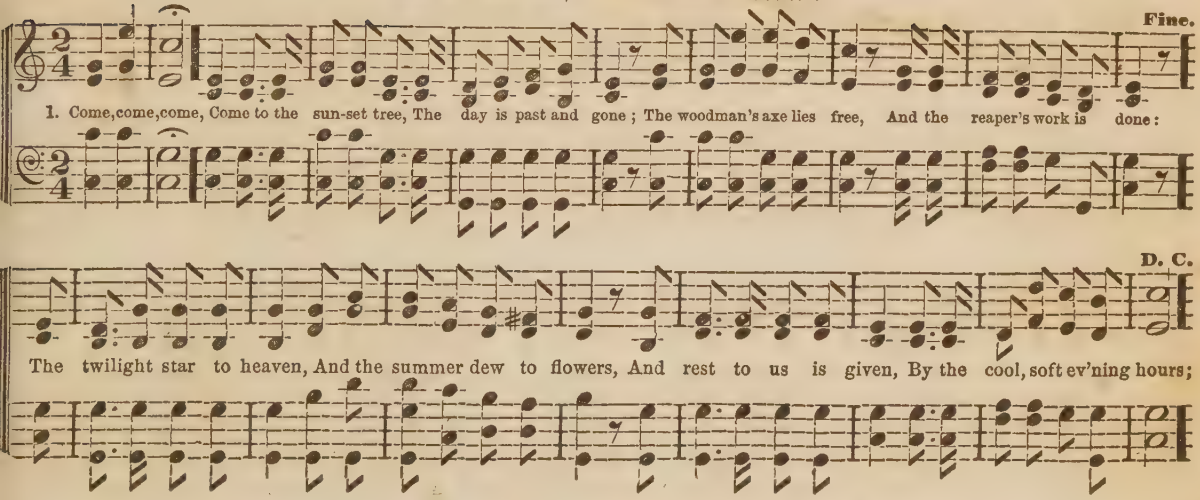

1. Floating on the wind Songs of oth - er years, Fresh-ly come to mind, Melting me to tears;
2. Oh! ye mys - tic song, Blending with the air, How my spir-it longs, In your joys to share,
Ev'ry breeze that blows, Seems a haunted tone, Whisp'ring words like those But to spirits known,
Where from harps un - seen Mu - sic of the mind, Earth and heav'n be-tween Floats up on the wind,
Stealing o'er my mind, Melt-ing me to tears, Floating on the wind, Come songs of oth-er years.

COME TO THE SUNSET TREE.

From the "Golden Harp." A Sabbath School Music Book.

Music by MISS BROWNE.


Fine.
1. Come, come, come, Come to the sun-set tree, The day is past and gone; The woodman's axe lies free, And the reaper's work is done:
D. C.
The twilight star to heaven, And the summer dew to flowers, And rest to us is given, By the cool, soft ev'ning hours;

2

Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie;
When the burthen and the heat,
Of labour's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.
Come, come, come, &c.

3

Yes! tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whisp'ring boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows;
But rest more sweet and still,
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill,
In the world beyond the grave.
Come, come, come, &c.

4

There shall no tempests blow,
No scorching noontide heat,
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wand'ring feet;
So we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God!
Come, come, come, &c.

THE HAZEL DELL.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

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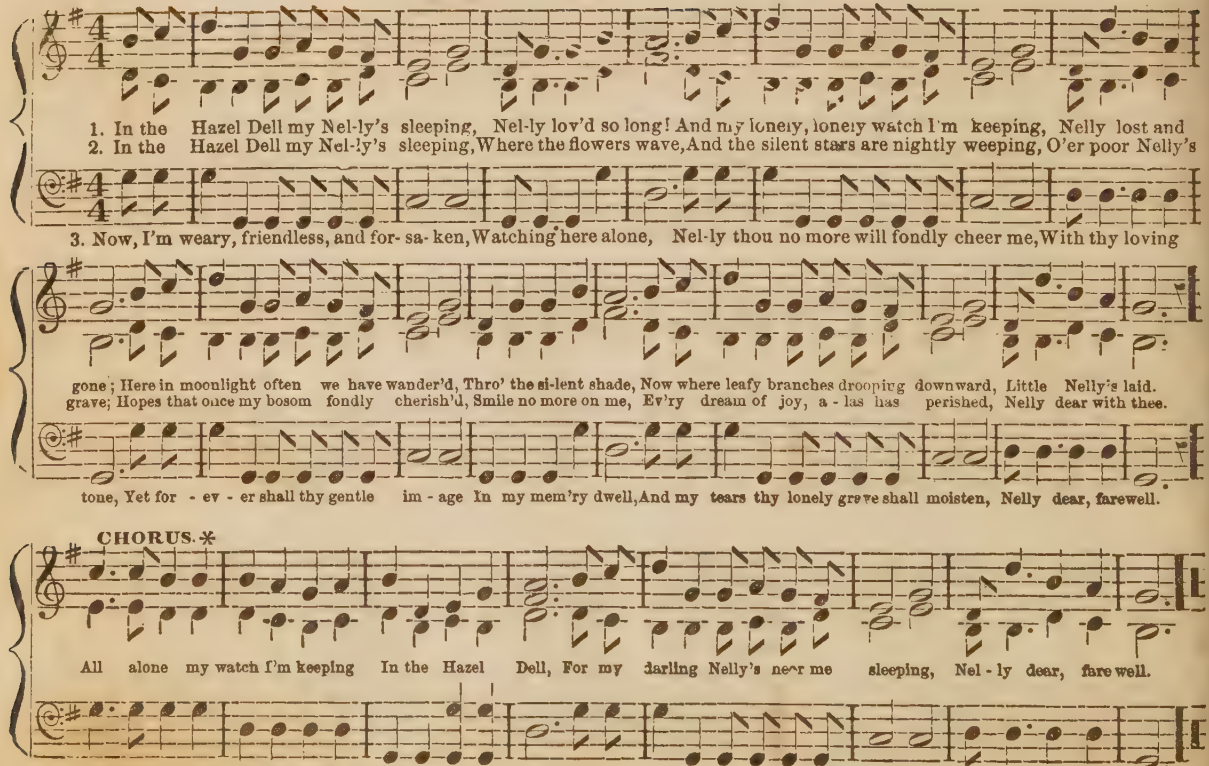
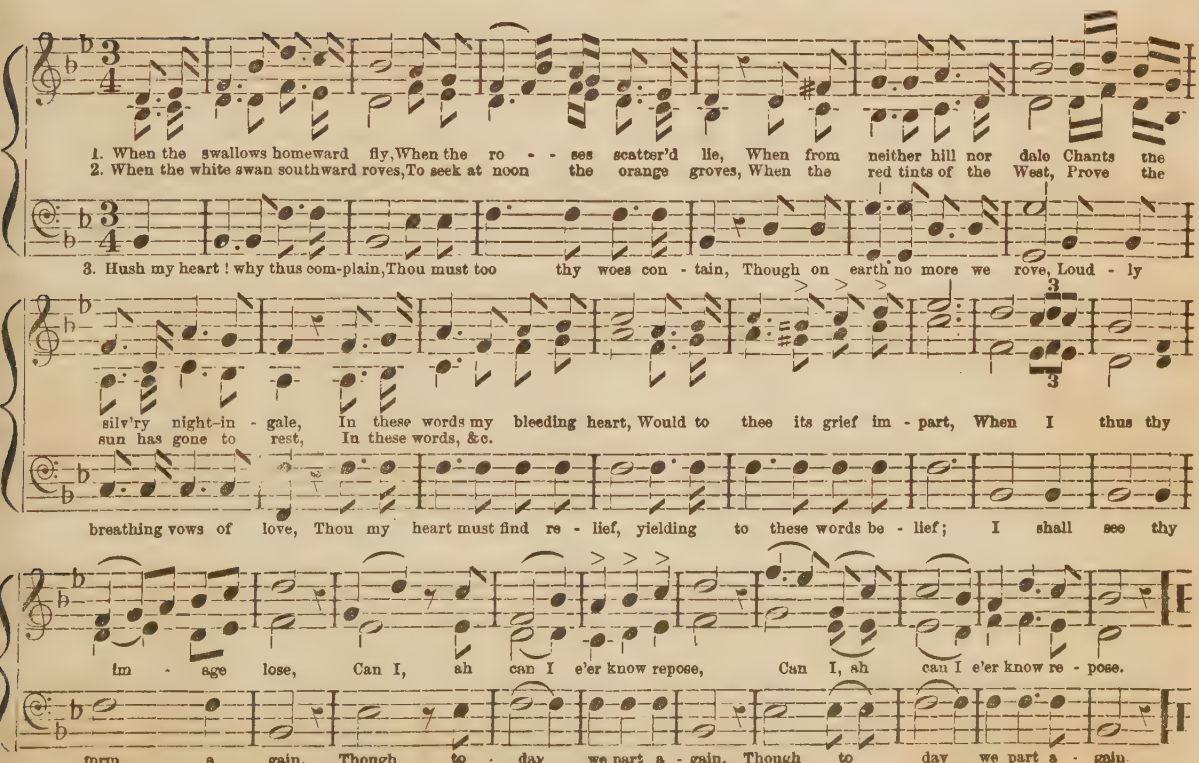
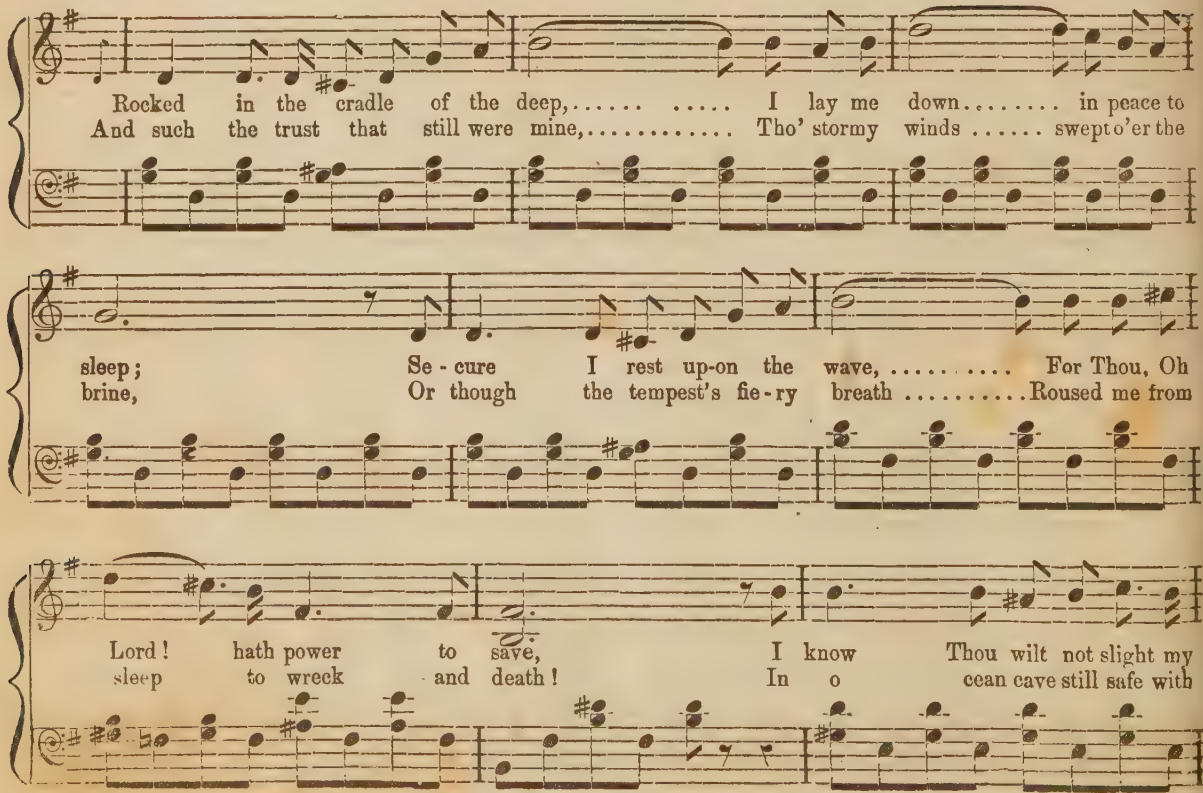
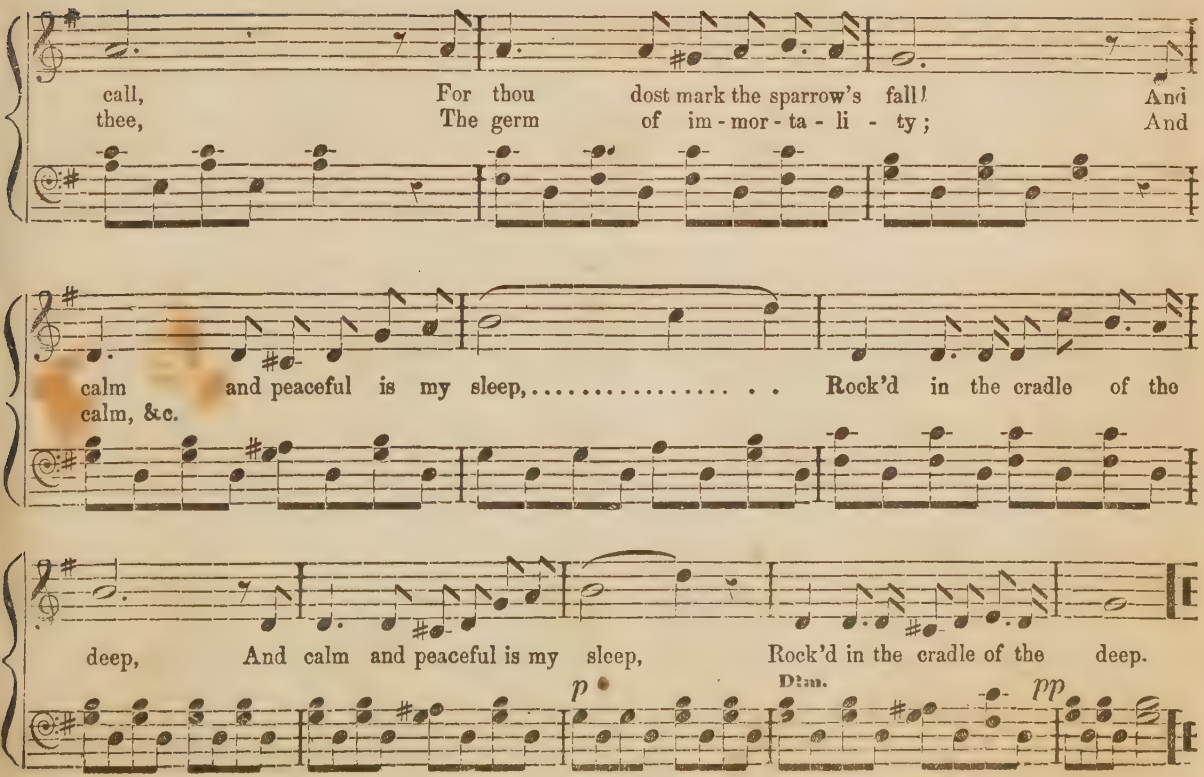

1. In the Hazel Dell my Nel-ly's sleeping, Nel-ly lov'd so long! And my lonely, lonely watch I'm keeping, Nelly lost and
2. In the Hazel Dell my Nel-ly's sleeping, Where the flowers wave, And the silent stars are nightly weeping, O'er poor Nelly's
3. Now, I'm weary, friendless, and for- sa- ken, Watching here alone, Nel-ly thou no more will fondly cheer me, With thy loving
gone; Here in moonlight often we have wander'd, Thro' the si-lent shade, Now where leafy branches drooping downward, Little Nelly's laid.
grave; Hopes that once my bosom fondly cherish'd, Smile no more on me, Ev'ry dream of joy, a - las has perished, Nelly dear with thee.
tone, Yet for - ev - er shall thy gentle im - age In my mem'ry dwell, And my tears thy lonely grave shall moisten, Nelly dear, farewell.
CHORUS.*
All alone my watch I'm keeping In the Hazel Dell, For my darling Nelly's near me sleeping, Nel - ly dear, fare well.

* Chorus to be sung at the close of each verse.

1. When the swallows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scatter'd lie, When from neither hill nor dale Chants the
2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the orange groves, When the red tints of the West, Prove the
3. Hush my heart! why thus com-plain, Thou must too thy woes con - tain, Though on earth no more we rove, Loud - ly
silv'ry night-in - gale, In these words my bleeding heart, Would to thee its grief im - part, When I thus thy
sun has gone to rest, In these words, &c.
breathing vows of love, Thou my heart must find re - lief, yielding to these words be - lief; I shall see thy
im - age lose, Can I, ah can I e'er know repose, Can I, ah can I e'er know re - pose.
form a gain, Though to - day we part a - gain, Though to day we part a - gain.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

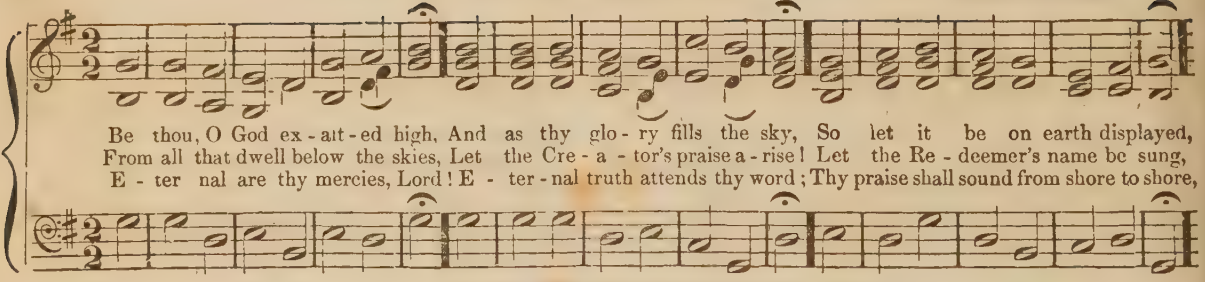
J. P. KNIGHT.


Rocked in the cradle of the deep,..... I lay me down..... in peace to
And such the trust that still were mine,..... Tho' stormy winds ..... swept o'er the
sleep; Se - cure I rest up-on the wave,..... For Thou, Oh
brine, Or though the tempest's fie - ry breath .....Roused me from
Lord! hath power to save, I know Thou wilt not slight my
sleep to wreck and death! In o cean cave still safe with


call, For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall! And
thee, The germ of im - mor - ta - li - ty; And
calm and peaceful is my sleep, ... Rock'd in the cradle of the
calm, &c.
deep, And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.
p
Dim.
pp

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.


Be thou, O God ex - alt - ed high, And as thy glo - ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed,
From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise! Let the Re - deemer's name be sung,
E - ter nal are thy mercies, Lord! E - ter - nal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

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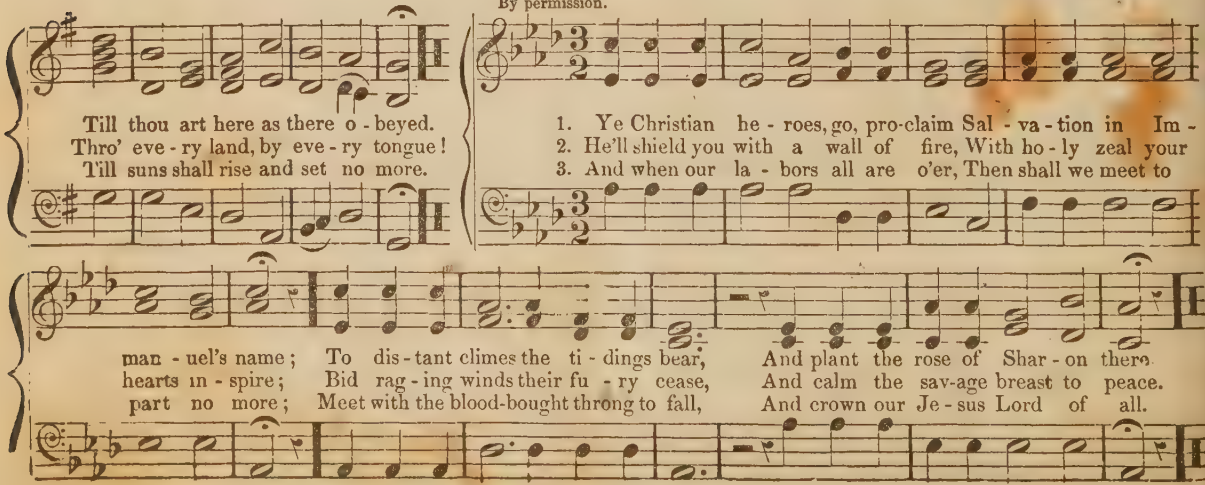
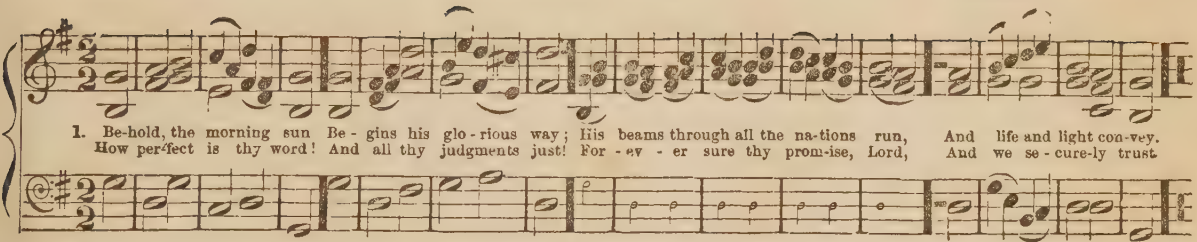
CHARLES ZEUNER.

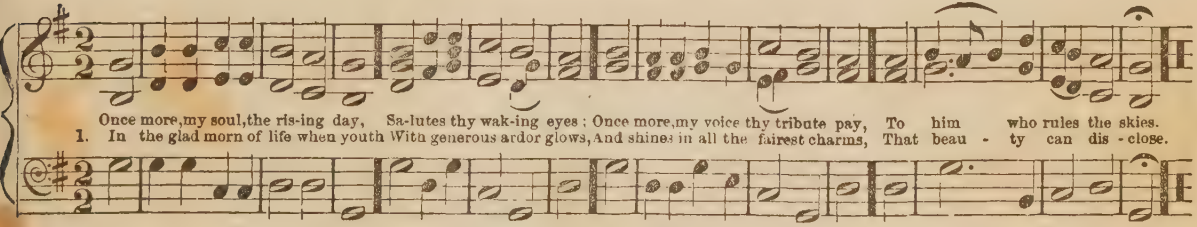

Till thou art here as there o - beyed.
Thro' eve - ry land, by eve - ry tongue!
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
1. Ye Christian he - roes, go, pro-claim Sal - va - tion in Im -
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With ho - ly zeal your
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to
man - uel's name; To dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear, And plant the rose of Shar - on there.
hearts in - spire; Bid rag - ing winds their fu - ry cease, And calm the sav-age breast to peace.
part no more; Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Je - sus Lord of all.

SHIRLAND. S. M

STANLEY

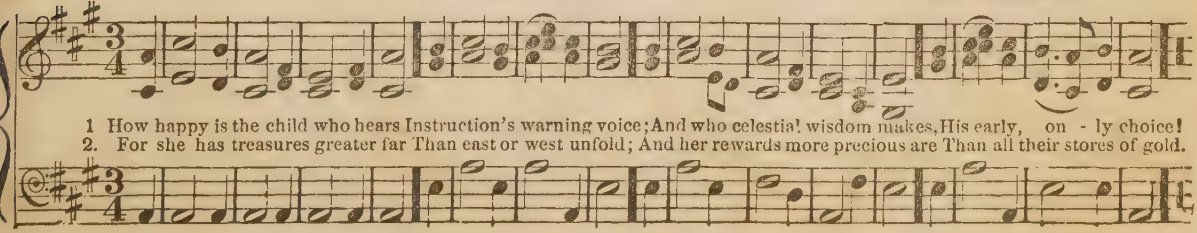

1. Be-hold, the morning sun Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams through all the na-tions run, And life and light con-vey.
How per-fect is thy word! And all thy judgments just! For - ev - er sure thy prom-ise, Lord, And we se - cure-ly trust.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

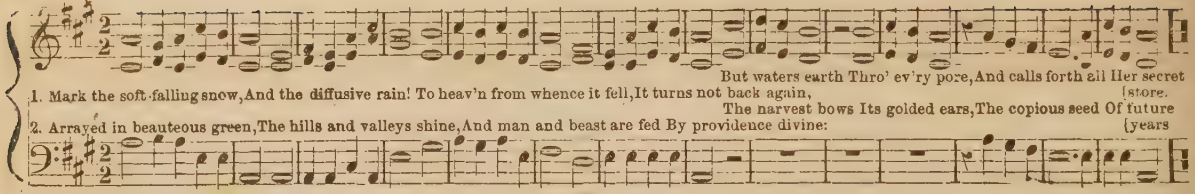

Once more, my soul, the ris-ing day, Sa-lutes thy wak-ing eyes; Once more, my voice thy tribute pay, To him who rules the skies.
1. In the glad morn of life when youth With generous ardor glows, And shines in all the fairest charms, That beau - ty can dis - close.

BALERMA. C. M.

SCOTCH MELODY.


1 How happy is the child who hears Instruction's warning voice; And who celestial wisdom makes, His early, on - ly choice!
2. For she has treasures greater far Than east or west unfold; And her rewards more precious are Than all their stores of gold.

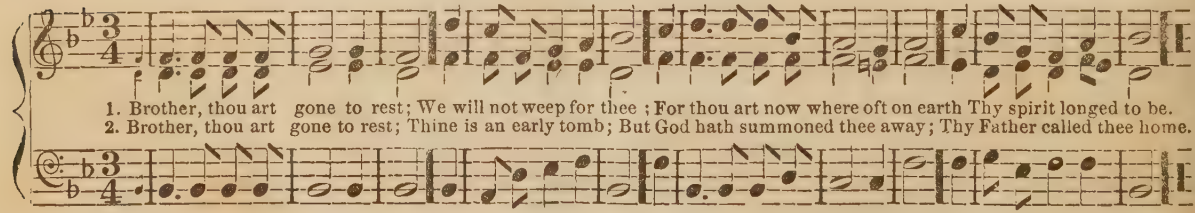
MARK THE SOFT FALLING SNOW. H. M.


But waters earth Thro' ev'ry pore, And calls forth all Her secret
1. Mark the soft-falling snow, And the diffusive rain! To heav'n from whence it fell, It turns not back again, {store.
The narvest bows Its golded ears, The copious seed Of future
2. Arrayed in beauteous green, The hills and valleys shine, And man and beast are fed By providence divine: {years

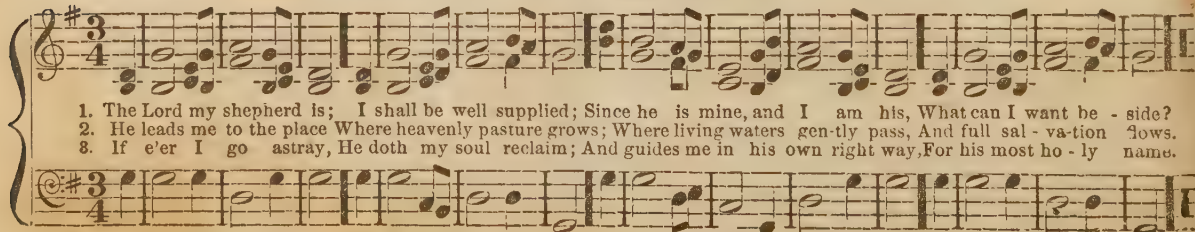
BROTHER, THOU ART GONE TO REST. 7, 6s & 8.

Or C. M. by singing the small notes at the beginning.

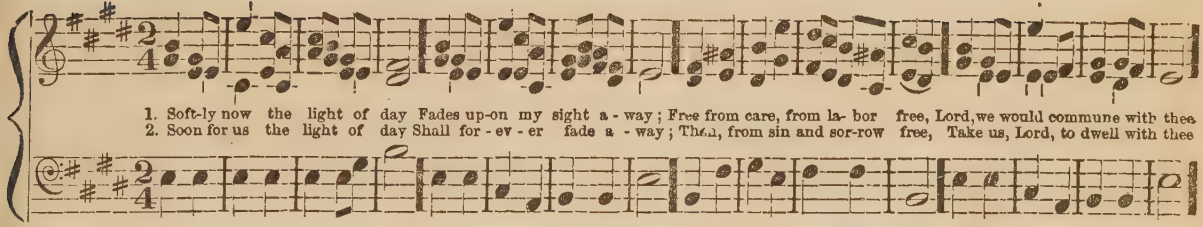
L. MARSHALL.


1. Brother, thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee; For thou art now where oft on earth Thy spirit longed to be.
2. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thine is an early tomb; But God hath summoned thee away; Thy Father called thee home.

THE LORD MY SHEPHERD IS. S. M.

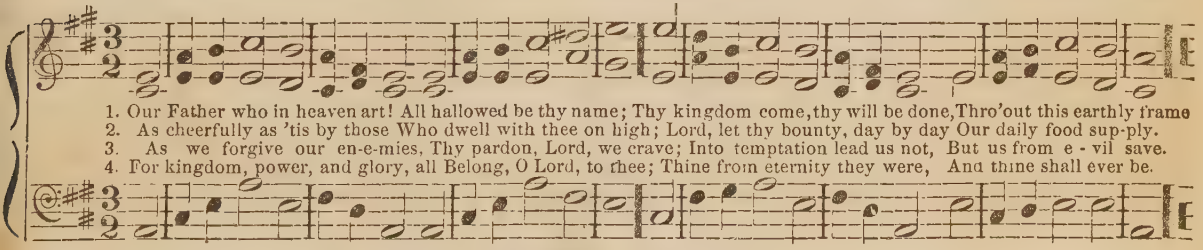

1. The Lord my shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?
2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows; Where living waters gen-tly pass, And full sal - va-tion flows.
3. If e'er I go astray, He doth my soul reclaim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY. 7s.

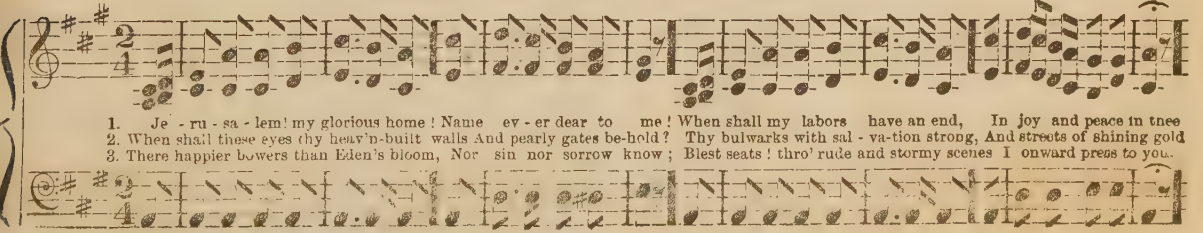

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la- bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee
2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er fade a - way; Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN. C. M.

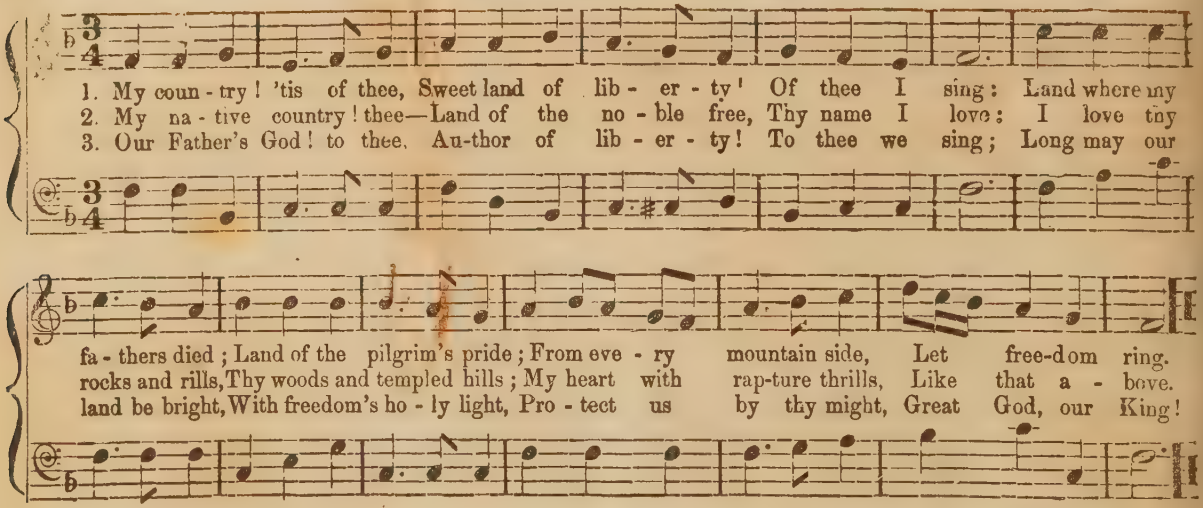
CH. ZEUNER.
From ANCIENT LYRE, by permission


1. Our Father who in heaven art! All hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, Thro'out this earthly frame
2. As cheerfully as 'tis by those Who dwell with thee on high; Lord, let thy bounty, day by day Our daily food sup-ply.
3. As we forgive our en-e-mies, Thy pardon, Lord, we crave; Into temptation lead us not, But us from e - vil save.
4. For kingdom, power, and glory, all Belong, O Lord, to thee; Thine from eternity they were, And thine shall ever be.

JERUSALEM, MY GLORIOUS HOME. C. M.

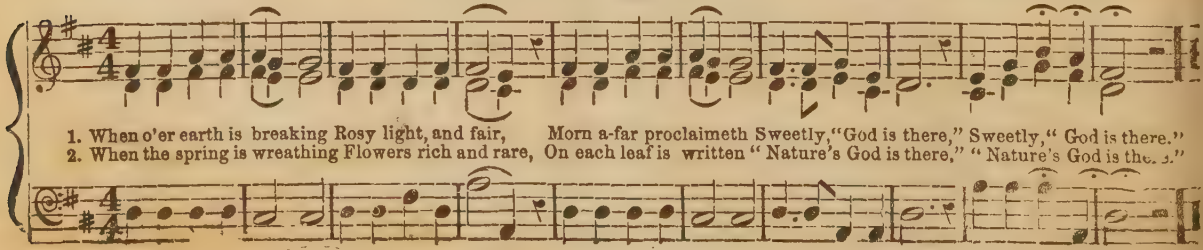

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my labors have an end, In joy and peace in thee
2. When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearly gates be-hold? Thy bulwarks with sal - va-tion strong, And streets of shining gold
3. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know; Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes I onward press to you.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

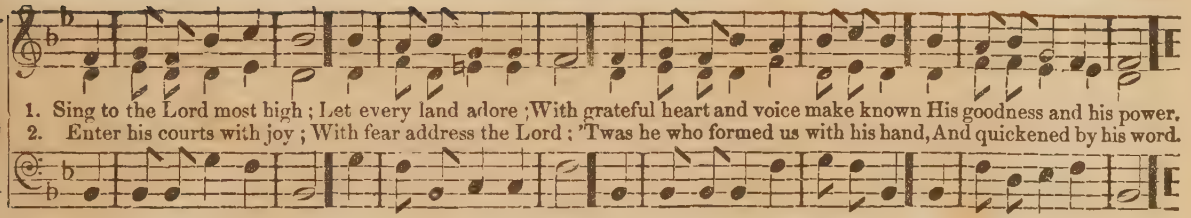

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty! Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na - tive country! thee—Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Our Father's God! to thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty! To thee we sing; Long may our
fa - thers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride; From eve - ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

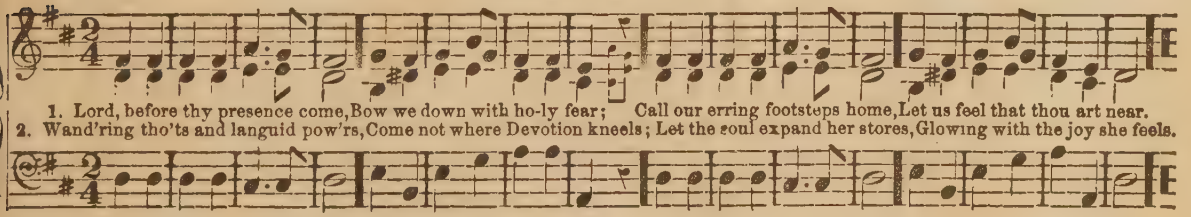
"GOD IS THERE,"

From the S. S. Lute, by permission.

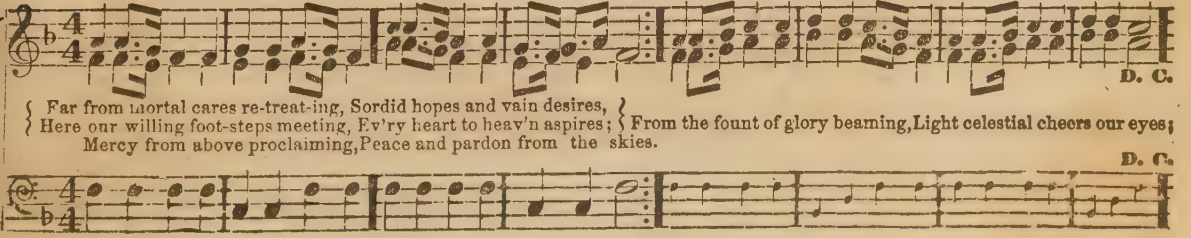

1. When o'er earth is breaking Rosy light, and fair, Morn a-far proclaimeth Sweetly, "God is there," Sweetly, "God is there."
2. When the spring is wreathing Flowers rich and rare, On each leaf is written "Nature's God is there," "Nature's God is there."

OLMUTZ. S. M.

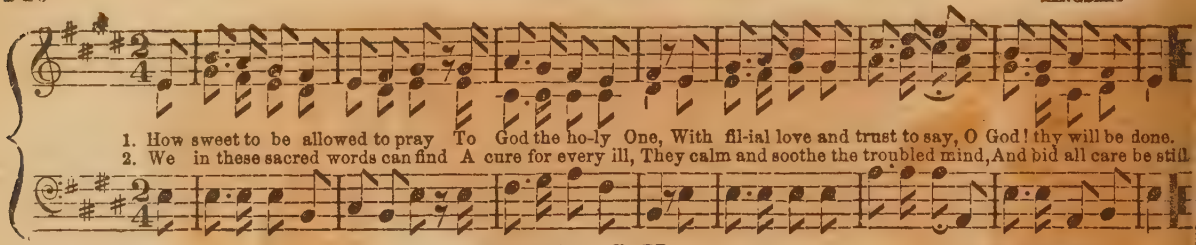

1. Sing to the Lord most high ; Let every land adore ;With grateful heart and voice make known His goodness and his power.
2. Enter his courts with joy ; With fear address the Lord ; 'Twas he who formed us with his hand, And quickened by his word.

EDES. 7s.

1. Lord, before thy presence come, Bow we down with ho-ly fear; Call our erring footsteps home, Let us feel that thou art near.
2. Wand'ring tho'ts and languid pow'rs, Come not where Devotion kneels; Let the soul expand her stores, Glowing with the joy she feels.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

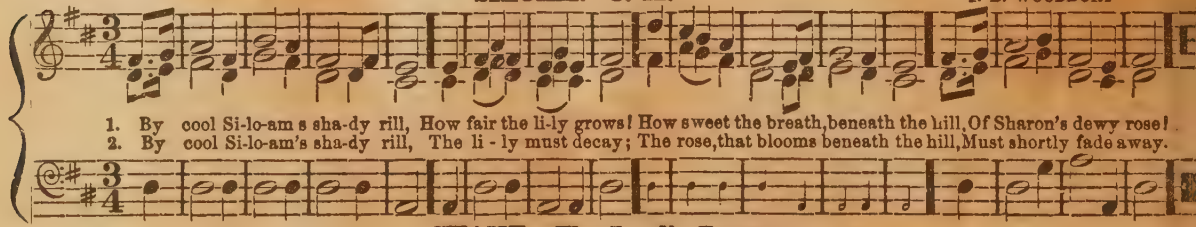

D. C.
Far from mortal cares re-treat-ing, Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here our willing foot-steps meeting, Ev'ry heart to heav'n aspires;
From the fount of glory beaming, Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming, Peace and pardon from the skies.
D. C.

KINGSLEY. C. M. "Thy will be done."

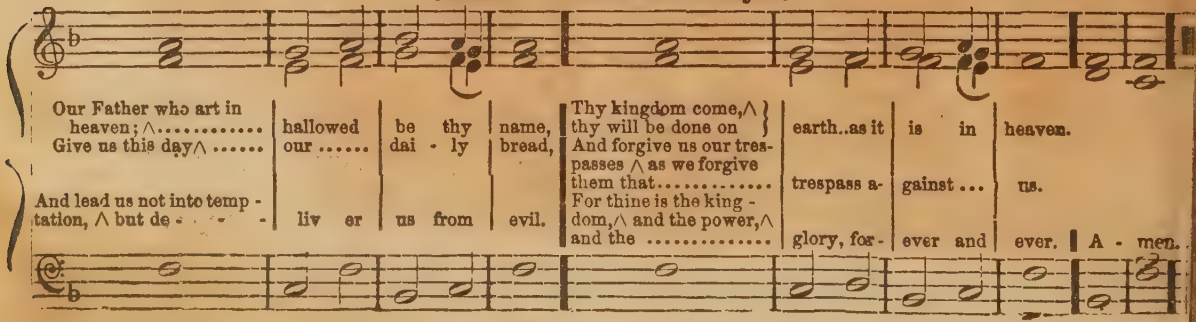

1. How sweet to be allowed to pray To God the ho-ly One, With fil-ial love and trust to say, O God! thy will be done.
2. We in these sacred words can find A cure for every ill, They calm and soothe the troubled mind, And bid all care be still.

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY


1. By cool Si-lo-am s sha-dy rill, How fair the li-ly grows! How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dewy rose!
2. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill, The li - ly must decay; The rose, that blooms beneath the hill, Must shortly fade away.

CHANT. The Lord's Prayer.


Our Father who art in heaven; ∧ ..... hallowed be thy name,
Give us this day ∧ ..... our ..... dai - ly bread,
And lead us not into temp - tation, ∧ but de - - - - liv er us from evil.
Thy kingdom come, ∧ thy will be done on earth..as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our tres-passes ∧ as we forgive them that..... trespass a- gainst ... us.
For thine is the king - dom, ∧ and the power, ∧ and the ..... glory, for- ever and ever. A - men.

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